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SEPTIMIUS FELTON; OR, THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

II.

SEPTIMIUS went into his house, and sat in his study for some hours, in that unpleasant state of feeling which a man of brooding thought is apt to experience when the world around him is in a state of intense action, which he finds it impossible to sympathize with. There seemed to be a stream rushing past him, by which, even if he plunged into the midst of it, he could not be wet. He felt himself strangely ajar with the human race, and would have given much either to be in full accord with it, or to be separated from it forever.

"I am dissevered from it. It is my doom to be only a spectator of life; to look on as one apart from it. Is it not well, therefore, that, sharing none of its pleasures and happiness, I should be free of its fatalities, its brevity? How cold I am now, while this whirlpool of public feeling is eddying around me. It is as if I had not been born of woman!"

Thus it was, that, drawing wild inferences from phenomena of the mind and heart common to people who, by some morbid action within themselves, are

set ajar with the world, Septimius continued still to come round to that strange idea of undyingness which had recently taken possession of him. And yet he was wrong in thinking himself cold, and that he felt no sympathy in the fever of patriotism that was throbbing through his countrymen. He was restless as a flame; he could not fix his thoughts upon his book; he could not sit in his chair, but kept pacing to and fro, while through the open window came noises to which his imagination gave diverse interpretation. Now it was a distant drum; now shouts; by and by there came the rattle of musketry, that seemed to proceed from some point more distant than the village; a regular roll, then a ragged volley, then scattering shots. Unable any longer to preserve this unnatural indifference, Septimius snatched his gun, and, rushing out of the house, climbed the abrupt hillside behind, whence he could see a long way towards the village, till a slight bend hid the uneven road. It was quite vacant, not a passenger upon it. But there seemed to be confusion in

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that direction; an unseen and inscrutable trouble, blowing thence towards him, intimidated by vague sounds,—by no sounds. Listening eagerly, however, he at last fancied a mustering sound of the drum; then it seemed as if it were coming towards him; while in advance rode another horseman, the same kind of headlong messenger, in appearance, who had passed the house with his ghastly cry of alarm; then appeared scattered countrymen, with guns in their hands, straggling across fields. Then he caught sight of the regular array of British soldiers, filling the road with their front, and marching along as firmly as ever, though at a quick pace, while he fancied that the officers looked watchfully around. As he looked a shot rang sharp from the hillside towards the village; the smoke curled up, and Septimius saw a man stagger and fall in the midst of the troops. Septimius shuddered; it was so like murder that he really could not tell the difference; his knees trembled beneath him; his breath grew short, not with terror, but with some new sensation of awe.

Another shot or two came almost simultaneously from the wooded height, but without any effect, that Septimius could perceive. Almost at the same moment a company of the British soldiers wheeled from the main body, and, dashing out of the road, climbed the hill, and disappeared into the wood and shrubbery that veiled it. There were a few straggling shots, by whom fired, or with what effect, was invisible, and meanwhile the main body of the enemy proceeded along the road. They had now advanced so nigh that Septimius was strangely assailed by the idea that he might, with the gun in his hand, fire right into the midst of them, and select any man of that now hostile band to be a victim. How strange, how strange it is, this deep, wild passion that nature has implanted in us to be the death of our fellow-creatures, and which coexists at the same time with horror! Septimius levelled his weapon, and drew it up

again; he marked a mounted officer, who seemed to be in chief command, whom he knew that he could kill. But no! he had really no such purpose. Only it was such a temptation. And in a moment the horse would leap, the officer would fall and lie there in the dust of the road, bleeding, gasping, breathing in spasms, breathing no more.

While the young man, in these unusual circumstances, stood watching the marching of the troops, he heard the noise of rustling boughs, and the voices of men, and soon understood that the party, which he had seen separate itself from the main body and ascend the hill, was now marching along on the hill-top, the long ridge which, with a gap or two, extended as much as a mile from the village. One of these gaps occurred a little way from where Septimius stood. They were acting as flank guard, to prevent the uproused people from coming so close to the main body as to fire upon it. He looked and saw that the detachment of British was plunging down one side of this gap, with intent to ascend the other, so that they would pass directly over the spot where he stood; a slight removal to one side, among the small bushes, would conceal him. He stepped aside accordingly, and from his concealment, not without drawing quicker breaths, beheld the party draw near. They were more intent upon the space between them and the main body than upon the dense thicket of birch-trees, pitch-pines, sumach, and dwarf oaks, which, scarcely yet beginning to bud into leaf, lay on the other side, and in which Septimius lurked.

[Describe how their faces affected him, passing so near; how strange they seemed.]

They had all passed, except an officer who brought up the rear, and who had perhaps been attracted by some slight motion that Septimius made,—some rustle in the thicket; for he stopped, fixed his eyes piercingly towards the spot where he stood, and levelled a light fusil which he carried. "Stand out, or I shoot," said he.

Not to avoid the shot, but because his manhood felt a call upon it not to skulk in obscurity from an open enemy, Septimius at once stood forth, and confronted the same handsome young officer with whom those fierce words had passed on account of his rudeness to Rose Garfield. Septimius's fierce Indian blood stirred in him, and gave a murderous excitement.

"Ah, it is you!" said the young officer, with a haughty smile. "You meant, then, to take up with my hint of shooting at me from behind a hedge? This is better. Come, we have in the first place the great quarrel between me a king's soldier, and you a rebel; next our private affair, on account of yonder pretty girl. Come, let us take a shot on either score!"

The young officer was so handsome, so beautiful, in budding youth; there was such a free, gay petulance in his manner; there seemed so little of real evil in him; he put himself on equal ground with the rustic Septimius so generously, that the latter, often so morbid and sullen, never felt a greater kindness for a fellow-man than at this moment for this youth.

"I have no enmity towards you," said he; "go in peace."

"No enmity!" replied the officer. "Then why were you here with your gun amongst the shrubbery? But I have a mind to do my first deed of arms on you; so give up your weapon, and come with me as prisoner."

"A prisoner!" cried Septimius, that Indian fierceness that was in him arousing itself, and thrusting up its malign head like a snake. "Never! If you would have me, you must take my dead body."

"Ah, well, you have pluck in you, I see, only it needs a considerable stirring. Come, this is a good quarrel of ours. Let us fight it out. Stand where you are, and I will give the word of command. Now; ready, aim, fire!"

As the young officer spoke the three last words, in rapid succession, he and his antagonist brought their firelocks to the shoulder, aimed and fired.

Septimius felt, as it were, the sting of a gadfly passing across his temple, as the Englishman's bullet grazed it; but, to his surprise and horror (for the whole thing scarcely seemed real to him), he saw the officer give a great start, drop his fusil, and stagger against a tree, with his hand to his breast. He endeavored to support himself erect, but, failing in the effort, beckoned to Septimius.

"Come, my good friend," said he, with that playful, petulant smile flitting over his face again. "It is my first and last fight. Let me down as softly as you can on mother earth, the mother of both you and me; so we are brothers; and this may be a brotherly act, though it does not look so, nor feel so. Ah! that was a twinge indeed!"

"Good God!" exclaimed Septimius. "I had no thought of this, no malice towards you in the least!"

"Nor I towards you," said the young man. "It was boy's play, and the end of it is that I die a boy, instead of living forever, as perhaps I otherwise might."

"Living forever!" repeated Septimius, his attention arrested, even at that breathless moment, by words that rang so strangely on what had been his brooding thought.

"Yes; but I have lost my chance," said the young officer. Then, as Septimius helped him to lie against the little hillock of a decayed and buried stump, "Thank you; thank you. If you could only call back one of my comrades to hear my dying words. But I forgot. You have killed me, and they would take your life."

In truth, Septimius was so moved and so astonished, that he probably would have called back the young man's comrades, had it been possible; but, marching at the swift rate of men in peril, they had already gone far onward, in their passage through the shrubbery that had ceased to rustle behind them.

"Yes; I must die here!" said the young man, with a forlorn expression,

as of a school-boy far away from home, "and nobody to see me now but you, who have killed me. Could you fetch me a drop of water? I have a great thirst."

Septimius, in a dream of horror and pity, rushed down the hillside; the house was empty for Aunt Keziah had gone for shelter and sympathy to some of the neighbors. He filled a jug with cold water, and hurried back to the hill-top, finding the young officer looking paler and more death-like within those few moments.

"I thank you, my enemy that was, my friend that is," murmured he, faintly smiling. "Methinks, next to the father and mother that gave us birth, the next most intimate relation must be with the man that slays us, who introduces us to the mysterious world to which this is but the portal. You and I are singularly connected, doubt it not, in the scenes of the unknown world."

"O, believe me," cried Septimius, "I grieve for you like a brother!"

"I see it, my dear friend," said the young officer; "and though my blood is on your hands, I forgive you freely, if there is anything to forgive. But I am dying, and have a few words to say, which you must hear. You have slain me in fair fight, and my spoils, according to the rules and customs of warfare, belong to the victor. Hang up my sword and fusil over your chimney-place, and tell your children, twenty years hence, how they were won. My purse, keep it or give it to the poor. There is something here, next my heart, which I would fain have sent to the address which I will give you."

Septimius, obeying his directions, took from his breast a miniature that hung round it; but, on examination, it proved that the bullet had passed directly through it, shattering the ivory, so that the woman's face it represented was quite destroyed.

"Ah! that is a pity," said the young man; and yet Septimius thought that there was something light and contemptuous mingled with the pathos in

his tones. "Well, but send it; cause it to be transmitted, according to the address."

He gave Septimius, and made him take down on a tablet which he had about him, the name of a hall in one of the midland counties of England.

"Ah, that old place," said he, "with its oaks, and its lawn, and its park, and its Elizabethan gables! I little thought I should die here, so far away, in this barren Yankee land. Where will you bury me?"

As Septimius hesitated to answer, the young man continued: "I would like to have lain in the little old church at Whitnash, which comes up before me now, with its low, gray tower; and the old yew-tree in front, hollow with age, and the village clustering about it, with its thatched houses. I would be loath to lie in one of your Yankee graveyards, for I have a distaste for them, -- though I love you, my slayer. Bury me here, on this very spot. A soldier lies best where he falls."

"Here, in secret?" exclaimed Septimius.

"Yes; there is no consecration in your Puritan burial-grounds," said the dying youth, some of that queer narrowness of English Churchism coming into his mind. "So bury me here, in my soldier's dress. Ah! and my watch! I have done with time, and you, perhaps, have a long lease of it; so take it, not as spoil, but as my parting gift. And that reminds me of one other thing. Open that pocket-book which you have in your hand."

Septimius did so, and by the officer's direction took from one of its compartments a folded paper, closely written in a crabbed hand; it was considerably worn in the outer folds, but not within. There was also a small silver key in the pocket-book.

"I leave it with you," said the officer; "it was given me by an uncle, a learned man of science, who intended me great good by what he there wrote. Reap the profit, if you can. Sooth to say, I never read beyond the first lines of the paper."

Septimius was surprised, or deeply impressed, to see that through this paper, as well as through the miniature, had gone his fatal bullet, — straight through the midst; and some of the young man's blood, saturating his dress, had wet the paper all over. He hardly thought himself likely to derive any good from what it had cost a human life, taken (however uncriminally) by his own hands, to obtain.

"Is there anything more that I can do for you?" asked he, with genuine sympathy and sorrow, as he knelt by his fallen foe's side.

"Nothing, nothing, I believe," said he. "There was one thing I might have confessed; if there were a holy man here, I might have confessed, and asked his prayers; for though I have lived few years, it has been long enough to do a great wrong. But I will try to pray in my secret soul. Turn my face towards the trunk of the tree, for I have taken my last look at the world. There, let me be now."

Septimius did as the young man requested, and then stood leaning against one of the neighboring pines, watching his victim with a tender concern that made him feel as if the convulsive throes that passed through his frame were felt equally in his own. There was a murmuring from the youth's lips which seemed to Septimius swift, soft, and melancholy, like the voice of a child when it has some naughtiness to confess to its mother at bedtime; contrite, pleading, yet trusting. So it continued for a few minutes; then there was a sudden start and struggle, as if he were striving to rise; his eyes met those of Septimius with a wild, troubled gaze, but as the latter caught him in his arms, he was dead. Septimius laid the body softly down on the leaf-strewn earth, and tried, as he had heard was the custom with the dead, to compose the features distorted by the dying agony. He then flung himself on the ground at a little distance, and gave himself up to the reflections suggested by the strange occurrences of the last hour.

He had taken a human life; and,

however the circumstances might excuse him, — might make the thing even something praiseworthy, and that would be called patriotic, — still, it was not at once that a fresh country youth could see anything but horror in the blood with which his hand was stained. It seemed so dreadful to have reduced this gay, animated, beautiful being to a lump of dead flesh for the flies to settle upon, and which in a few hours would begin to decay; which must be put forthwith into the earth, lest it should be a horror to men's eyes; that delicious beauty for woman to love; that strength and courage to make him famous among men, — all come to nothing; all probabilities of life in one so gifted; the renown, the position, the pleasures, the profits, the keen ecstatic joy, — this never could be made up, — all ended quite; for the dark doubt descended upon Septimius, that, because of the very fitness that was in this youth to enjoy this world, so much the less chance was there of his being fit for any other world. What could it do for him there, — this beautiful grace and elegance of feature, — where there was no form, nothing tangible nor visible? what good that readiness and aptness for associating with all created things, doing his part, acting, enjoying, when, under the changed conditions of another state of being, all this adaptedness would fail? Had he been gifted with permanence on earth, there could not have been a more admirable creature than this young man; but as his fate had turned out, he was a mere grub, an illusion, something that nature had held out in mockery, and then withdrawn. A weed might grow from his dust now; that little spot on the barren hill-top, where he had desired to be buried, would be greener for some years to come, and that was all the difference. Septimius could not get beyond the earthiness; his feeling was as if, by an act of violence, he had forever cut off a happy human existence. And such was his own love of life and clinging to it, peculiar to dark, sombre natures, and which lighter and gayer

ones can never know, that he shuddered at his deed, and at himself, and could with difficulty bear to be alone with the corpse of his victim, — trembled at the thought of turning his face towards him.

Yet he did so, because he could not endure the imagination that the dead youth was turning his eyes towards him as he lay ; so he came and stood beside him, looking down into his white, upturned face. But it was wonderful ! What a change had come over it since, only a few moments ago, he looked at that death-contorted countenance ! Now there was a high and sweet expression upon it, of great joy and surprise, and yet a quietude diffused throughout, as if the peace being so very great was what had surprised him. The expression was like a light gleaming and glowing within him. Septimius had often, at a certain space of time after sunset, looking westward, seen a living radiance in the sky, — the last light of the dead day, that seemed just the counterpart of this death-light in the young man's face. It was as if the youth were just at the gate of heaven, which, swinging softly open, let the inconceivable glory of the blessed city shine upon his face, and kindle it up with gentle, undisturbing astonishment and purest joy. It was an expression contrived by God's providence to comfort ; to overcome all the dark auguries that the physical ugliness of death inevitably creates, and to prove, by the divine glory on the face, that the ugliness is a delusion. It was as if the dead man himself showed his face out of the sky, with heaven's blessing on it, and bade the afflicted be of good cheer, and believe in immortality.

Septimius remembered the young man's injunctions to bury him there, on the hill, without uncovering the body ; and though it seemed a sin and shame to cover up that beautiful body with earth of the grave, and give it to the worm, yet he resolved to obey.

Be it confessed that, beautiful as the dead form looked, and guiltless as Sep-

timius must be held in causing his death, still he felt as if he should be eased when it was under the ground. He hastened down to the house, and brought up a shovel and a pickaxe, and began his unwonted task of grave-digging, delving earnestly a deep pit, sometimes pausing in his toil, while the sweat-drops poured from him, to look at the beautiful clay that was to occupy it. Sometimes he paused, too, to listen to the shots that pealed in the far distance, towards the east, whither the battle had long since rolled out of reach and almost out of hearing. It seemed to have gathered about itself the whole life of the land, attending it along its bloody course in a struggling throng of shouting, shooting men, so still and solitary was everything left behind it. It seemed the very midland solitude of the world where Septimius was delving at the grave. He and his dead were alone together, and he was going to put the body under the sod, and be quite alone.

The grave was now deep, and Septimius was stooping down into its depths among dirt and pebbles, levelling off the bottom, which he considered to be profound enough to hide the young man's mystery forever, when a voice spoke above him ; a solemn, quiet voice, which he knew well.

"Septimius ! what are you doing here ?"

He looked up and saw the minister.

"I have slain a man in fair fight," answered he, "and am about to bury him as he requested. I am glad you are come. You, reverend sir, can fitly say a prayer at his obsequies. I am glad for my own sake ; for it is very lonely and terrible to be here."

He climbed out of the grave, and, in reply to the minister's inquiries, communicated to him the events of the morning, and the youth's strange wish to be buried here, without having his remains subjected to the hands of those who would prepare it for the grave. The minister hesitated.

"At an ordinary time," said he, "such a singular request would of

course have to be refused. Your own safety, the good and wise rules that make it necessary that all things relating to death and burial should be done publicly and in order, would forbid it."

"Yes," replied Septimius; "but, it may be, scores of men will fall to-day, and be flung into hasty graves without funeral rites; without its ever being known, perhaps, what mother has lost her son. I cannot but think that I ought to perform the dying request of the youth whom I have slain. He trusted in me not to uncover his body myself, nor to betray it to the hands of others."

"A singular request," said the good minister, gazing with deep interest at the beautiful dead face, and graceful, slender, manly figure. "What could have been its motive? But no matter. I think, Septimius, that you are bound to obey his request; indeed, having promised him, nothing short of an impossibility should prevent your keeping your faith. Let us lose no time, then."

With few but deeply solemn rites the young stranger was laid by the minister and the youth who slew him in his grave. A prayer was made, and then Septimius, gathering some branches and twigs, spread them over the face that was turned upward from the bottom of the pit, into which the sun gleamed downward, throwing its rays so as almost to touch it. The twigs partially hid it, but still its white shone through. Then the minister threw a handful of earth upon it, and, accustomed as he was to burials, tears fell from his eyes along with the mould.

"It is sad," said he, "this poor young man, coming from opulence, no doubt, a dear English home, to die here for no end, one of the first-fruits of a bloody war,—so much privately sacrificed. But let him rest, Septimius. I am sorry that he fell by your hand, though it involves no shadow of a crime. But death is a thing too serious not to melt into the nature of a man like you."

"It does not weigh upon my con-

science, I think," said Septimius; "though I cannot but feel sorrow, and wish my hand were as clean as yesterday. It is, indeed, a dreadful thing to take human life."

"It is a most serious thing," replied the minister; "but perhaps we are apt to over-estimate the importance of death at any particular moment. If the question were whether to die or to live forever, then, indeed, scarcely anything should justify the putting a fellow-creature to death. But since it only shortens his earthly life, and brings a little forward a change which, since God permits it, is, we may conclude, as fit to take place then as at any other time, it alters the case. I often think that there are many things that occur to us in our daily life, many unknown crises, that are more important to us than this mysterious circumstance of death, which we deem the most important of all. All we understand of it is, that it takes the dead person away from our knowledge of him, which, while we live with him, is so very scanty."

"You estimate at nothing, it seems, his earthly life, which might have been so happy."

"At next to nothing," said the minister; "since, as I have observed, it must, at any rate, have closed so soon."

Septimius thought of what the young man, in his last moments, had said of his prospect or opportunity of living a life of interminable length, and which prospect he had bequeathed to himself. But of this he did not speak to the minister, being, indeed, ashamed to have it supposed that he would put any serious weight on such a bequest, although it might be that the dark enterprise of his nature had secretly seized upon this idea, and, though yet sane enough to be influenced by a fear of ridicule, was busy incorporating it with his thoughts.

So Septimius smoothed down the young stranger's earthy bed, and returned to his home, where he hung up the sword over the mantel-piece in his

study, and hung the gold watch, too, on a nail, — the first time he had ever had possession of such a thing. Nor did he now feel altogether at ease in his mind about keeping it, — the time-measurer of one whose mortal life he had cut off. A splendid watch it was, round as a turnip. There seems to be a natural right in one who has slain a man to step into his vacant place in all respects; and from the beginning of man's dealings with man this right has been practically recognized, whether among warriors or robbers, as paramount to every other. Yet Septimius could not feel easy in availing himself of this right. He therefore resolved to keep the watch, and even the sword and fusil, — which were less questionable spoils of war, — only till he should be able to restore them to some representative of the young officer. The contents of the purse, in accordance with the request of the dying youth, he would expend in relieving the necessities of those whom the war (now broken out, and of which no one could see the limit) might put in need of it. The miniature, with its broken and shattered face, that had so vainly interposed itself between its wearer and death, had been sent to its address.

But as to the mysterious document, the written paper, that he had laid aside without unfolding it, but with a care that betokened more interest in it than in either gold or weapon, or even in the golden representative of that earthly time on which he set so high a value. There was something tremulous in his touch of it; it seemed as if he were afraid of it by the mode in which he hid it away, and secured himself from it, as it were.

This done, the air of the room, the low-ceilinged eastern room where he studied and thought, became too close for him, and he hastened out; for he was full of the unshaped sense of all that had befallen, and the perception of the great public event of a broken-out war was intermixed with that of what he had done personally in the great struggle that was beginning. He

longed, too, to know what was the news of the battle that had gone rolling onward along the hitherto peaceful country road, converting everywhere (this demon of war, we mean), with one blast of its red sulphurous breath, the peaceful husbandman to a soldier thirsting for blood. He turned his steps, therefore, towards the village, thinking it probable that news must have arrived either of defeat or victory, from messengers or fliers, to cheer or sadden the old men, the women, and the children, who alone perhaps remained there.

But Septimius did not get to the village. As he passed along by the cottage that has been already described, Rose Garfield was standing at the door, peering anxiously forth to know what was the issue of the conflict, — as it has been woman's fate to do from the beginning of the world, and is so still. Seeing Septimius, she forgot the restraint that she had hitherto kept herself under, and, flying at him like a bird, she cried out, "Septimius, dear Septimius, where have you been? What news do you bring? You look as if you had seen some strange and dreadful thing."

"Ah, is it so? Does my face tell such stories?" exclaimed the young man. "I did not mean it should. Yes, Rose, I have seen and done such things as change a man in a moment."

"Then you have been in this terrible fight," said Rose.

"Yes, Rose, I have had my part in it," answered Septimius.

He was on the point of relieving his overburdened mind by telling her what had happened no farther off than on the hill above them; but, seeing her excitement, and recollecting her own momentary interview with the young officer, and the forced intimacy and link that had been established between them by the kiss, he feared to agitate her further by telling her that that gay and beautiful young man had since been slain, and deposited in a bloody grave by his hands. And yet the recollection of that kiss caused a thrill of

vengeful joy at the thought that the perpetrator had since expiated his offence with his life, and that it was himself that did it, so deeply was Septimius's Indian nature of revenge and blood incorporated with that of more peaceful forefathers, although Septimius had grace enough to chide down that bloody spirit, feeling that it made him, not a patriot, but a murderer.

"Ah," said Rose, shuddering, "it is awful when we must kill one another! And who knows where it will end?"

"With me it will end here, Rose," said Septimius. "It may be lawful for any man, even if he have devoted himself to God, or however peaceful his pursuits, to fight to the death when the enemy's step is on the soil of his home; but only for that perilous juncture, which passed, he should return to his own way of peace. I have done a terrible thing for once, dear Rose, one that might well trace a dark line through all my future life; but henceforth I cannot think it my duty to pursue any further a work for which my studies and my nature unfit me."

"O no! O no!" said Rose; "never! and you a minister, or soon to be one. There must be some peacemakers left in the world, or everything will turn to blood and confusion; for even women grow dreadfully fierce in these times. My old grandmother laments her bedriddenness, because, she says, she cannot go to cheer on the people against the enemy. But she remembers the old times of the Indian wars, when the women were as much in danger of death as the men, and so were almost as fierce as they, and killed men sometimes with their own hands. But women, nowadays, ought to be gentler; let the men be fierce, if they must, except you, and such as you, Septimius."

"Ah, dear Rose," said Septimius, "I have not the kind and sweet impulses that you speak of. I need something to soften and warm my cold, hard life; something to make me feel how dreadful this time of warfare is. I need

you, dear Rose, who are all kindness of heart and mercy."

And here Septimius, hurried away by I know not what excitement of the time, — the disturbed state of the country, his own ebullition of passion, the deed he had done, the desire to press one human being close to his life, because he had shed the blood of another, his half-formed purposes, his shapeless impulses; in short, being affected by the whole stir of his nature, — spoke to Rose of love, and with an energy that, indeed, there was no resisting when once it broke bounds. And Rose, whose maiden thoughts, to say the truth, had long dwelt upon this young man, — admiring him for a certain dark beauty, knowing him familiarly from childhood, and yet having the sense, that is so bewitching, of remoteness, intermixed with intimacy, because he was so unlike herself; having a woman's respect for scholarship, her imagination the more impressed by all in him that she could not comprehend, — Rose yielded to his impetuous suit, and gave him the troth that he requested. And yet it was with a sort of reluctance and drawing back; her whole nature, her secretest heart, her deepest womanhood, perhaps, did not consent. There was something in Septimius, in his wild, mixed nature, the monstrousness that had grown out of his hybrid race, the black infusions, too, which melancholic men had left there, the devilishness that had been symbolized in the popular regard about his family, that made her shiver, even while she came the closer to him for that very dread. And when he gave her the kiss of betrothment her lips grew white. If it had not been in the day of turmoil, if he had asked her in any quiet time, when Rose's heart was in its natural mood, it may well be that, with tears and pity for him, and half-pity for herself, Rose would have told Septimius that she did not think she could love him well enough to be his wife.

And how was it with Septimius? Well; there was a singular correspondence in his feelings to those of

Rose Garfield. At first, carried away by a passion that seized him all unawares, and seemed to develop itself all in a moment, he felt, and so spoke to Rose, so pleaded his suit, as if his whole earthly happiness depended on her consent to be his bride. It seemed to him that her love would be the sunshine in the gloomy dungeon of his life. But when her bashful, downcast, tremulous consent was given, then immediately came a strange misgiving into his mind. He felt as if he had taken to himself something good and beautiful doubtless in itself, but which might be the exchange for one more suited to him, that he must now give up. The intellect, which was the prominent point in Septimius, stirred and heaved, crying out vaguely that its own claims, perhaps, were ignored in this contract. Septimius had perhaps no right to love at all; if he did, it should have been a woman of another make, who could be his intellectual companion and helper. And then, perchance, — perchance, — there was destined for him some high, lonely path, in which, to make any progress, to come to any end, he must walk unburdened by the affections. Such thoughts as these depressed and chilled (as many men have found them, or similar ones, to do) the moment of success that should have been the most exulting in the world. And so, in the kiss which these two lovers had exchanged there was, after all, something that repelled; and when they parted they wondered at their strange states of mind, but would not acknowledge that they had done a thing that ought not to have been done. Nothing is surer, however, than that, if we

suffer ourselves to be drawn into too close proximity with people, if we overestimate the degree of our proper tendency towards them, or theirs towards us, a reaction is sure to follow.

Septimius quitted Rose, and resumed his walk towards the village. But now it was near sunset, and there began to be straggling passengers along the road, some of whom came slowly, as if they had received hurts; all seemed wearied. Among them one form appeared which Rose soon found that she recognized. It was Robert Hagburn, with a shattered firelock in his hand, broken at the butt, and his left arm bound with a fragment of his shirt, and suspended in a handkerchief; and he walked weariedly, but brightened up at sight of Rose, as if ashamed to let her see how exhausted and dispirited he was. Perhaps he expected a smile, at least a more earnest reception than he met; for Rose, with the restraint of what had recently passed drawing her back, merely went gravely a few steps to meet him, and said, "Robert, how tired and pale you look! Are you hurt?"

"It is of no consequence," replied Robert Hagburn; "a scratch on my left arm from an officer's sword, with whose head my gunstock made instant acquaintance. It is no matter, Rose; you do not care for it, nor do I either."

"How can you say so, Robert?" she replied. But without more greeting he passed her, and went into his own house, where, flinging himself into a chair, he remained in that despondency that men generally feel after a fight, even if a successful one.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

THERE WAS A ROSE.

"THERE was a Rose," she said,
"Like other roses, perhaps, to you.
Nine years ago it was faint and red
Away in the cold dark dew,
On the dwarf bush where it grew.

"Never any rose before
Was like that rose, very well I know;
Never another rose any more
Will blow as that rose did blow
When the wet wind shook it so.

"'What do I want?'—Ah, what?
Why, I want that rose, that wee one rose,
Only that rose. And that rose is not
Anywhere just now? God knows
Where all the old sweetness goes.

"I want that rose so much:
I would take the world back there to the night
Where I saw it blush in the grass, to touch
It once in that fair fall light,
And only once, if I might.

"But a million marching men
From the North and the South would arise?
And the dead—would have to die again?
And the women's widowed cries
Would trouble anew the skies?

"No matter. I would not care?
Were it not better that this should be?
The sorrow of many the many bear,—
Mine is too heavy for me.
And I want that rose, you see!"

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

WAGNER AND THE PIANIST BÜLOW.

WITH the advent of Meyerbeer and Berlioz a new era was inaugurated in the musical world.

The extravagant bantling which they may justly be accused of fathering has produced a wilder offspring, and in the effusions of the Wagner and of the Offenbach brain — widely differing as they do — the legitimate heirs of the first unnatural creation may be recognized. In his old age Meyerbeer attended with anxious interest the representation of Offenbach's operas. Leaning forward, sunk in profound thought, he listened with almost painful intentness; occasionally he admired, but the suspicion of the approaching fact seems to have dawned upon him, — that it was the triumph of a school destined in the short space of half a decade to corrupt public morals and public taste, to debase the stage, and leave the opera in a state of almost irretrievable decay.

In Meyerbeer's music there is a passion, a mystic gloom and voluptuousness, an instrumentation often picturesque, frequently overcharged, and generally in the highest degree romantic. The instrumentation of Berlioz is often monstrously grotesque, brilliant and imaginative, but too generally the unmistakable offspring of a distempered mind. Though the former is a giant compared to the latter, it is undeniable they both had an influence upon Wagner at the beginning of his career. It was impossible for Berlioz long to maintain his hold upon the public; it is a curious fact that even Meyerbeer, once the idol of the Parisian world, became almost wearisome to it. The old classical masters had been too surely undermined, and the road paved for more dangerous innovations. When once it had been established by Meyerbeer that a union of the Italian, German, and French schools was to constitute the new opera, the successors of that composer went still farther in

defiance of a pure style, casting off all decent limitations, and, under the plea of originality, sought to minister in absurdly extravagant fashion to an already depraved public taste. • That the composition of the opera is at a lower grade than at any previous time during the century, no one closely conversant with the stage will have the boldness to deny.

Wagner and Bülow! Two celebrities and two fantastic characters, once sworn friends each to the other. One need not go to Munich to conceive an idea of the "Music of the Future," but one must go there to learn thoroughly the vagaries of the one and the peculiarities of the other, — Wagner, the royal composer to the music-mad young king; Bülow, the much applauded operatic conductor. Wagner, it is asserted by zealous admirers, was a sort of chaotically talented boy, the descendant of an ordinary burgher family, who at school and during his student life dabbled in the sciences, wrote tolerable rhyme, daubed worse pictures, and, — what is more extraordinary, — composed the music to a tragedy written by himself while attending the Nicola school in Leipsic, without having ever acquired a theoretic knowledge of the art of musical composition. Report intimates also that his teachers at the school had cause for dissatisfaction; though he passed through their classes and entered the university as a student of philosophy at the age of eighteen. By this time, however, he had become convinced of his own musical genius and of the necessity for a systematic foundation, should he hope to gain a reputation as composer. The noted Cantor of the Thomas school, Weinlig, became his instructor for a time, and from this period various compositions of no special merit date, — among them a symphony which had the honor of being performed at a *Gewandhaus* con-

cert. Three little operas, "The Wedding," "The Fairies," and "Love's Prohibition," are now, happily, quite forgotten. He wrote the text for these operas, as he continues to do for all his compositions of this class, being firmly convinced of his native talent as a dramatic author. In truth, if he had devoted himself to literature instead of music, he might have won a greater reputation. A few concert pieces date from this early period; but he has never since composed music of this character.

But the man was irretrievably obstinate, and would not study: he failed to acquire the solid principles of art, claiming, with a most bombastic impudence, to possess the genius not amenable to scholastic law. In this respect Bülow is an extraordinary contrast, his whole life having been distinguished by an untiring diligence and energetic study of the art to which he is devoted. He displayed great musical talent much earlier than Wagner, and was so carefully instructed that at eleven years of age he could play Beethoven's C Minor trio with accompaniment. He is the son of a noted courtier and literary man, the friend of Ludwig Tieck, and the representative of one of the oldest aristocratic families of Mecklenburg and Germany. Born in Dresden in 1830, he has had the advantage of such instruction as could be given by Wieck, the father of Clara Schumann; and during a temporary stay of Litloff, the noted pupil of Moscheles, in that city, he was intrusted to his care. The result was to infuse into the boy a passionate love for the new romantic school.

But we are forgetting Wagner, and the lives of the two men do not yet unite.

At twenty-one Wagner was already disgusted with philosophy, and became musical director of the theatre of Magdeburg, where he remained two or three years, — until 1836, — and then removed to Königsberg, filling the same position; later he repaired to

Riga, where he began his "Rienzi," afterwards completed in Paris. In the summer of 1839 he suddenly determined to try his fortune in the French capital. Here, in the following year, Meyerbeer found him in the greatest pecuniary distress, and, by introducing him to the French publisher, Schlesinger, supplied him with literary and musical work sufficient at least to relieve him from his present difficulties. It was Meyerbeer, also, who by unwearied effort finally succeeded in procuring permission for the performance of "Rienzi" in Berlin, some seven years after. The opera failed, but it was by reason of its own inherent defects, not because of careless presentation. In later years Wagner rewarded his benefactor by attacking him in some of his numerous pamphlets as "the most miserable of music-makers," which rather grieved that sensitive old soul, though upon his own side not a single harsh criticism of the ungrateful composer ever passed his lips.

In the midst of his privations he completed "Rienzi," and composed "The Flying Dutchman," having been inspired to undertake the latter by a sea-voyage from London to Calais. It was Meyerbeer who introduced this work to the Berlin public, its failure there retarding the presentation of "Rienzi" until in 1847. Through Meyerbeer's persistent effort "Rienzi" was first performed (at Dresden) 1842, Wagner himself superintending its performance. It was a great success, though a musical monstrosity, a bombastic mass of chaotic ideas. The success secured his appointment to the position of assistant royal operatic conductor, in connection with Reissiger, — an office similar to that now held by Rietz, the assistant of Kochs. It was Reissiger, by the way, who really composed the delightful waltz known in England and this country as "Weber's Last Thought," the original melody being borrowed from an Austrian national song, and arranged by this composer in its present form.

That was the Golden Age of music in Dresden; the time, too, when Bülow was growing up, and already, boy as he was, attracting public attention as pianist. Madame Schroeder-Devrient, who for pathos, passion, originality, and liquid flexibility of voice was scarce second to Pasta and Malibran; Johanna Wagner, that rather harsh but talented and powerful contralto; Tichatschek, the tender, wonderful tenor, who still sings on the same stage, the advance of age taking somewhat from his power, but unable to wean from him the love of the public; — were all at the zenith of their astonishing influence.

It was the brilliant period of the Gluck and Weber operas, when the ninth symphony of Beethoven won a position in the opinion of German critics equal to the one in C Minor, the *Pastorale*, and the *Eroica*.

At this time began Bülow's acquaintance with Wagner; a short acquaintance, however, as Bülow's father soon removed to Stuttgart, taking the boy with him. Wagner had encouraged the young *virtuoso* with unusual warmth, and Bülow still prizes above most earthly treasures a leaf from an old album upon which the newly famous composer wrote the following sentence: "Glow there a pure, bright spark of passion for art within your soul, it will one time surely burst into a brilliant flame. Remember, it is knowledge only which will fan this spark into a burning fire, and thereafter keep it alive."

Strange that the man had not himself laid this truth to heart!

During this Dresden life "*Tannhäuser*" was created, producing when presented a greater sensation among critics than either of the previous works. In the extravagant instrumentation the influence of Berlioz is perceptible, and the whole opera, like its successor, "*Lohengrin*," is a fair sample of Wagner's meretricious style. The two legends forming the foundation for these texts are so wildly romantic as to pardon some unusual resort to dramatic effect, but it is questionable whether a correct taste ought not to revolt from

the absurd means used by the composer to bewilder his hearers. I have never seen either opera in this country, but on their native soil I have had occasion to shudder at the introduction into the instrumentalism, as part and parcel of it, of the banging of huge pieces of wood and the actual grinding of dry bones.

It is undeniable that among so much that is disquieting to a classically trained ear there is occasionally found an extraordinarily beautiful aria, or a succession of delightful melodies in perfection like a string of pearls; but that inalienable right of music, as of art in general, to produce its effects by contrast, — after moments of passion to introduce an instant of repose, and by well-calculated arrangement of parts to give the opportunity for reflection and self-collection, — Wagner has violated repeatedly.

In the composer's conception of the new school which is to command the admiration of the future, if that of the present is denied, the dramatic portion, or text proper, is to be so closely allied with the music, that upon the actual words, alternately with the thread of the musical idea, the effect to be produced depends; consequently an intimate acquaintance with the libretto is absolutely necessary if one would not be lost in a chaos of sound.

Perhaps, under these circumstances, a repetition of the legends of *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* may be pardoned.

The noble *Tannhäuser*, a German knight, had traversed many lands in search of adventure, having visited among other noted regions the *Hörselberg*, the abiding-place of *Frau Hulda* (the *Venus* of Northern mythology). Though leading there a joyous, luxurious life, his conscience at last troubled him sorely, and tearing himself from the arms of the goddess he declared his repentance, calling loudly upon the *Virgin* to deliver him from her clutches and the temptations she in wily fashion threw in his way. Mourning his sins, he set out for *Rome* to beg absolution of *Pope Urban*.

When he, however, there confessed that he had remained a whole year in the mountain with Hulda, the Pope angrily exclaimed, "When this withered stock I hold in my hand shall put forth leaves and blossom, thy sins shall be forgiven thee, and not sooner."

Then answered Tannhäuser sorrowfully, "Had I lived but one year longer upon earth I would have done such penance for my sins that God himself would have had compassion." Then, because of his misery and condemnation by the Pope, he withdrew from the town, and returned to the mountain, there to remain so long as this world shall stand. Frau Hulda welcomed him joyfully as an erring man should be greeted. On the third day after Tannhäuser's disappearance the stick began to put forth leaves and to blossom, and the Pope sent messengers through all the world to search for the brave knight. It was too late; he was already in the mountain where he will remain until the Day of Judgment, when perhaps the merciful God will remove him thence.

It is a highly poetic, dramatic foundation, and has been filled out most artistically by the composer. Lohengrin, from the character of the legend, affords greater opportunity for the romantic element. Indeed, there are more beautiful melodies in the latter than in Tannhäuser, the famous songs of the Swan and of the Evening Star being hardly equalled by any other compositions of similar character.

The Duke of Brabant and Limburg, being at the point of death, petitioned his faithful follower, Frederick of Telramund, to protect his young daughter Else, his only child, and the inheritor of his vast possessions.

Frederick solemnly swore to obey his master; but, being a famous hero who at Stockholm had killed a fearful dragon, he became in time presumptuous, and sued for the hand of the young Duchess.

As she steadfastly refused his love, Frederick complained to the Emperor, Henry the Fowler, asserting that Else

had long since promised to become his wife, and now refused to fulfil her vow. The Emperor decided that she must defend herself through her champion in open combat. As no knight appeared in her defence, the poor Duchess appealed to God for rescue.

Thereupon, in a certain remote region, the kingdom of the Grail, the bells were rung as a signal that some one was in pressing need of help; and at once it was determined to send Lohengrin, the son of Percival, to the damsel's assistance. Lohengrin was about to spring into his saddle, when a swan came gliding to the shore drawing a tiny boat. Then cried the young knight joyfully, "Take the beast back to his stable; I will trust myself to this bird, whatever region it may bring me unto."

Having faith in God, he took no store of food with him; when he was hungry the swan dipped its beak into the sea, drew out a fish, and divided the same with the knight. Five days he thus spent upon the broad ocean.

In the mean time Else had called a council of her princes and knights to meet in Antwerp. On the day of the assembly a swan appeared on the Scheldt drawing a small boat in which lay Lohengrin asleep upon his shield.

The swan landed, and the stranger was joyfully received, especially as he at once proclaimed himself the champion so much desired. In great splendor, knights and ladies then repaired to Mayence, where the combat took place in the presence of the Emperor and a notable company.

The hero of the Grail was conqueror; Frederick confessed his falsehood, and was condemned to death. Else became the wife of Lohengrin, who, however, required of her never to inquire of his origin; for in such case he must immediately desert her.

Long did the pair live happily together, and two children were born to them. Wisely and powerfully did Lohengrin rule the land, doing good service likewise to the Emperor against the Huns and heathen. But it chanced

one time that in gallant practice in the lists, he pierced the arm of the Duke of Cleves and broke it. Devoured by rage and envy, the wife of the wounded Duke cried tauntingly among the women: "A brave knight is Lohengrin, perchance, and for aught I know, a Christian! It is a pity not being of noble blood his fame is not great; for no one knows from whence he swam to us."

The Duchess of Brabant reddened with mortification. That night she wept bitterly, and when Lohengrin inquired the cause she replied, "The Duchess of Cleves has troubled me greatly." But Lohengrin inquired no further. The second and the third nights she attempted to ask the fatal question, but Lohengrin silenced her. At last, as dawn broke on the third day, she could no longer hold her peace.

"Lord, blame me not!" she cried; "I have faith you are of noble blood."

That day Lohengrin acknowledged his parentage; that Percival was his father, and that God had sent him hither. Then calling his children he took them in his arms and kissed them, commanding them to preserve sacredly the horn and sword he left them; to the duchess he gave the ring his own mother had once presented him. Then came in haste his friend the swan, drawing the little boat into which the prince stepped, and sailing sadly away left his consort to mourn her folly for the rest of her days.

With as fine poetical as musical sense, Wagner has shown exquisite taste in choosing for the text of all his later operas tales from the ancient German mythology; or, as in the case of the "Master Singers," has made use of a remarkable era in German literature and history. Think of such a libretto, and of a composer who dares strive to make his art akin to mind itself by not only giving musical-pictorial delineation of every variation in the plot, but also depicting every thought that disturbed the breast of each individual character!

Since thought is lightning-like, a bewildering chaos of musical ideas is thus presented to the mind, and no one concentrated expression is ever realized. Overflowing with musical conceptions as Wagner's works undoubtedly are, they seldom lead one to a resting-point from which we may grasp the preceding motive. While "Rienzi" reminds us of Meyerbeer's sensational French operas, the "Flying Dutchman" is conceived more in the spirit of Weber, and is therefore, by many, held to be his best work. But in *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, although as before intimated the influence of Berlioz is perceptible in a portion of the instrumentation, still the whole new tendency of the composer's ideal "Drama of the Future" is developed.

When *Tannhäuser* was first given in Leipzig, Liszt, who had written much to attract the public mind to the new light in the musical world, repaired thither to superintend the preparations for it. Neither then nor later did Wagner's works acquire favor there; in fact, Mendelssohn is the god of that classic city, and no favor can be expected for anything which his pure taste would not applaud. The "hyper-sentimental Advocate S—," the husband of a noted lady of the time, was almost the sole devoted ally of the new school, winning the above descriptive title and adjective by his zeal then displayed.

The plan for *Lohengrin* was conceived in Dresden, the opera was completed in Zurich. The May Revolution of 1849 found Wagner fighting behind the barricades of Dresden, and flight became a necessity. Not the lightest of the charges now brought up against the composer is the assertion that he has become as violent a monarchist as he was in his purer days a republican and democrat. In his exile he was unusually industrious. He then drew up his programme of the "Music of the Future," writing the well-known pamphlets, "Art and the Revolution," "The Artistic Work of the Future," and "The Opera and the Drama." At this epoch, also, he wrote and partially

composed the "Nibelungenring," a trilogy of operas, "The Walkyrie," "The Young Siegfried," and "Siegfried's Death," — these to be preceded in their performance by an introductory opera "Rheingold," so that four nights would be consumed in the presentation of the quartette. "Tristan and Isolde" was composed about this time also. In Switzerland Wagner remained until 1858, when he repaired to Venice, returning to Paris in 1860, where Tannhäuser a year later was presented to the French public. It is sufficiently well known how scornfully it was received. Disgusted he returned to Germany, where his triumph began. King John of Saxony pardoned the old political offence, and Wagner began a concert tour, extending his travels to St. Petersburg. It was his custom to superintend the orchestral performance of his compositions. It was 1864 or 1865, I believe, before he took up his residence in Munich under the patronage of the young king.

In the mean time Bülow had developed into one of the first pianists of the age. In truth he has but two rivals, Rubinstein and, of late years, Tausig.

After a short time spent in Stuttgart, he was sent to Leipsic, and entered the university as a student of jurisprudence, it being the desire of his family that he should prepare himself for the diplomatic service. Thrown into the finest musical circle of Europe, and still studying under the best masters, inspired by personal acquaintance with Mendelssohn, Maurice Hauptmann, Franz Brendel, the famous critic and editor of the "New Journal of Music," Robert Schumann, and, later, with Liszt also, it can readily be imagined that the law suffered somewhat. Still, unwilling to grieve his mother, he went from Leipsic to Berlin, entering the university there; but though he attended the lectures punctually, he did not study, devoting his time to intercourse with a circle of ultra-radicals, and soon beginning to make a stir in musical cliques by his published criticisms, favorable of course, upon the new school inaugurated by Wagner.

When the vacation came, he set out for Weimar, and, yielding to the urgency of Liszt, determined upon his future career.

The breach with his parents seemed irreparable, and he set out for Zurich to gather what comfort he could from Wagner, who appears to have had the greatest confidence in his powers from the first.

The young man began his professional career by undertaking, at Wagner's suggestion, the directorship of the Zurich theatre, the necessary instruction being given him by the composer himself, — a remarkable piece of self-sacrifice the like of which that not especially generous musician has not often been guilty of. But he soon advised his young director to return to Weimar, where he was for some time carefully instructed by Liszt, and in the midst of an exciting artistic life wrote those famous musical criticisms for Brendel's "Journal of Music" which excited controversy enough at the time.

In 1853 he made his first tour, creating a perfect *furor* throughout Germany, so that when Dr. Kullak retired, a few years later, from his position in the School of Music at Berlin, Bülow was immediately invited to fill the place. Here he remained until 1864, making an occasional artistic tour and establishing himself as the greatest pianist of the time. When Wagner was invited to Munich he remembered his friend, sent for him and presented him to the young king, who shortly thereafter appointed him court pianist.

A rare friendship had for years united the two musicians, and they were at last happy in being together. Wagner seems always to have had greater confidence in Bülow's justice of conception of his operas than in that of any other director.

The war of 1866 caused both men to retire from Munich, but the next year found them back again, Bülow being appointed director of the new conservatory just established, and operatic conductor. His genius in this latter position is wonderful; the quick, artis-

tic sense with which he grasps newly-presented musical ideas has produced the remarkable result, that no composer quarrels with his rendition.

It was under his supervision that the "Master Singers" was presented in 1867. Already he has made the Munich Music School, especially as regards the piano, one of the first in Germany; his literary activity is unceasing, and his musical compositions have been numerous. These are of course in the newest style of the romantic school, that portion intended for the piano being after the manner of Liszt, whilst his orchestral combinations are similar to those of Berlioz. There is a certain originality about his music, but in general he follows his masters too closely in style to leave much room for individual thought. I have not had the opportunity of hearing the "Master Singers," so that as a whole I shall not venture to refer to it. Portions are, however, familiar, and especially the song of Walther, —

"Fanget an, fanget an, rief der Lenz in den Wald," —

a perfect gem of melody, followed and accompanied by the most delicious instrumentation. A joyous greeting of spring, rousing even the birds to unite in it, — no wonder the audience on that first night arose in a body to greet with wildest applause the haughty composer looking down from the king's box. It is mentioned as an extraordinary circumstance, that Wagner was so surprised by the ovation as actually to bow in return.

That the composer is exceedingly disliked personally is well known, and his favor with the king, who is almost inaccessible to nearly every one else, does not add to his popularity. The most absurd stories are told of his pretension, and so impressed is he with his own extraordinary genius that he scorns the apparel of ordinary human beings. He wears generally upon the street a long green velvet robe-like affair reaching to the knees, and a mantle of the same color and material, of the style of the Middle Ages over that. There are

slandrous whispers of exceeding lankness of limb, the reason for his detestation of the present fashion. One day he was striding with his melo-dramatic air along the street when a strong gust of wind carried off his mantle and dropped it at the feet of a young lady passing in a carriage. She ordered the driver to stop, and courteously handed it to the bowing musician, who came stately, though panting, to the carriage door. To her consternation, with a gracious wave of the hand he patronizingly exclaimed, "Retain it, my Fräulein!"

With his usual distinguished lack of tact, and recklessness of the experience of the past, he has roused a storm of indignation by his "Judaism in Music," which has been wittily said to amount to two propositions: First, a Jew is incapable of understanding or composing music; secondly, as no one understands or can compose my music, therefore all mankind are Jews.

The new opera "Rheingold" was performed for the first time in Munich on the 27th of August, 1869. As in the case of the "Master Singers" the king donated an extraordinary amount to defray the expense of preparation. Wagner conceived the idea that his Rhine should not be personated by rolling, painted canvas, but that a veritable stream of water must flow across the stage. Then came a dubious thought; as the scene requires a nymph to swim from one rocky shore to the other by the light of a setting sun, who was to do it? The part was to be taken by Fräulein Mellinger, and Wagner hit upon the brilliant idea of causing the king to order the lady to take swimming lessons.

Finally, there is but one conclusion, after the study of Wagner's arrogant new school. A reformer he is not, in the particular he asserts, for the theory he calls his own was shared by Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. He carries out the principle, however, in his own perverted and extravagant fashion, which must almost make those venerated fathers turn in their graves.

Alice Asbury.

A COMEDY OF TERRORS.

III.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

AT the very time when the two ladies were carrying on the foregoing conversation, one of the subjects of that conversation was in his room engaged in the important task of packing a trunk. Mr. Seth Grimes was a very large man. He was something over six feet in height; he was broad-shouldered, deep-chested, well knit, muscular, and sinewy; he had a large face, with small, keen gray eyes, short beard, mustache, and shingled hair. About his face there was an expression of *banhommie* mingled with resolution, to which on the present occasion there was superadded one of depression. The packing of his trunk, however, appeared at the present time to engross all his thoughts, and at this he worked diligently, until at length he was roused by a knock at the door. He started up to his feet, and at his invitation to come in a young man entered.

"Hallo, Carrol!" said Grimes, "I'm glad to see you, by jingo! You're the very fellow I wanted. It's a thunder-in' piece of good luck that you dropped in just now, too. If you'd come half an hour later I'd been off."

Carrol was a good-looking young fellow enough, with a frank, bold face and well-knit frame. But his frank, bold face was somewhat pale and troubled, and there was an unsettled look in his eyes, and a cloud over his brow. He listened with a dull interest to Grimes's remark, and then said, "Off? What do you mean?"

"Off from this village for good and all."

"Off? What, from Montreal? Why, where are you going?"

"Around the globe," said Grimes, solemnly.

"I don't understand you."

"Wal, I'm packin' up just now with

the intention of startin' from this village, crossin' the plains in a bee-line for Californy, then pursuin' my windin' way per steamer over the briny deep to China, and thence onward and ever onward, as long as life pervades this mortal frame. I'm off, sir, and for good. Farewell forever, friend of my soul. Think of me at odd times and drop a tear over my untimely end."

"Hang me if I understand a single word of all this," said Carrol. "I see you're packing your trunk, but I had no idea you were going off so suddenly."

"Wal, sit down, and I'll explain; sit down. Fill the bowl. Here's lots of pipes, make yourself comfortable, and gaze your fill at the last of your departin' friend."

At this Carrol took a chair, and sat looking at the other with dull inquiry.

"First of all," said Grimes, "I'm goin' away."

"Really?"

"Honest. No mistake. Cut stick, vamoose, never again to come back, to go like ancient Cain a wanderer and a vagabond over the face of the earth, with a mark on my forehead, by jingo!"

"Look here, Grimes, don't you think you're a little incoherent to-day?"

To this Grimes returned no immediate answer. He stood for a few moments in thought, then looking round he selected a chair, which he planted in front of Carrol, and then seating himself here he stooped forward, leaning his elbows on his knees, and fixing his eyes upon the other's face.

"See here, Carrol," said he, at last.

"Well?"

"You've known me for several years, you've watched my downrisin's and my upsettin's, and ought to have a pooty good insight into my mental and moral build. Now, I'd like to ask you as a friend one solemn question. It's

this. Have you ever detected, or have you not, a certain vein of sentiment in my moral stratum?"

"Sentiment?" said Carrol, in some surprise; "well, that depends on what you mean by sentiment."

"So it does," said Grimes, thoughtfully; "'sentiment' 's a big word, embracin' a whole world of idees extunnel and intunnel. Wal, what I meant to ask was this, — have you ever detected in me any tendency to lay an undoo stress upon the beautiful?"

"The beautiful; well, no, I don't think I have."

"The beautiful in — in woman, for instance," said Grimes, in a low, confidential voice.

"Woman? Oho, that 's it, is it? What, do you mean to say that you've got a shot from that quarter? What, you! Why the very last man I should have suspected would have been California Grimes."

"Man," said Grimes, in a meditative way, "is a singular compound of strength and weakness. I have my share of physical, mental, and I may add moral strength, I suppose; so I may as well acknowledge the corn, and confess to a share of physical, mental, and moral weakness. Yes, as you delicately intimate, I have been struck from that quarter, and the sole cause of my present flight is woman. Yes, sir."

And, saying this, Grimes raised himself to an erect position, and, rubbing his short shingled hair with some violence, he stared hard at his friend.

"A woman!" said Carrol. "Queer too. You, too, of all men! Well, I would n't have believed it if you yourself had not said so. But do you mean to say that you're so upset that you're going to run for it? Why, man, there must have been some difficulty. Is that it?"

"Wal, somethin' of that sort. Yes, we'll call it a difficulty."

"May I ask who the lady is?" asked Carrol, after a pause.

"Certainly. It's Mrs. Lovell."

"Mrs. Lovell!"

"Yes."

"The Devil!"

"Look here," said Grimes, "you need n't bring in that party in connection with the name of Mrs. Lovell; but at the same time I suppose you don't mean any harm."

"Of course not. Excuse me, old boy, but I was astonished."

"That 's the lady anyhow."

"Of course," said Carrol, "I knew you were acquainted with Mrs. Lovell, but I never dreamed that you were at all affected. How infernally odd! But how did it all come about?"

"Wal," said Grimes, "I got acquainted with her in a very queer shape. You see I was in the cars once goin' to Buffalo and saw her aboard. That 's the first sight of her. I was on my way through to Frisco, but turned off after her to Niagara, lettin' my baggage slide. I watched her there for about a week, and at last one day I saw her goin' out alone for a walk. I followed her at a respectful distance. Wal, distance lent such an enchantment, that I ventured nigher like a darned fly to a lighted candle. Suddenly a great gust of wind came and made my candle flare tremendously. By this I mean that the wind lifted her hat and fixin's from her head, and blew the whole caboodle clean over the cliff. In a moment I jumped after it —"

"What!" interrupted Carrol, "not over the cliff?"

"Yes, over the cliff. I tell you it was a sight that might have sent a fellow over a thousand cliffs. There she stood, as lovely as a dream, with her nat'ral hair all swingin' and tossin' about her head, like a nymph and a naiad and a dryad all rolled into one; and the sight of her was like a shock from a full-charged, double-barrelled galvanic battery, by jingo! So over the cliff I went, as I said, just stoppin' by the way to tell her I'd get her hat and things. Now I tell you what it is, if it had been the falls of Niagara I'd have gone over all the same; but as it happened it was only the cliff, a mile or so below, and for a man like me it

was easy enough goin' down, — a man like me that's got nerve and muscle and sinoo and bones and a cool head; though, mind you, I don't brag much on the coolness of my head at that particular moment. So over I went, and down I went. I found ledges of rocks and shelves; and it wa' n't hard climbin'; so I did the job easy enough; and as luck would have it, I found the hat not more than thirty or forty feet down, jammed among the rocks and trees where the wind had whirled it. Along with the hat I found the usual accompaniments of a lady's head-gear. I secured them all and worked my way back, carryin' the prize in my teeth.

"Wal, I got up to the top and looked around. To my amazement the lady was nowhere to be seen. She was gone. I then institooted a series of delicate inquiries round about, and found out where she was livin', and went there to return her the hat and fixin's. She wa' n't able to see me. Too agitated, you know. The agitation had been too much for her no doubt, and had brought on a fever, accompanied by spasms and hysterics and other feminine pursuits. So I retreated, and on the followin' day called again. And what do you think I learned? Why she was gone, gone, sir, and for good; left, fled, sloped, vamoosed, — none of your transitory flights, but an eternal farewell to California Grimes. And I never in my life experienced the sensation of being dumbfounded until that moment.

"Wal, I wa' n't goin' to give her up. It ain't in me to knock under, so I set myself to find her. That job wa' n't over-easy. I did n't like to ask her friends, of course, and so in my inquiries after her I had to restrict myself to delicate insinuations and glittering generalities. In this way I was able to find out that she was a Canadian, but nothing more. This was all I had to go upon, but on this I began to institoot a reg'lar, systematic, analytic, synthetic, and comprehensive search. I visited all the cities of Canada and hunted through all the Directories. At length,

in the course of my wanderings, I came here, and here, sure enough, I found her; saw her name in the Directory, made inquiries at the hotel, and saw that I had spotted her at last.

"Wal, the moment I found this out, that is, the day after, I went to see her. I found her as mild as milk, as gentle as a cooin' dove, as pleased as pie, and as smilin' as a basket of chips. She did n't really ask me in so many words to call again, but I saw that she expected it; and if she had n't, it would have been all the same, for I was bound to see more of her.

"Wal, I ain't goin' to dilate upon love's young dream now, but simply state that I indulged in it for several months, and it was not till to-day that I was waked out of it. It was a very rude shock, but it broke up the dream, and I'm now at last wide awake and myself again."

"By this I suppose I am to understand that your sentiments were not reciprocated."

"Very much. O yes; that's the exact definition," said Grimes, dryly. "Yes — Wal — You see it wa' n't more than two hours ago. I went to see her. I told her all."

"Well?"

"Wal, she listened as patient as a lamb, and did n't interrupt me once. Now, as my story could n't have been very particularly interestin', I call that very considerate of her, in the first place."

"Well, and how did it end?"

"Wal, she did n't say anythin' in particular for some considerable time. At last I stopped. And then she spoke. And she presented me with a very sweet, soft, elegant, well-shaped, well-knit, dove-colored, tastefully designed, and admirably fittin' — mitten."

"And that was the end, was it?" said Carrol, gloomily; "jilted? You might have known it. It's always the way."

"What's that?" exclaimed Grimes; "always the way? No, it ain't, not by a long chalk. On the contrary, people are gettin' married every day, and never see a mitten at all."

"O, confound all women, I say!" growled Carrol. "It's always the way. They're so full of whims and fancies and nonsense, they don't know their own minds. They've no sense of honor. They lead a fellow on, and smile on him, and feed their infernal vanity, and then if the whim takes them they throw him off as coolly as they would an old glove. I dare say there's a way to get around them; and if a fellow chose to swallow insults, and put up with no end of whims, he might eventually win the woman he loves, and to do that a man must lose his manhood. For my part, if a woman jilts me, she may go to the Devil."

"It strikes me," said Grimes, "that you use rather strong language about the subject."

Carrol laughed bitterly.

"Well, old fellow," said he, "you've been jilted, and whatever you feel you appear to take it quietly. Now, I'm not so much of a philosopher, and so I take it out in a little swearing."

"You!" said Grimes, staring at the other in surprise. "What have you got to do about it?"

"O, nothing, — a little affair of my own. They say misery loves company, and if so, perhaps it'll be a comfort to you to know that I'm in the same box."

"What's that?" said Grimes; "the same what, — did you say 'box'?"

"Yes," said Carrol, while a heavy shadow passed over his face.

"What! not jilted?"

"Yes, jilted."

"Jilted? Good Lord! Not by a woman!"

"Well, I don't exactly see how I could have been jilted by anybody else," said Carrol, with a short laugh.

At this intelligence from Carrol, Grimes sat for a few moments in silence, staring at him and rubbing his hand slowly over his shingled hair.

"Wal," he said "at length, 'it strikes me as queer, too. For you see I'm kind o' modest about myself, but I'm free to say that I always regarded you not merely as a man, but also as

one who might be a lady's man. A fellow of your personal appearance, general build, gift of gab, and amiable disposition hain't got any call, as far as I can see, to know anythin' whatever of the nature of a mitten."

"In spite of all these advantages," said Carrol, quietly, "I've got my own particular mitten in my own possession. I've got it in the shape of a beautiful little note, written in the most elegant lady's hand imaginable."

"A note? What do you mean by a note?"

"O, nothing; my affair, as it happened, was done up in writing."

"Writing! Do you mean to say that you wrote a letter about such a matter?"

"Yes, that was the way it was done."

"A letter!" exclaimed, Grimes, in strong excitement. "What! Do you mean to say that you, with all your advantages, descended so low as to write a letter to the woman you pretended to love about a thing of such unspeakable importance. Good Lord! Of all the darndest —"

And Grimes sank back in his chair, overwhelmed by the idea.

"Well," said Carrol, "I acknowledge that a letter is a very inferior sort of way of making a proposal, but in my case there was no help for it. I had to do it, and, as it's turned out, it seems to me to be a confoundedly lucky thing that it was so, for it would have been too infernally mortifying to have had her tell me what she did tell me, face to face."

"Who is the lady?" asked Grimes, after a solemn pause. "Is it any secret?"

"O no, I'd just as soon tell you as not. It's Miss Heathcote."

"Miss Heathcote!" said Grimes, in surprise.

"Yes."

"What! Mrs. Lovell's sister?"

"Yes."

"Good thunder!"

"It's deuced odd, too," said Carrol. "You and I seem to have been di-

recting our energies toward the same quarter. Odd, too, that neither of us suspected the other. Well, for my part, my case was a hard one. Miss Heathcote was always with her sister, you know, and I never had a decent chance of seeing her alone. I met her first at a ball. We often met after that. We danced together very frequently. I saw her two or three times by herself. I used to call there, of course, and all that sort of thing, you know. Well, at last I found myself pretty far gone, and tried to get an opportunity of telling her, you know; but somehow or other, her sister seemed to monopolize her all the time, and I really had n't a fair chance. Well, you know, I could n't manage to see her alone, and at last I could n't stand it any longer, and so I wrote.

"Now, mind you, although I had seen her alone only two or three times, yet I had very good reasons to suppose that she was *very* favorable to me; a woman can give a man all sorts of encouragement, you know, in a quiet way. It seemed to me that there was a sort of understanding between us. In the expression of her face, in the tone of her voice, and in other things which I cannot mention, I saw enough to give me all the encouragement I wanted.

"Very well, I wrote as I said, and I got an answer. It was an answer that came like a stroke of lightning. Now, under ordinary circumstances, if a woman rejects a fellow, there is no reason why she should not do it in a kind sort of a way. Her very nature ought to prompt her to this. If, however, there had been anything like encouragement given to the unfortunate devil who proposed, it certainly would not be presumptuous to expect some sort of explanation, something that might soften the blow. Now in my case the encouragement had really been strong. Very well; I wrote, — under these circumstances, mind you, — I wrote, after I had been encouraged, — actually encouraged, mind you, after she had given me every reason to hope for a favorable answer, — and what

— what do you think was the sort of answer that I really did get? What? Why, this!"

And Carrol, who by this time had worked himself into a state of intense excitement, snatched a letter from his pocket and flung it toward Grimes.

The act was so suddenly done that Grimes had not time to raise his hand to catch it. The letter fell upon the floor, and Grimes, stooping down, raised it up. He then read the address in a very solemn manner, after which he slowly opened it and read the following: —

"DEAR SIR: I have just received your letter, and regret *very deeply* that you have written to me on *such a subject*. I'm sure I am not aware of anything in our mutual relations that could give rise to a request of such a nature, and can only account for it on the ground of sudden impulse, which your own good sense will hardly be able to justify. I trust that you will not think me capable of giving unnecessary pain to any one; and that you will believe me when I say that it is *absolutely impossible* for me to entertain your proposal for one moment.

"Very truly yours,

"MAUD HEATHCOTE."

"Short, sharp, and decisive," was the remark of Grimes, after he had read the note over two or three times; and with these words he replaced the paper in the envelope and returned it to Carrol.

"Now, mind you," said Carrol, "she had given me as much encouragement as a lady would think proper to give. She had evidently intended to give me the idea that she was not indifferent to me, and then — then — when I committed myself to a proposal, she flung this in my face. What do you think of that, for instance?"

"It's a stunner, and no mistake," said Grimes, solemnly.

"Well," said Carrol, after another pause, "I've found out all about it."

"Found out?"

"Yes, her little game. O, she's

deep! You would scarcely believe that so young a girl had such infernal craft. But it's born in them. The weaker animals, you know, are generally supplied with cunning, so as to carry out the great struggle for existence. Cunning! Cunning is n't the word. I swear, of all the infernal schemes that ever I heard of, this one of Miss Heathcote's was the worst. A deep game, yes, by heaven! And it was only by the merest chance that I found it out."

Carrol drew a long breath and then went on.

"You see, in the first place, she's been playing a double game all this time."

"A double game?"

"Yes, two strings to her bow, and all that, you know."

"O, another lover!"

"Yes, that miserable French vagabond that calls himself the Count du Potiron."

"Potiron! What! that infernal skunk?"

"Yes."

"What! Do you mean to say that Miss Heathcote would condescend to look at a fellow like that? I don't believe it. She would n't touch him with a pair of tongs. No, by thunder!"

"Well, it's a fact, as I know only too well."

"Pooh! you're jealous and imagine this."

"I don't! I have proof."

"What proof?"

"What proof? Wait till you hear my story."

"Fire away then."

"Well, this fellow, Du Potiron, has only been here a few weeks, but has managed to get into society. I saw him once or twice hanging about Mrs. Lovell's, but, 'pon my soul, I had such a contempt for the poor devil that I never gave him a thought beyond wondering in a vague kind of way how the Devil he got there. But, mind you, a woman is a queer creature. Miss Heathcote is aristocratic in her tastes, or, rather, snobbish, and anything like

a title drives her wild. The moment she saw this fellow she began to worship him, on account of his infernal sham nobility. The fellow's no more a count than I am, I really believe; but the name of the thing is enough, and to live and move and have her being in the presence of a real live count was too much for her. At once the great aim of her life was to become a countess."

"Wal," said Grimes, as Carrol paused, "you seem somehow or other to have got a deep insight into the inner workings of Miss Heathcote's mind."

"I tell you I know it all," said Carrol, savagely. "Wait till you hear all. Mind you, I don't believe that she was altogether indifferent to me. I think, in fact, she rather liked me; and if I'd been a count, I don't know that she would have turned me off, unless she'd met with some member of a higher order of nobility. Besides, she did n't feel altogether sure of her Count, you know, and did n't want to lose me, so she played fast and loose with me; and the way she humbugged me makes my blood boil now as I think of it. There was I, infatuated about her; she, on her part, was cool and calculating all the time. Even in those moods in which she pretended to be soft and complaisant, it was only a miserable trick. She always managed to have her sister around, but once or twice contrived to let me be alone with her, just in order to give me sufficient encouragement to keep me on. But with the Frenchman it was different. He had no end of privileges. By heaven, I believe she must herself have taken the initiative in that quarter, or else he would never have dared to think of her. In this way, you see, she managed to fight off any declaration on my part, until she had hooked her Count. O, it was a deep game, and many things are clear to me now that used to be a puzzle!"

"Well, you know, so the game went on, she trying to bag her Count, and at the same time keeping a firm hold of me, yet managing me so as to keep

me at a distance, to be used only as a *dernier ressort*. Well, I chafed at all this, and thought it hard; but, after all, I was so infatuated with her that I concluded it was all right; and so it was that no idea of the actual fact ever dawned upon my poor dazed brains. But at last even my patience was exhausted, and so I wrote that letter. And now mark this. She had managed the whole affair so neatly that my letter came to her just after she had succeeded in her little game, won her Count, and was already meditating upon her approaching dignity. What a pretty smile of scornful pity must have come over her face as she read my letter! You can see by her reply what she felt. The prospect of becoming a countess at once elevated her into a serene frame of mind, in which she is scarcely conscious of one like me; and she 'really does n't know of anything in our mutual relations which could give rise to such a request as mine.' Isn't that exquisite? By heavens! I wonder what she would have said if I had happened to write my letter a fortnight ago. I wonder how she would have wriggled out of it. She'd have done it, of course; but I confess I don't exactly see how she could have contrived it without losing me altogether. And just then she wouldn't have lost me for the world. I was essential to her. She wanted me to play off against the Frenchman. I was required as a decoy-duck —"

"See here, my son," interrupted Grimes, "these are terrible accusations to bring against a woman that you'd have laid down your life for only a week ago. It's all very well for you to talk, but how do I know that this ain't all your infernal jealousy? How am I to know that these are all facts?"

"In the simplest way in the world; by hearing me out. I have n't come yet to the point of my story. It was only last evening that I found this out. And this is what I'm now coming to. You see, after I got her letter I was so confounded that I really did not know what to think or say. I had a vague

idea of going to see her and have a personal explanation."

"That would have been sensible and manly," said Grimes.

"No, it would n't," said Carrol, sharply; "and as things are, it's well I did n't. Besides, I could n't. I felt too much cut up. I was stung to the soul, and it seemed as if all the light of my life had suddenly gone out. No; fortunately my pride sustained me, and I was saved from making an infernal ass of myself by exhibiting my weakness for her to laugh at. Well, I won't dwell upon this. I'll only say that I did n't feel equal to anything for a couple of days, and then I sent her a few words of farewell."

"Very well. Last evening I sent this letter of farewell, and then went off to the Magog House, in order to make some arrangements for quitting town this morning. I had made up my mind to leave at once and forever. I was going off for good. I did n't know where, and did n't care, so long as I had this place behind me. So I went to the Magog House. After attending to the business for which I had come, I went to the bar, and sat down with a cigar, thinking over my situation. Well, I had n't been sitting there long, before a couple of fellows came in and went up to the bar. One was Du Potiron. He was talking very volubly, and was evidently in a great state of excitement."

"Was he drunk?" asked Grimes.

"No, quite as usual; only excited, you know."

"Ah, well, it's all the same. Frenchmen never get drunk, because they are naturally intoxicated. A sober Frenchman is a good deal like a drunken Yank."

"I did n't pay any attention to what he was saying," resumed Carrol. "My back was turned to the bar, and I was taken up altogether with my own thoughts, when suddenly I heard Du Potiron mention the name of Miss Heathcote. Now, you know, all his excitement had been about some wonderful good fortune of his, for which he was receiving his friend's congratula-

tions, and in honor of which he had invited him to take a drink. It is n't a French custom, but Du Potiron has evidently been long enough in America to know American ways. So Du Potiron had come in to treat his friend. Now I heard all this congratulation in a vague way, and understood that it had something to do with a lady; but when Miss Heathcote's name was mentioned, the whole diabolical truth flashed upon me. I was perfectly stupefied, and sat for some minutes not able to move, and scarce able to breathe, listening to the fellow's triumphant boasts. He boasted of his good fortune, — how she had favored him, how his whole acquaintance with her had been one long triumph, and how she had fallen at last like ripe fruit into his hands. And this rat I had to listen to; for I tell you I could n't move and could scarcely breathe. I was suffocating with fury.

"At last I got up and went over to him.

"Look here," said I, "you're talking about a lady who is a friend of mine, in a public bar-room, and it seems to me that it is time to call you to account." I said this very coolly and quietly, for I did n't want the Frenchman to see how excited I was.

"He looked at me in great surprise, and then said, 'Excuse me, sare, de lady that I haf spik of haf commit her name an' her honneur to me, an' no personne haf any claim to champion her but only me.'

"Pooh," said I, "I don't believe you have any claim of the sort. When I saw her last, she had n't the remotest intention of anything of the kind."

"I dare say my tone was very offensive, for the Frenchman turned very pale, and his eyes blazed with fury.

"You don't belief," said he. "Aha! You insulta me. Ver' well. I sall haf satisfaction for de insult. An' so you don't belief. Ver' well. You sall belief dis. Ha! Ef you are so grand friend an' champion, you sall tell me wat you tink of dees!"

"And with these words he tore a

letter from his pocket, and flourished it before my face. I saw the handwriting. It was hers. The letter was addressed to him. And in that one instant every boast of his was confirmed by her own signature, and I saw at once the infernal depth of her crafty, scheming nature. And, by heaven! she'll find that she's got things before her that will interfere a little with her brilliant prospects."

Carrol paused. His face grew dark, and there was that in his eyes which showed that his words contained something more than empty menace.

"Well?" asked Grimes, anxiously.

"Well," said Carrol, "at that I lost all control over myself, and I knocked him down. He jumped up, and turned upon me in a fury.

"You sall gif me sateesfaction for dis!" he screamed.

"Certainly," said I.

"You sall hear from me, sare."

"Very well," said I; and then, as I did n't see any use in staying there longer, I went off. Well, this morning I got a challenge from him, and this is the thing that has prevented my departure, and has brought me to you. Otherwise, it is n't likely that we should have met again, unless, indeed, we had happened to turn up together at the same place in the middle of Crim Tartary. You see, I want you to be my second."

"Your second?" said Grimes, and fell into a deep fit of musing.

IV.

DEALINGS WITH "MOOSOO."

GRIMES sat for some time in profound silence.

"Of course, you'll oblige me," said Carrol, at length, somewhat impatiently.

"Me? O, you may rely upon me; but, at the same time, I want you to understand that there's difficulties in the way. Besides, I don't approve of this."

"Difficulties? Of course. Duels are against the law, and all that. No one

fights duels here ; but sometimes nothing else will do."

"So you want to fight?" asked Grimes.

"Yes," said Carrol, fiercely. "Law or no law, I want to fight—to the death. This is now the only thing that I care for. I want to let *her* see that she has n't been quite so successful as she imagines, and to put some obstacle in the way of that serene and placid joy which she anticipates. She shall learn, if I can teach her, the old, old lesson, that the way of transgressor is hard."

"Are you a good shot?" asked Grimes, in a mild voice.

"No."

"Then how do you propose to pop Moosoo?"

"Well, I'll have a shot at him."

"Are you aware that while you are firin' he'll be firin' too?"

"Well?"

"Are you aware that Moosoo is a first-rate shot?"

"I did n't know it."

"Well, I do know it, for I happen to have seen somethin' of it!"

"O, I don't care a curse whether he's a good shot or not."

"Wal, it makes a good deal of difference, as a general thing. You don't know anythin' about fencin', I s'pose?"

"No."

"Wal, you've got to be precious careful how you enter on this dool."

"I tell you," cried Carrol, impatiently, "that I don't care a curse whether I'm shot or not."

"And I tell you, you do care. If Moosoo hits you, it's another feather in his cap. He'll return to the lady covered with laurels. 'See, the conquerin' hero comes.' She'll receive her warrior home from the wars. 'Gayly the Troubadour touched his guitar.' He'll be 'Gayly the Troubadour,' and you'll be simply contemptible. What'll become of all your fine plans of retaliation, if you have to hobble about for thirteen months on a broken leg, or move in society with

your arm in a sling? What'll become of you, if you're suddenly called upon to exchange worlds, and pass from this festive scene to become a denizen of the silent sepulchre? Answer me that."

Carrol said nothing, but his face flushed, and it was evident that these suggestions were not without effect.

"Secondly, my brethren," continued Grimes, "I desire to call your attention to this important point. It's unfair. You, who can't shoot, go to meet a man who can. What do you call that? I call it simple suicide. Has Moosoo such claims on you, that you are ready to offer up your life to him? You'll fall. He'll fly. The lady'll join him in New York, an' he'll convey her to his home in Paris. Unfair? Why, it's madness to think of it!"

"It's deuced odd if I can't hit a man at such a short distance."

"Tain't so easy. Have you ever tried?"

"No."

"Wal, I have, and I know what I'm talkin' about. I tell you, you won't hit him; and that's why I have my prejudices against the orthodox dool."

"What do you mean by the orthodox duel? There's only one kind."

"Excuse *me*," said Grimes. "There are other ways,—dools with knives, dools with rifles, dools with axes, and so forth. By the orthodox dool I mean the fashionable sort, that they originated in Europe. Now, I want you to understand, in the first place, that the orthodox dool is unfair, unjust, and unwise. Secondly, I want you to know that the dool is not restricted to any one mode, but that it has many forms throughout this green earth. And thirdly, I want you to see that in this particular case we must originate a dool which shall be adapted to said case in all its bearin's."

"Originate a duel? what do you mean?"

"Wal, I mean this; you're the challenged party."

"Yes."

"Wal, the challenged party has the choice of weepins."

"Yes."

"And that means, furthermore, that the challenged party has the choice of modes."

"Modes?"

"Yes, — the when, the where, and the how; and the what, and the which, and the whuffore; so you see it becomes your proud privilege to select for yourself the mode that shall be most in accordance with your own peculiar situation."

"Well," said Carrol, "I certainly don't want him to have *all* the advantages."

"Just so, and so it remains for us to consider the various kinds of dool, and to decide upon that mode which shall best secure a perfect equality between you two combatants. Now I happen at this moment to think of a plan by which both parties are on terms that are as nigh to equality as is ever permitted in this vale of tears. It is this. The two doolists either sit or stand close beside one another, and each one holds the muzzle of his pistol close to the forehead of the other. The word is called, 'One! two! three!' and at the word 'three' both fire. The result, as a general thing, is that neither one has any occasion to complain that the other had any undoo advantage over him. Now how does that strike you?"

Grimes asked this question with an air of paternal interest; with the manner, in fact, which a fond father might assume in asking his son's opinion about some particularly pleasant mode of going to Europe for a year's ramble.

Carrol's brow lowered darkly, and an air of steady and stern resolve came over his face.

"I'll do it," said he; "I will, by Heaven. That is the mode I'll choose. He shall not take refuge in his skill, and I will not give him the chance of surviving me. It shall be a life-and-leath affair. If I die he shall die also. Then my lady will learn that I am a subject for something else than jeers and laughter. By heaven!" he con-

tinued, starting to his feet, "that shall be my choice, and I'll have it settled at once."

"O, come now," said Grimes, "not so fast! We must n't snatch at the first suggestion. Let's talk the matter over further. Come, sit down again, and let's talk it over like Christian men. For my part, I'm not altogether in favor of this plan. There's too much downright butchery in it; and it don't afford a ghost of a chance for the display of the finer feelings and instincts of humanity. Sit down again, my son. Don't be in a hurry. It's an important matter, and our deliberations should be grave and solemn."

At this appeal Carrol resumed his seat, and waited somewhat impatiently for further suggestions.

"The orthodox dool," said Grimes, "gives you no chance; the one just mentioned is downright butchery, and may be called the slaughter dool. These are both at the opposite extremes. Now we want to hit upon the golden mean; something that may combine the perfect fairness of the slaughter dool with the style, grace, sprightliness, and picturesque force of the orthodox dool.

"Now how can the problem be solved?" continued Grimes, after long and patient thought, the effects of which were visible in the numerous wrinkles of his corrugated brow. "How can we get the golden mean? Methinks I see it, — O, don't be impatient! Methinks I have it, and I'll give you the idee.

"You see, it's this, my son. If a good shot meets a bad shot, the fight is unfair; but there are circumstances under which this inequality can be removed. If they fight in the dark, for instance, what advantage has one over the other? None whatever. Now I contend that darkness is every way suited to a dool. In the first place, a dool is a deed of darkness. In the second place, the combatants are on an equal footing. In the third place, it is secure from interruption. In the fourth place, it prevents any identifica-

tion of the survivor in a court of law in case of his arrest. Seventeen other reasons equally good are in my mind now, but I forbear to enumerate them. But you yourself must see the immense superiority of a dool of this kind over any other. You must see how it answers the demands of the present occasion. Take your enemy into the dark. Deprive him of the advantages which accident gives him. Put yourself and him on an equal footing. Stand there, face to face and front to front, in the dark, and then blaze away. Them's my sentiments."

Grimes stopped, and watched Carrol in silence to see the effect of his suggestion. Not a word was spoken by either for a long time.

"A duel in the dark!" said Carrol, at length. "It's a new idea to me, but 'pon my soul, my dear fellow, I must say it strikes me rather favorably just now. I don't relish the idea of being nothing more than a mere target, and of letting *her* have it all her own way; and then again, though I'm willing to accept what you call the slaughter dool, yet I confess I should prefer a mode of fighting in which death is not an absolutely inevitable thing; and so, on the whole, it really seems to me as if the plan might not be a bad one; and I think we had better decide upon it. But where could it come off? Are the nights dark enough?"

"O yes, there's no moon now."

"The best place would be under the shadow of some woods, I suppose."

"O no, the room of some house would be the best place."

"What! a house? inside a house?"

"Yes."

"Why, where could we find one that would be suitable?"

"Wal, that is a matter which we must see about. I can undertake that job, and I'll go about it at once. I've got a place in my mind now. Would you care about takin' a walk and seein' it?"

Carrol made no reply, but rose from his seat and prepared to accompany his friend.

Quitting the house, the two friends walked down the street, and took a direction which led out of town. They had not gone far before they saw a carriage approach, and both of them at once recognized the elegant barouche and spirited bays of Mrs. Lovell. Two ladies were in the carriage, and they knew them to be the very ones whom they did not care to meet at this particular moment. But retreat or even evasion was quite out of the question. The carriage was coming toward them at a rapid pace, and the next corner was too far away to afford a way of escape. Of course they could not think of turning round and walking back, so they kept on in the direction in which they were going.

The ladies saw them at once and looked fixedly at them. Mrs. Lovell's face was slightly flushed, and there was on it an air of embarrassment; but in spite of this there was a pretty smile which curved her rosy lips and dimpled her rounded cheeks in a highly fascinating way. But Maud was very different. Her face was pale, and her sad eyes fixed themselves with mournful earnestness on Carrol, throwing at him a glance of eager, wistful entreaty.

As the carriage came up, Grimes looked toward it, and caught Mrs. Lovell's glance, and saw her smile. She bowed in the most marked manner possible; and Grimes removed his hat and made a very low bow in return. While doing this he stood still, and after he had performed this ceremony he turned and stared after the carriage with a flushed face for more than a minute. Then with a sigh he resumed his walk, but found to his surprise that Carrol had walked ahead for some considerable distance.

If there had been a difference between the expressions of Mrs. Lovell and Maud, there had certainly been a corresponding difference between the demeanor of Carrol and that of Grimes on this momentous occasion. Each had been equally agitated at this unexpected meeting, but each had shown his emotion in a different way. The

way of Grimes has already been described. But while Grimes allowed his eyes to be drawn to the spot where his idol sat enthroned in her chariot, Carrol refused to let his eyes wander at all. At that moment he was like the gladiator on his way to the arena passing before the throne of Cæsar. *Moriturus te salutat* was the thought of his despairing and imbittered soul; and deep within his heart was a conviction of the utter baseness of that beautiful girl who had betrayed him. Had she not encouraged him with false hopes? Had she not led him on? Had she not made him her tool, her decoy-duck, through whom she might gain the object of a vulgar and contemptible ambition? Was not all his life ruined through her? Was he not going even now to his death,—he, the doomed gladiator? *Moriturus te salutat!*

He looked straight ahead, not allowing his eyes to rest on her,—his pale features set in an expression of icy calm, an expression very different from the frank joyousness which Maud so well remembered. Yet he did not forget the salutation,—even though he was going to die,—but as the carriage rolled by he raised his hat and so walked on.

After a time Grimes caught up to him, and the two walked on together. Neither one said a word, for each one had thoughts which he did not feel inclined to express in words. At length, after about an hour's walk, in which they had gone about two miles out of the town, they came within sight of an old house.

"Thar," said Grimes, "that's the place; what do you think of it?"

"O, I dare say it'll do well enough," said Carrol, in an absent way.

"I say," said Grimes, "gather up your wits, and be a man. It was an infernally unlucky thing that we met them, but it could n't be helped, no-how, and I've been upset ever since; but what's the use of miaulin like a darned cat over a drowned kitten! I won't, for one."

Saying this, Mr. Grimes drew a long

breath, and then proceeded to pound his chest vigorously with his two brawny fists, in the fashion which Mr. Du Chaillu ascribes to the cheerful gorilla. This pleasant exercise seemed to do Mr. Grimes a world of good; for after he had struck a number of blows, each of which, if dealt upon an enemy, might have reduced that enemy to a state of pitiable harmlessness, he said briskly and sharply, "Wal, now let's get to business."

The deserted house stood about a hundred yards from the road. Carrol followed his friend in silence as he passed through a broken gateway and over what had once been a garden to the house. There were no doors or windows in the house, and there was a general air of desolation about it that was oppressive.

"Wal," said Grimes, "will this suit?"

"Anything'll suit," said Carrol, coldly.

"You agree to this kind o' fightin'?"

"I agree to anything," said Carrol.

"We've talked all that over."

"So we have, but this sort of fightin' presupposes a desperate mind."

"Well, I tell you, I *am* desperate. I don't care whether I live or die. I've seen the last of that treacherous she-devil, and only want to live long enough to put one drop of bitterness in her cup. But what's the use of talking? Give me that Frenchman and put me in here with him. That's all I want."

"Darkness," said Grimes, solemnly, "sometimes has a depressin' effect on the human nerve. Can you stand that?"

"O, damn the human nerve!" growled Carrol. "I tell you I can stand anything."

"I'm afraid you're just a mite too excited, my son; but then, temperaments differ. Now the prospect of a good, rousin' fight has a kind of cheerin' effect on me, and makes me a Christian in one sense, for I get almost to love my enemy."

"Well, I've a different feeling to-

ward my enemy," said Carrol; "so now let's go and finish up this business as soon as we can. It must be done up to-night."

"So say I; for I've *got* to go," said Grimes. "I'll go now after Moosoo. Where shall I see you?"

"At your rooms. I won't go back to mine, I don't want to see any fellows."

On reaching the town again Grimes went off, and Carrol went to the rooms of his friend, where he awaited the result.

In about two hours Grimes came back.

"Wal," said he, "you're in the dark here. Suppose we have some light on the subject." And he proceeded to light up. "Won't you smoke?"

Carrol said nothing, but began to fill a pipe in an abstracted way, while Grimes filled another.

"Wal," said he, "I've been and seen 'em; and a precious hard time I've had of it, too. They're both Moosoos, and your Moosoo and his friend, bein' foreigners, had a most unat'ral prejudice against the mode of combat decided on by you. And it's taken me full two good hours to beat into their frog-eatin' heads that this is the only fair, just, equitable, impartial, and reasonable mode of fightin' recognized among high-toned men. And so it is. For look at me. I'm a high-toned man. Wal, I give my vote clean in favor of it."

"Moosoo's friend is a fellow-countryman of his who came out with him to America; and as they have neither of them been here more than two or three months, they show an ignorance and a prejudice and a stoopidity that is incredible. Why, they actilly had the audacity to quote their infernal frog-eatin' French customs against me, — me that's been brought up on the Californy code. But I managed precious soon to show them that their small Paris fashions wa'n't a circumstance out here."

"You must understand that first of

all I saw only his friend, but he found my proposition so disagreeable, and, as he called it, so monstrous, that he had to consult Moosoo himself, and gradually I was worked into the conversation with the principal. Fortunately, I can talk their language as fast as they can, with a good, strong, honest Yankee accent, which I may add is the only safeguard to the moral nature of a free American when he doos speak French.

"Wal, I found Moosoo as venomous as a rat, and as thirsty for your blood as a tiger. He felt confidence in his own skill, and was as sure of you as he would be of his dinner, yea, perhaps more so. And this was the very thing I tackled him about at the outset. I showed him that we, bein' the challenged party, had a right to define our weepins and locate the scene of action. I showed that we were bound to look after our rights, privileges, and appurtenances, and not let him have it all his own way. I then went on to show that the proposed mode was at once sound, just, fair, wise, equitable, and honest. Wal, the blind prejudice of Moosoo was amazin', I never saw anythin' like it. All my arguments about fairness, equity, and abstract right were thrown away. So, then, I had to bring before him my second point, namely, that this is the custom of the country."

"What! to fight duels in the dark?"

"Wal, no, not precisely that, but to fight accordin' to the will of the challenged party. As for fightin' in the dark, I showed that this of itself was not *the* custom, but still it was *a* custom of the country, and as such deserved to be regarded with veneration by foreigners, and adopted by them whenever it was the desire of an American who might be the challenged party. This argument was one which they did n't find it so easy to meet. They fit against it like all-possessed; but my position was an impregnable one, and they could no more shake me from it than a couple of bumblebees could uproot the giant tree that

lifts its gorgeous head from the midst of the primeval forest. No, sir. And finally, as a settler, I brought up Californy. I described its wealth of resources, animal, vegetable, and mineral; its giant mountains, its sunless valleys, its broad plains, its stoopen-dous trees; I dilated upon the Yosemite; I portrayed the Golden Gate; I gave them estimates of our annual commerce; I explained our school law, our criminal law, and our specie currency. I informed them that Californy was at once the brain, the heart, and the right arm of the broad continent; that Californy usage was final throughout America, and that Californy sanctioned the mode proposed.

"Wal, now, Moosoo was dreadful disinclined to fight a duel in the dark. He was bloodthirsty and venomous, but at the same time I detected in him a dash of timidity, and the prospect of this kind of a meetin' upset him a little. It's either natural timidity croppin' out, or else it's a kind of superstition, perhaps both; and whatever it was it made him refuse this dool for a long time. But Californy settled him. The supreme authority of America was somethin' they could n't object to.

"Wal, I redooed them to submission, and then it only remained to settle the details. Wal, first and foremost, we are to go there,—all of us together. Wal, then the seconds are to put the principals in the room whar the business is to be transacted. Wal, then the seconds are to take their departure and fly."

"What's that? what?" asked Carrol, who had thus far listened without showing much interest. "Why should the seconds go?"

"Why should they stay?"

"Well, I don't know, except to see fair play."

"Wal, in the first place, as it's goin' to be pitch dark the seconds won't be able to see anything; in the second place, the very essence of the whole thing is that the fighters be left to their own natural instincts; and in the

third place, if no one sees it there won't be any witnesses for the lawyers to get hold of in case the survivor is tried for his life."

"And do you really mean to say that you're going away? Won't you stay till — till —" Carrol hesitated.

"Stay?" echoed Grimes. "Stay? Me! — me stay! And here! What, here! Are you mad? Don't you see my trunk? Have n't you heard my mournful story? Ought n't I even now to be rollin' along on my windin' way? No. I leave this place at once and forever; and I'm only waitin' to be of service to an old friend in the hour of need; and, my son, I'll shake hands with you when we part, and bid you good by, with the hope that we may at last meet again whar partin's air unknown."

Midnight was the hour settled upon for the duel, and about half past eleven Grimes and Carrol called on the Frenchmen. They were ready. Du Potiron looked pale and nervous; in which respect Carrol was fully his equal. Du Potiron's friend looked dark and sullen. Grimes alone showed anything like ordinary good feeling. He was calm, urbane, chatty, and at times even jocose. He had the manner of one who was putting a strong restraint upon himself, but underneath this restraint there was an immense pressure of riotous feeling that at times surged up mightily. The feeling was the furthest possible from grief or anxiety. Was it natural cold-heartedness in this man that allowed him at such a time to be capable of such levity, that permitted him, while accompanying an intimate and trusting friend on such an errand, to have no thought of that friend's impending doom?

So they marched on, the four of them; first Grimes and Carrol, then the two "Moosooos." After finding that his companions declined conversation, Grimes gave it up, and walked on in silence. Sometimes his huge frame would shake from his hat to his boots; and on one occasion he even went so far as to beat his breast, gorilla fash-

ion, — a proceeding that excited much suspicion and anxiety in the minds of the foreigners.

Carrol noticed this, but did not think much about it. He was well acquainted with the eccentricities and extravagances of his friend, and did not see much in his present conduct that was very different from usual. Once or twice, it is true, he could not help feeling that repressed laughter was a little out of place, but he accounted for it on the ground that Grimes was really troubled in his mind, and took this way of struggling with his emotion.

On the whole, however, Carrol did not give much thought to Grimes. As he walked on, his mind was occupied with the events of the last few days, and the dark rendezvous before him. In those few days were comprised all the real trouble he had ever known. He had never in his life quarrelled with any one, much less fought a duel; yet here in three days his heart had been filled with bitterness and hate and despair.

Nor amid these contending feelings was he least affected by a certain horror of soul arising from the meeting

before him. He was going at that midnight hour to meet death or to inflict it. That gloomy, deserted house, under the midnight sky, was to be the scene; and in that house even now there awaited one of them, perhaps both, the King of Terrors.

Was it wonderful, then, that at such a time and on such an errand, there should have come over Carrol's soul a certain overwhelming and shuddering awe? Has not the greatest of singers shown this feeling in the soul even of Ajax while fighting in the dark? Carrol going in broad day to meet his enemy would have been animated solely by that vindictive hate which he had already manifested, and would have soothed himself by the hope of inflicting sorrow of some sort on Miss Heathcote; but Carrol at midnight, in the dark, on his way to that place of meeting, to encounter an unseen enemy, found himself a weaker being. He was unable to maintain his fierce vindictive hate. Wrath and fury subsided at the presence of that one feeling which in all human hearts is capable of overmastering all else, — the unspeakable sense of horror.

James DeMille.

MORRICE LAKE.

ON Morrice Lake I saw the heron flit,
 And the wild wood-duck from her summer perch
 Scale painted by, trim in her plumes, all joy;
 And the old mottled frog repeat his bass,
 Song of our mother earth, the child so dear.
 There, in the stillness of the forest's night,
 Naught but the interrupted sigh of the breeze,
 Or the far panther's cry, that, o'er the lake,
 Touched with that sudden irony and woke
 The sleeping shore; at once, I hear its crash,
 Its deep alarm-gun on the speechless night, —
 A falling tree, hymn of the centuries.

No sadness haunts the happy lover's mind,
 On thy lone shores, thou anthem of the woods,

Singing her calm reflections ; the tall pines,
The sleeping hillside and the distant sky,
And thou ! the sweetest figure in the scene,
Truest and best, the darling of my heart.
O Thou, the ruler of these forest shades,
And by thy inspiration, who controll'st
The wild tornado in its narrow path,
And deck'st with fairy wavelets the small breeze,
That like some lover's sigh entreats the lake ;
O Thou, who in the shelter of these groves
Build'st up the life of nature, as a truth
Taught to dim shepherds on their star-lit plains,
Outwatching midnight ; who in these deep shades
Secur'st the bear and catamount a home,
Safe from the glare of the infernal gun,
And leav'st the finny race their pebbled home,
Domed with thy watery sunshine, as a mosque ;
God of the solitudes ! kind to each thing
That creeps or flies, or launches forth its webs, —
Lord ! in thy mercies, Father ! in thy heart,
Cherish thy wanderer in these sacred groves ;
Thy spirit send as erst o'er Jordan's stream,
Spirit and love and mercy for his need.
Console him with thy seasons as they pass,
And with an unspent joy attune his soul
To endless rapture. Be to him, — thyself
Beyond all sensual things that please the eye,
Locked in his inmost being ; let no dread,
Nor storm with its wild splendors, nor the tomb,
Nor all that human hearts can sear or scar,
Or cold forgetfulness that withers hope,
Or base undoing of all human love,
Or those faint sneers that pride and riches cast
On unrewarded merit, — be, to him,
Save as the echo from uncounted depths
Of an unfathomable past, burying
All present griefs.

Be merciful, be kind !
Has he not striven, true and pure of heart,
Trusting in thee ? O falter not, my child !
Great store of recompense thy future holds,
Thy love's sweet councils and those faithful hearts,
Never to be estranged, that know thy worth.

William Ellery Channing.

IN A WHERRY.

WE have a phrase in Oldport, "What New-Yorkers call poverty: to be reduced to a pony phaeton." By the effects of a November gale, I am reduced to a similar state of destitution, from a sail-boat to a wherry; and like others of the deserving poor, I have found many compensations in my humbler condition. Which is the more enjoyable, rowing or sailing? If you sail before the wind, there is the glorious vigor of the breeze that fills your sails; you get all of it you have room for, and a ship of the line could do no more; indeed, your very nearness to the water increases the excitement, since the water swirls and boils up, as it unites in your wake, and seems to clutch over the low stern of your sail-boat, as if to menace the hand that guides the helm. Or if you beat to windward, it is as if your boat climbed a liquid hill, but did it with bounding and dancing, like a child; there is the plash of the lighter ripples against the bow, and the thud of the heavier waves, while the same blue water is now transformed to a cool jet of white foam over your face, and now to a dark whirlpool in your lee. Sailing gives a sense of prompt command, since by a single movement of the tiller you effect so great a change of direction or transform motion into rest; there is, therefore, a certain magic in it: but, on the other hand, there is a more direct appeal to your physical powers in rowing; you do not evade or cajole the elements by a cunning device of keel and canvas, you meet them man-fashion and subdue them. The motion of the oars is like the strong motion of a bird's wings; to sail a boat is to ride upon an eagle, but to row is to be an eagle. I prefer rowing, — at least till I can afford another sail-boat.

What is a good day for rowing? Almost any day that is good for living. Living is not quite agreeable in

the midst of a tornado or an equinoctial storm, neither is rowing. There are days when rowing is as toilsome and exhausting a process as is Bunyan's idea of virtue; while there are other days, like the present, when it seems a mere Oriental passiveness and the forsaking of works, — just an excuse to Nature for being out among her busy things. For even at this stillest of hours there is far less repose in nature than we imagine. What created thing can seem more patient than yonder kingfisher on the sea-wall? Yet as we glide near him, we shall see that no creature can be more full of concentrated life; all his nervous system seems on edge, every instant he is rising or lowering on his feet, the tail vibrates, the neck protrudes or shrinks again, the feathers ruffle, the crest dilates; he talks to himself with an impatient *chirr*, then presently hovers and dives for a fish, then flies back disappointed. We say "free as birds," but their lives are given over to arduous labors. And so, when our condition seems most dreamy, our observing faculties are sometimes desperately on the alert, and we find afterwards, to our surprise, that we have missed nothing. The best observer in the end is not he who works at the microscope or telescope most unceasingly, but he whose whole nature becomes sensitive and receptive, drinking in everything, like a sponge that saturates itself with all floating vapors and odors, though it seems inert and unsuspecting until you press it and it tells the tale.

Most men do their work out of doors and their dreaming at home; and those whose work is done at home need something like a wherry in which to dream out of doors. On a squally day, with the wind northwest, it is a dream of action, and to round yonder point against an ebbing tide makes you feel as if you were Grant before Richmond;

when you put about, you gallop like Sheridan, and the wind and waves become a cavalry escort. On other days all elements are hushed into a dream of peace, and you look out upon those once stormy distances as Landseer's sheep look into the mouth of the empty cannon on a dismantled fort. These are the days for revery, and your thoughts fly forth, gliding without friction over this smooth expanse ; or, rather, they are like yonder pair of white butterflies that will flutter for a half-hour just above the glassy surface, traversing miles of distance before they alight again.

And by a happy trait of our midsummer, these various phases of wind and water may often be included in a single day. On three mornings out of four the wind blows northwest down our bay, then dies to a calm before noon. After an hour or two of perfect stillness, you see the line of blue ripple coming up from the ocean till it conquers all the paler water, and the southwest breeze sets in. This middle zone of calm is like the noon-day of the Romans when they feared to speak, lest the great god Pan should be awakened. While it lasts, a thin aerial veil drops over the distant hills of Conanicut, then draws nearer and nearer till it seems to touch your boat ; the very nearest section of space being filled with a faint disembodied blueness, like that which fills on winter days, in colder regions, the hollows of the snow. Sky and sea show but gradations of the same color, and afford but modifications of the same element. In this quietness, yonder schooner seems not so much to lie at anchor in the water as to anchor the water, so that both cease to move, and though faint ripples may come and go elsewhere on the surface, the vessel lies in this island of absolute calm. For there certainly is elsewhere a sort of motionless movement, as Keats speaks of "a noiseless noise" among the leaves, or as the summer clouds form and disappear without apparent wind and without prejudice to the stillness. A man may lie

in the profoundest trance and still be breathing, and the very pulsations of the life of nature, in these calm hours, are to be read in these changing tints and shadows and ripples, and in the mirage-bewildered outlines of the islands in the bay. It is this incessant shifting of relations, this perpetual substitution of fantastic for real values, this inability to trust your own eye or ear unless the mind makes its own corrections, — that give such an inexhaustible attraction to life beside the ocean. The sea-change comes to you without your waiting to be drowned. You must recognize the working of your own imagination and allow for it. When, for instance, the sea-fog settles down around us at nightfall, it sometimes seems to grow denser till it becomes more solid than the pavements of the town, or than the great globe itself ; and when the fog-whistles go wailing on through all the darkened hours, they seem to be signalling, not so much for a lost ship as for a lost island.

How unlike are those weird and gloomy nights to this sunny noon, when I rest my oars in this sheltered bay, where a small lagoon makes in behind Coaster's Harbor Island, and the very last breath and murmur of the ocean are left outside ! The coming tide steals to the shore in waves so light, they are a mere shade upon the surface till they break, and ten die dumbly for one that has a voice. And even those rare voices are the very most confidential and silvery whispers in which Nature ever spoke to man ; the faintest summer insect seems resolute and assured beside them ; and yet it needs but an indefinite multiplication of these sounds to make up the thunder of the surf. It is so still that I can let the wherry drift idly along the shore, and can watch the life beneath the water. The small fry cluster and evade between me and the brink ; the half-translucent shrimp glides gracefully undisturbed, or glances away like a flash if you but touch the surface ; the crabs waddle or burrow, the smaller species mimicking unconsciously the

hue of the soft green sea-weed and the larger looking like motionless stones, covered with barnacles and decked with fringing weeds. I am acquainted with no better Darwinian than the crab; and however clumsy he may be when taken from his own element, he has a free and floating motion, which is almost graceful, in his own yielding and buoyant home. It is so with all wild creatures, but especially with those of water and air. A gull is not reckoned an especially graceful bird, but yonder I see one, snowy white, that has come to fish in this safe lagoon, and it dips and rises on its errands, as lightly as a butterfly or a swallow. Beneath that neighboring causeway the water-rats run over the stones, lithe and eager and alert, the body carried low, the head raised now and then like a hound's, the tail curving gracefully and aiding the poise; now they are running to the water as if to drink, now racing for dear life along the edge, now fairly swimming, then devoting an interval to reflection, like squirrels, then again searching over a pile of sea-weed and selecting some especial tuft, which is carried with long sinuous leaps to the unseen nest. Indeed, man himself is graceful in his unconscious and direct employments: the poise of a fisherman, for instance, the play of his arm, the cast of his line or net; these take the eye as do the stealthy movements of the hunter, the fine attitudes of the wood-chopper, the grasp of the sailor on the helm. A haystack and a boat are always picturesque objects, and so are the men who are at work to build or use them. So is yonder stake-net, glistening in the morning light, — the innumerable meshes drooping in soft arches from the high stakes, and the line of floats stretching shoreward, like tiny stepping-stones; two or three row-boats are gathered round it, with fishermen in red or blue shirts, while one white sail-boat hovers near. And I have looked down on our beach in spring, at sunset, and watched them drawing nets for the young herring, when the rough men looked as grace-

ful as the nets they drew, and the horseman who directed might have been Redgauntlet on the Solway Sands.

I suppose it is from this look of natural fitness that a windmill is always such an appropriate object by the seashore. It is simply a four-masted schooner, stranded on a hill-top, and adapting itself to a new sphere of duty. It could have needed but a slight stretch of invention in some seaman to combine these lofty vans, and throw over them a few remodelled sails. The principle of their motion is that by which a vessel beats to windward; the miller spreads or reefs his sails, like a sailor, — reducing them in a high wind to a mere "pigeon-wing" as it is called, two or three feet in length, — or in some cases even scudding under bare poles. The whole structure vibrates and creaks under rapid motion, like a mast; and the angry vans, disappointed of progress, are ready to grind to powder all that comes within their grasp, as they revolve hopelessly in this sea of air.

As the noonday sun grows hot, I like to take refuge in a sheltered nook beside Goat Island Lighthouse, where the shadow of the wharf just protects me from the sun, and the resonant splash of waters multiplies itself among the dark piles, extending a sense of coolness over all the senses. While the noonday bells ring twelve, I take my rest. Round the corner of the pier the fishing-boats come gliding in, generally with a boy asleep forward, and a weary man at the helm; one can almost fancy that the boat itself looks weary, having been out since the early summer sunrise. In contrast to this expression of labor ended, the white pleasure-boats seem but to be taking a careless stroll by water; while a skiff full of girls drifts idly along the shore, amid laughter and screaming and much aimless splash. More resolute and business-like, the boys row their boat far up the bay; then I see a sudden gleam of white bodies, and then the boat is empty, and the surrounding water is sprinkled with black and bobbing

heads. The steamboats seem busier still, as they go puffing by at short intervals, and send long waves up to my retreat ; and then some schooner sails in, full of life, with a white ripple round her bows, till she suddenly rounds to, drops anchor, and is still. Opposite me, on the landward side of the bay, the green banks slope to the water ; on yonder cool piazza there is a young mother who swings her baby in the hammock, or a white-robed figure pacing beneath the trailing vines. Peace and lotus-eating on shore ; on the water, even in the stillest noon, there are life and sparkle and continual change.

One of those fishermen whose boat has just glided to its moorings, where it now lies as peacefully as if it had not been out since two o'clock this morning, is to me by far the most interesting person among all who pursue that traffic in Oldport, though he is perhaps the only one among them with whom I have never yet exchanged a word. There is good reason for it ; he has been deaf and dumb from his boyhood. He is reported to be the boldest sailor among all these daring men ; he is the last to retreat before the coming storm ; the first after the storm to venture through the white and whirling channels, between dangerous ledges, to which others give a wider berth. I do not wonder at this, for think how much of the awe and terror of the tempest must vanish if the ears be closed ! The ominous undertone of the waves on the beach and the muttering thunder pass harmless by him. How infinitely strange it must be to retain the sight of danger, but lose the sound ! Fancy such a deprivation in war, for instance, where it is the sounds, after all, that haunt the memory the longest ; the rifle's crack, the irregular shots of skirmishers, the long roll of alarm, the roar of great guns. This man would have missed them all. Were a broadside from an enemy's gunboat to be discharged above his head, he would not hear it ; would only recognize, by some jarring of his other senses, the fierce concussion of the air.

How much deeper seems his solitude than that of any other "lone fisher on the lonely sea" ! Yet all such things are comparative ; and while the others contrast that wave-tossed isolation with the cheeriness of home, his home is silent too. He has a wife and children ; they all speak, but he hears not their prattle nor their complaints. He summons them with his fingers, as he summons the fishes, and they are equally dumb to him. Has he a special sympathy with those submerged and voiceless things ? Dunfish, in the old newspapers, were sometimes called "dumb'd fish" ; and they perchance come to him as to one of their kindred. They have learned, like other innocent things, to accept this defect of utterance, and even adopt it. I knew a deaf-and-dumb woman whose children spoke and heard ; but while yet too young for words, they had learned that their mother was not to be reached that way ; they never cried nor complained before her, and when most excited would only whisper. Her baby ten months old, if disturbed in the night, would creep to her and touch her lips, to awaken her, but would make no noise.

One might fancy that all men who have an agonizing sorrow or a fearful secret would be drawn by irresistible attraction into the society of the deaf and dumb. What awful passions might not be whispered, what terror safely spoken, in the charmed circle round yonder silent boat, — a circle whose centre is a human life which has not all the susceptibilities of life, a confessional where even the priest cannot hear. Would it not relieve sorrow to express itself, even if unheeded ? What more could one ask than a dumb confidant ? and if deaf also, so much the safer. To be sure, he could give you neither absolution nor guidance ; he could render nothing in return, save a look or a clasp of the hand ; nor can the most gifted or eloquent friendship do much more. Ah ! but suddenly the thought occurs, suppose that the defect of hearing, as of tongue, were liable to

be loosed by an overmastering emotion, and that by startling him with your hoarded confidence, you were to break the spell! The hint is too perilous; let us row away.

A few strokes take us to the half-submerged wreck of a lime-schooner that was cut to the water's edge by a collision in a gale, twelve months ago. The water fired the lime, the cable was cut, the vessel drifted ashore and sank, still blazing, at this little beach. When I saw her, at sunset, the masts had been cut away, and the flames held possession on board. Fire was working away in the cabin, like a live thing, and sometimes glared out of the hatchway; anon it clambered along the gunwale, like a school-boy playing, and the waves chased it as in play; just a flicker of flame, then a wave would reach up to overtake it; then the flames would be, or seem to be, where the fire had been; and finally, as the vessel lay careened, the waves took undisturbed possession of the lower gunwale, and the flames of the upper. So it burned that day and night; part red with fire, part black with soaking; and now twelve months have made all its visible parts look dry and white, and it is hard to believe that either fire or water has ever touched it. It lies over on its bare knees, and a single knee, torn from the others, rests imploringly on the shore, as if that had worked its way to land, and perished in act of thanksgiving. At low tide, one half the frame is lifted high in air, like a dead tree in the forest.

Perhaps all other elements are tenderer in their dealings with what is intrusted to them than is the air. Fire, at least, destroys what it has ruined; earth is warm and loving, and it more-over conceals; water is at least caressing,—it laps the base of this wreck with protecting waves, covers all that it can reach with sea-weeds, and protects with incrusting shells. Even beyond its grasp it tosses soft pendants of moss that twine like vine-tendrils, or sway in the wind. It mellows harsh colors into beauty, and Ruskin grows

eloquent over the wave-washed tint of some tarry, weather-beaten boat. But air is pitiless, it dries and stiffens all outline, and bleaches all color away, so that you can hardly tell whether these ribs belonged to a ship or an elephant; and yet there is a certain cold purity in the shapes it leaves, and the birds it sends to perch upon these timbers are a more graceful company than lobsters or fishes. After all, there is something sublime in that sepulture of the Parsees, who erect near every village a *dokhma*, or tower of silence, upon whose summit they may bury their dead in air.

Thus widely may one's thoughts wander from a summer boat. But the season for rowing is a long one, and far outlasts in Oldport the stay of our annual guests. Sometimes in autumnal mornings I glide forth over water so still, it seems as if saturated by the Indian-summer with its own indefinable calm. The distant islands lift themselves on white pedestals of mirage; the cloud-shadows rest softly on Conanicut, and what seems a similar shadow on the nearer slopes of Fort Adams is in truth but a mounted battery, drilling, which soon moves and slides across the hazy hill like a cloud. I hear across nearly a mile of water the faint sharp orders, and the sonorous blare of the trumpet that follows each command; the horsemen gallop and wheel; suddenly, the band within the fort strikes up for guard-mounting, and I have but to shut my eyes to be carried back to days that passed by,—was it centuries ago? Meantime, I float gradually towards Brenton's Cove; the lawns that reach to the water's edge were never so gorgeously green in any summer, and the departure of the transient guests gives to these lovely places an air of cool seclusion; when fashion quits them, the imagination is ready to move in. An indefinable sense of universal ownership comes over the winter-staying mind in Oldport. I like to keep up this little semblance of habitation on the part of our human birds of passage; it is very

pleasant to me, and perhaps even pleasanter to them, that they should call these emerald slopes their own for a month or two; but when they lock the doors in autumn, the ideal key reverts into my hands, and it is evident that they have only been "tenants by the courtesy," in the fine legal phrase. Provided they stay here long enough to attend to their lawns and pay their taxes, I am better satisfied than if these estates were left to me the whole year round.

The tide takes the boat nearer to the fort; the horsemen ride more conspicuously, with swords and trappings that glisten in the sunlight, while the white fetlocks of the horses twinkle in unison as they move. One troop-horse without a rider wheels and gallops with the rest, and seems to revel in the free motion. Here also the tide reaches or seems to reach the very edge of the turf; and when the light battery gallops this way, it is as if it were charging on my floating fortress. Upon the other side is a scene of peace; and a fisherman sings in his boat as he examines the floats of his stake-net, hand over hand. A white gull hovers close above him, and a dark one above the horsemen, fit emblems of peace and war. The slightest sounds, the rattle of an oar, the striking of a hoof against a stone, are borne over the water to an amazing distance, as if the calm bay, amid its seeming quiet, were watchful of the slightest noise. But look! in a moment the surface is rippled, the sky is clouded, a swift change comes over

the fitful mood of autumn; the water looks colder and deeper, the green-sward assumes a chilly darkness, the troopers gallop away to their stables, and the fisherman rows home. That indefinable expression which separates autumn from summer creeps almost in an instant over all. Soon, even upon this Isle of Peace, it will be winter.

Each season, as winter returns, I try in vain to comprehend this imperceptible shifting of expression that touches even a thing so essentially unchanging as the sea. How delicious to all the senses is the summer foam above yonder rock; in winter the foam is the same, the sparkle as radiant, the hue of the water scarcely altered; and yet the effect is, by comparison, cold, heavy, and leaden. It is like those subtle effects of character which make the difference between one human face and another; we call it by vague names, and cannot tell in what it lies; we only know that when that goes, all is gone. No warmth of color, no perfection of outline, can supersede those subtle influences which make one face so winning that all human affection gravitates to its spell, and another so cold or repellent that it dwells forever in lonely beauty, and no passionate heart draws near. I can fancy the ocean beating in vague despair against its shores in winter, and moaning, "I am as beautiful, as restless, as untamable as ever; why are my cliffs left desolate? why am I not loved as I was loved in summer?"

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

DIVERSIONS OF THE ECHO CLUB.

NIGHT THE SECOND.

THE friends came together again in the Lions' Den, a little earlier than their wont; but they did not immediately take up the chief diversion of the evening. In intellectual, as in physical acrobatics, the joints must be gradually made flexible, and the muscles warm and elastic, by lighter feats; so the conversation began as mere skylarking and mutual chaffing, as empty and evanescent, when you attempt to catch it, as the foam-ripples on a swift stream. But Galahad had something on his mind; he had again read portions of the "Earthly Paradise," and insisted that the atmosphere of the poems was not gray and overcast, but charged with a golden, luminous mist, like that of the Indian summer. Finally, he asked the Ancient,—

"Granting the force of your impression, might not much of it come from some want of harmony between your mood or temper of mind and the author's? In that case, it would not be abstractly just.

THE ANCIENT. I don't think that we often can be "abstractly just" towards contemporary poets; we either exalt or abase them too much. For we and they breathe either the same or opposite currents in the intellectual atmosphere of the time, and there can be no impartial estimate until those winds have blown over. This is precisely the reason why you sometimes think me indifferent, when I am only trying to shove myself as far off as the next generation; at least, to get a little outside of the fashions and whims and prejudices of this day. American authors, and also their publishers, are often charged with an over-concern for the opinion of the English literary journals. I think their interest quite natural—

ZÖILUS (*with energy*). Now, you surely are not going to justify that

sycophantic respect for the judgment of men who know so much less than we do of our own literature!

THE ANCIENT. I condemn *all* sycophancy, even to the great, triumphant, overwhelming American spirit! But, until we have literary criticism of a more purely objective character in this country,—until our critics learn to separate their personal tastes and theories from their estimate of the executive and artistic quality of the author; or, which amounts to the same thing, to set this quality, this creative principle, higher than the range of themes and opinions,—the author will look to the judgment of critics, whose distance and whose very want of acquaintance with our prejudices and passions assure him of a certain amount of impartiality. The feeling is reciprocal; I venture to say that an intelligent American criticism has more weight with an English author than that of one of his own Reviews.

ZÖILUS. Do you mean to say that we have *no* genuine criticism?

THE ANCIENT. By no means; we have some that is admirable. But it is only recognized at its true value by a very small class; the great reading public is blissfully ignorant of its existence. It adds to the confusion, that many of our writers have no definite ideas of literary excellence apart from the effect which immediately follows their work; and readers are thus actually misled by those who should guide them. Why, a year ago, the most popular book in the whole country was one which does not even belong to literature; and the most popular poem of late years was written, not from a poetic, but from a high moral, inspiration! Somebody must set up a true æsthetic standard; it is high time this were done, and a better criticism must be the first step.

THE GANNET. Why don't you undertake it yourself?

THE ANCIENT. I'm too fond of comfort. Think what a hornet's-nest I should thrust my hand into! Moreover, I doubt whether one could force such interests beyond their natural growth; we are still suffering from the intellectual demoralization which the war left behind it. But, where's the hat? We are spoiling ourselves by all this serious prose. Let us throw in a few more names, and try our luck again.

(They draw the lots as before.)

THE GANNET. John Keats! How shall I wear his mantle?

ZOILUS. I'm crushed, buried under an avalanche of, — well, not much, after all. Don't ask me who it is, until I try my hand. You would confuse me with your laughter.

THE ANCIENT. I shall keep mine specially for you, Zoilus.

GALAHAD. I have drawn one of the names I wrote myself; but you have already so demoralized me, that I will try to parody him as heartily as if I did n't like his poetry.

THE ANCIENT. You are getting on. But I think the Gannet ought to draw another name; it is best not to go back of our own day and generation. I propose that we limit ourselves to the poets who stand nearer to our own minds, under whom, or beside whom, or above whom (as each chooses to estimate himself), we have grown and are now growing. The further we withdraw from this atmosphere, the more artificial must our imitations be.

THE GANNET. Let it pass this once, I pray thee, for I have caught my idea! But, even taking your limitation, who is nearer us than Keats? Not alone in his own person, though there he stands among us; he is in Tennyson, in Morris, in Swinburne, and, more remotely, in the earlier poems of Browning and Lowell, besides a host of small rhymers. He still approaches us, while Shelley and Byron withdraw. I think it's a fair exception; and if you won't

admit it, I'll take the sense of the company.

OMNES. Go on!

(All write busily for fifteen minutes, except THE ANCIENT, who talks in a lower tone with THE CHORUS.)

THE GANNET *(looking up)*. Zoilus, you were ready first.

ZOILUS. Could you guess whom I represent?

THE GANNET. Tapper?

ZOILUS. He? he is his own best parody. No; it is a lyrical inanity, which once was tolerably famous. The Ancient's rule as to what is properly parodiable does n't apply here; for it is neither excellent nor imbecile. I think I had the right to reject the name, but I have tried to see whether a respectable jingle of words, expressing ordinary and highly proper feelings, can be so imitated as to be recognized. Here it is. *(Reads.)*

OBITUARY.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. ELIJAH W. BATEY.

Ay, bear him to his sainted rest,
Ye mourners, but be calm!
Instead of dirge and sable crest,
Raise ye thanksgiving psalm!
For he was old and full of years,
The grandsire of your souls:
Then check ye now your heaving tears,
And quench the sigh that rolls!

Ye heard him from yon pulpit preach,
For sixty years and more,
Still battering with unwearied speech
The ceiling, pews, and floor:
As, hour by hour, his periods fell,
Your pious hopes arose,
And each one murmured, "All is well,"
Long ere the sermon's close.

Think ye the voice that spake so long
Can anywhere be dumb?
Before him went a goodly throng,
And wait for him to come.
He preaches still, in other spheres,
To saved and patient souls;
Then, mourners, check your heaving tears,
And quench the sigh that rolls!

OMNES *(shouting)*. Mrs. Sigourney!

ZOILUS. I *have* succeeded, then! But, O my friends, is the success a thing over which I should rejoice? Do not, I beg of you, do not congratulate me!

GALAHAD. Come, now, don't abuse good old Mother Sigourney! For a long time she was almost our only wo-

man-poet; and I insist that she was not a mere echo of Felicia Hemans.

ZOILUS (*ironically*). Of course not! None but herself could ever have written that exquisite original poem, "On Finding a Shred of Linen." One passage I can never forget:—

"Methinks I scan
Some idiosyncrasy, which marks thee out
A defunct pillow-case."

GALAHAD. You are incorrigible; but we wait for the Gannet and the idea he has caught.

THE GANNET. It was better in anticipation than it seems after execution. However, Keats is too dainty a spirit to be possessed in a few minutes. (*Reads.*)

ODE ON A JAR OF PICKLES.

I.

A sweet, acidulous, down-reaching thrill
Pervades my sense: I seem to see or hear
The lushy garden-grounds of Greenwich Hill
In autumn, when the crispy leaves age sere;
And odors haunt me of remotest spice
From the Levant or musky-aired Cathay,
Or from the saffron-fields of Jericho,
Where everything is nice:
The more I sniff, the more I swoon away,
And what else mortal palate craves, forego.

II.

Odors unsmelled are keen, but those I smell
Are keener; wherefore let me sniff again!
Enticing walnuts, I have known ye well
In youth, when pickles were a passing pain;
Unwitting youth, that craves the candy stem,
And sugar-plums to olives doth prefer,
And even licks the pots of marmalade
When sweetness clings to them:
But now I dream of ambergris and myrrh,
Tasting these walnuts in the poplar shade.

III.

Lo! hoarded coolness in the heart of noon,
Plucked with its dew, the cucumber is here,
As to the Dryad's parching lips a boon,
And crescent bean-pods, unto Bacchus dear;
And, last of all, the pepper's pungent globe,
The scarlet dwelling of the sylph of fire,
Provoking purple draughts; and, surfeited,
I cast my trailing robe
O'er my pale feet, touch up my tuneless lyre,
And twist the Delphic wreath to suit my head.

IV.

Here shall my tongue in other wise be soured
Than fretful men's in parched and palsied days;
And, by the mid-May's dusky leaves embowered,
Forget the fruitful blame, the scanty praise.
No sweets to them who sweet themselves were born,
Whose natures ooze with lucent saccharine;
Who, with sad repetition soothly cloyed,
The lemon-tinted morn
Enjoy, and find acetic twilight fine:
Wake I, or sleep? The pickle-jar is void.

ZOILUS. Not to be mistaken; but you have almost stepped over the bounds of our plan. Those two odes of Keats are too immediately suggested, though I find that only two lines are actually parodied. I agree with the Ancient; let us stick to the authors of our own day! Galahad, you look mysterious; are we to guess your singer from the echo?

GALAHAD. Are you all ready to hear me chant, in rare and rhythmic redundancy, the viciousness of virtue?

THE CHORUS. O, Swinburne! chant away!

GALAHAD (*reads*):—

THE LAY OF MACARONI.

As a wave that steals when the winds are stormy
From creek to cove of the curving shore,
Buffeted, blown, and broken before me,
Scattered and spread to its sunlit core:
As a dove that dips in the dark of maples
To sip the sweetness of shelter and shade,
I kneel in thy nimbus, O noon of Naples,
I bathe in thine beauty, by thee embayed!

What is it ails me that I should sing of her?
The queen of the flashes and flames that were!
Yea, I have felt the shuddering sting of her,
The flower-sweet throat and the hands of her!
I have swayed and sung to the sound of her psalters,
I have danced her dances of dizzy delight,
I have hallowed mine hair to the horns of her altars,
Between the nightingale's song and the night!

What is it, Queen, that now I should do for thee?
What is it now I should ask at thine hands?
Blow of the trumpets thine children once blew for thee?
Break from thine feet and thine bosom the bands?
Nay, as sweet as the songs of Leone Leoni,
And gay as her garments of gem-sprinkled gold,
She gives me mellifluous, mild macaroni,
The choice of her children when cheeses are old!

And over me hover, as if by the wings of it,
Frayed in the furnace by flame that is fleet,
The curious coils and the strenuous strings of it,
Dropping, diminishing down, as I eat:
Lo! and the beautiful Queen, as she brings of it,
Lifts me the links of the limitless chain,
Bidding mine mouth chant the splendidest things of it,
Out of the wealth of my wonderful brain!

Behold! I have done it: my stomach is smitten
With sweets of the surfeit her hands have unrolled.
Italia, mine cheeks with thine kisses are bitten:
I am broken with beauty, stabbed, slaughtered,
and sold!
No man of thy millions is more macaronied,
Save mighty Mazzini, than musical Me:
The souls of the Ages shall stand as astonished,
And faint in the flame I am fanning for thee!

THE ANCIENT (*laughing*). O Galahad, I can fancy your later remorse.

It is not a year since you were absolutely Swinburne-mad, and I hardly dared, in your presence, to object even to "Anactoria" and "Dolores." I *would not* encourage you, then, for I saw you were carried away by the wild rush of the rhythm, and the sparkle of epithets which were partly new and seemed wholly splendid; but now I will confess to you that as a purely rhythmical genius I look on Swinburne as a phenomenon in literature.

GALAHAD (*eagerly*). Then you admit that he is great?

THE ANCIENT. Not as you mean. I have been waiting for his ferment to settle, as in the case of Keats and Shelley; but there are no signs of it in his last volume. How splendidly the mind of Keats precipitated its crudity and redundancy, and clarified into the pure wine of "Hyperion"! In Shelley's case the process was slower, but it was steadily going on; you will find the same thing in Schiller, in Dryden, and many other poets, therefore I mean to reserve my judgment in Swinburne's case, and wait, at least until his next work is published. Meanwhile, I grant that he has enriched our English lyric poetry with some new and admirable forms.

THE GANNET. He has certainly made a "sensation" in the literary world; does that indicate nothing?

THE ANCIENT. That depends. I declare it seems to me as if the general taste were not quite healthy. To a very large class reading has become a form of lazy luxury, and such readers are not satisfied without a new great poet, every four or five years. Then, too, there has been an amazing deal of trash written about the *coming* authors, — what they should be, how they must write, and the like; and so those luxurious readers are all the time believing they have discovered one of the tribe. Why, let a man take a thought as old as Confucius, and put it into some strange, jerky, convulsed form, and you will immediately hear the cry, "How wonderful! how original!" You all remember the case of Alexander Smith;

it seems incredible, now, that the simulated passion and forced sentiment of his "Life-Drama" should have been accepted as real, yet, because of this book, he was hailed as a second Shakespeare. This hunger of the luxurious reader for new flavors is a dangerous thing for young poets.

ZOILUS. I almost think I hear my own voice. We don't often agree so thoroughly.

THE ANCIENT. So much the better. I wonder if you'll be as well satisfied with the task I have in store for you; here is the name. (*Giving him the slip of paper.*)

ZOILUS. Emerson! I think I can guess why.

THE ANCIENT. Yes, I remember what you wrote when "Brahma" was first published, and what you said to Galahad the other evening. I confess I was amazed, at the time, that the newspapers should so innocently betray their ignorance. There was a universal cry of "incomprehensible!" when the meaning of the poem was perfectly plain. In fact, there are few authors so transparently clear, barring a few idiosyncrasies of expression, which one soon learns, as just Emerson.

ZOILUS. Then explain to me those lines from "Alphonso of Castile": —

"Hear you then, celestial fellows!
Fits not to be over-zealous;
Steads not to work on the clean jump,
And wine and brains perpetual pump!"

THE ANCIENT. That is simply baldness of language (which Emerson sometimes mistakes for humor), not obscurity. I will not explain it! Read the whole poem over again, and I'm sure you will not need to ask me. But now, to your work! Who will draw again?

THE GANNET (*drawing*). Ha! A friend, this time; and I wish he were here with us. Nobody would take more kindly to our fun than he.

GALAHAD. I shall try no more, to-night. My imitation of Swinburne has exhausted me. I felt, while writing, as Zoilus did when he was imitating Browning, — as if I could have gone

on and on forever! Really there is some sort of possession or demoniac influence in these experiments. They fascinate me, and yet I feel as if a spirit, foreign to my own, had seized me.

THE ANCIENT. Take another cigar! I wish we had the Meleager, or the Farnese torso, here; five minutes of either would surround you with a different atmosphere. I know precisely how it affects you. Thirty years ago, O Tempus Edax, must I say *thirty*? when I dreamed hot dreams of fame, and walked the streets in a mild delirium, pondering over the great and godlike powers pent within me, I had the same chills and fevers. I'm not laughing at you, my dear Galahad; God forbid! I only pray that there may be more vitality in the seeds which your dreams cover, than in mine. Waiter! Our glasses are empty.

(ZOILUS and the GANNET continue to write: meantime, fresh glasses of beer are brought, and there is a brief silence.)

ZOILUS. I suspect the Ancient will want to knock me on the head for this. (Reads.)

ALL OR NOTHING.

Whoso answers my questions
Knoweth more than me;
Hunger is but knowledge
In a less degree:
Prophet, priest, and poet
Oft prevaricate,
And the surest sentence
Hath the greatest weight.

When upon my gaiters
Drops the morning dew,
Somewhat of Life's riddle
Soaks my spirit through.
I am buskined by the goddess
Of Monadnock's crest,
And my wings extended
Touch the East and West.

Or ever coal was hardened
In the cells of earth,
Or flowed the founts of Bourbon,
Lo! I had my birth.
I am crowned coeval
With the Saurian eggs,
And my fancy firmly
Stands on its own legs.

Wouldst thou know the secret
Of the barberry-bush,
Catch the slippery whistle
Of the moulting thrush,

Dance upon the mushrooms,
Dive beneath the sea,
Or anything else remarkable,
Thou must follow me!

THE ANCIENT. Well, you have read somewhat more than I imagined, Zoilus. This is a fair imitation of the manner of some of Emerson's earlier poems; but you may take heart, Galahad, if you fear the power of association, for not one of the inimitable, imperishable passages has been suggested.

ZOILUS. Now, seriously, do you mean to say that there are such?

THE ANCIENT.

"Still on the seeds of all he made
The rose of beauty burns;
Through times that wear, and forms that fade,
Immortal youth returns."

GALAHAD (*drawing a long breath*).
How beautiful!

THE ANCIENT.

"Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of Beauty there,
And the ripples in rhyme the oar forsake."

ZOILUS. *Peccavi!*

THE ANCIENT. Then I will lock up my half-unbolted thunders. The Master does not need my vindication; and I should do him a poor service by trying to drive any one towards the recognition of his deserts, when all who think for themselves must come, sooner or later, to know him.

THE GANNET. But I never saw those stanzas!

THE ANCIENT. Yet they are printed for all the world. The secret is simply this: Emerson cut from his limbs, long ago, the old theological fetters, as every independent thinker *must*. Those who run along in the ruts made by their grandfathers, unable to appreciate the exquisite fibre of his intellect, the broad and grand eclecticism of his taste, suspect a heresy in every sentence which they are too coarsely textured to understand. No man of our day habitually lives in a purer region of thought.

ZOILUS (*looking at his watch*). Now, we must know what the Gannet has been doing.

THE GANNET. My name was Edmund Clarence Stedman.

THE ANCIENT. One of the younger tribes, with some of whom I'm not so familiar. I have caught several of his "fugitives," in their flight, finding them of the kind that catch and hang somewhere, instead of being blown quietly on until they pass forever out of the world. There's a fine masculine vibration in his lines: he sings in the major key, which young poets generally do not. I'd be willing to bet that your imitation has a sportive, not a solemn, character.

THE GANNET. Why, in spite of your disclaimer, you're not so ignorant. Your guess is right: therefore, listen! (*Reads.*)

THE GOLD-ROOM.

AN IDYL.

They come from mansions far up-town,
And from their country villas,
And some, Charybdis' gulf whirls down,
And some fall into Scylla's.
Lo! here young Paris climbs the stairs
As if their slope were Ida's,
And here his golden touch declares
The ass's ears of Midas.

It seems a Bacchic, brawling rout
To every business-scorner,
But such, methinks, must be an "out,"
Or has not made a "corner."
In me the rhythmic gush revives;
I feel a classic passion:
We, also, lead Arcadian lives,
Though in a Broad-Street fashion.

Old Battos, here, 's a leading bull,
And Diomed a bear is,
And near them, shearing bankers' wool,
Strides the Tiltonian Charis;
And Atys, there, has gone to smash,
His every bill protested,
While Cleon's eyes with comfort flash, —
I have his funds invested!

Mehercle! 't is the same thing yet
As in the days of Pindar:
The Isthmian race, the dust and sweat,
The prize — why, what's to hinder?
And if I twang my lyre at times,
They did so then, I reckon;
That man 's the best at modern rhymes
Whom you can draw a check on!

OMNES (*clapping their hands*). Bravo!

THE ANCIENT. To think of Stedman's being the only voice in our literature which comes out of the business crowds of the whole country! The man who can spend his days in a purely material atmosphere, and sing at night, has genuine pluck in him. It's enough to make any green poet, who wails about the cruel world, and the harsh realities of life, and the beautiful realm of the ideal, ashamed of himself!

GALAHAD (*annoyed*). You don't mean as much as you say! Every poet, green or not, must have faith in an ideal.

THE ANCIENT (*gently*). Ay, but if it make him

"Pamper the coward heart
With feelings all too delicate for use,"

as Coleridge translates Schiller, it is a deceit and a snare to him. Your Shakespeare, Dante, Cervantes, Goethe, were made of different clay.

ZOILUS. Here's to their sublime Shades, wherever they may be wandering! Out, to the last drop! We are in the small hours; the *Donnerwetters*! are all silent in the saloon, and Karl Schäfer is probably snoring over his counter, waiting for us. Come!
[*Exeunt.*]

PETRONILLA.

OF Peter's daughter, it is said, men told,
 While yet she breathed, a tale as sad as life,
 As sweet as death; which, now she sleeps, has lent
 The borrower Time its lighter tints, and holds
 Only the shadowed outline of a grief
 Before our eyes.

Thus much remains. She lived,
 Yet lived not; breathed, yet stifled; ate, but starved;
 The ears of life she had, but heard not; eyes,
 But saw not; hands, but handled neither bud
 Nor fruit of joy: for the great word of God,
 In some dim crevice of eternal thought
 Which He called *Petronilla*, had gone forth
 Against her — for her — call it what we may,
 And, bending to his will unerringly,
 As bends the golden feather of the grain
 Before the footsteps of the mailed West-wind,
 Since childhood she had lain upon her bed
 In peace and pain, nor had ever raised her body
 Once to its young lithe length, to view the dawn
 Of all her young lithe years, nor had once laid
 Her little feverish feet upon the face
 Of the cool, mocking, steadfast floor which laughed
 When other girls, with other thinking done
 Some time in Heaven about their happy names, —
 Set like a song about their happy names, —
 Tripped on it like a trill.

As one may see
 Upon the hushed lips of a Sabbath day
 A church door sliding softly as a smile,
 To let the solemn, summer sunshine in
 To dream upon, but neither guess nor tell
 The dusky week-day secrets which the dome
 Whispers the darkened niches and the nave,
 Where in the purple silence which they love
 The marble angels sleep, or weep, or sing,
 (Who knoweth what they do on Monday mornings?)
 So slides the tale on *Petronilla*, left
 Upon a certain dull, wan day alone;
 Her face turned on her pillow to the room
 Wherein the wise and faithful met (for faith
 With wisdom married then; none forbid the banns
 Within the temple of the hearts of men)
 To break their bread with Peter, and discourse
 Of all the sacred, secret things; the hopes,
 The fears, the solemn ecstasies, and dreams,
 And deeds, which held life in the arms of death,
 For the first namers of the name of Christ.

And lying there, at rest, adream, asleep,
 She scarce could tell her state, so dim it was,
 Such lifeless reflex of the hueless day,
 A voice struck Petronilla, — Peter's voice,
 Solemn and mighty as a lonely wave
 Upon an untrod shore. "O brethren, hark!
 Ye know not what ye say; your minds are dark.
 O ye of little faith, I show you then!
 By His great power I show you. Watch with me,
 For he is here. Abase your heads; he lives;
 It is his will I do his will, and show
 The power of God in that he once hath lived
 And died, but lives to work his glory still, —
 To work his wish, unargued, undisturbed,
 Without resistance, or appeal, or blame,
 Upon the creature which his hands have made.
 Were it his choice to raise yon maiden now
 From out the coffin of her bed, and bid
 Her step, — or live; it means the same, — what then?
 Is that too much for him to do? What now?
 Is that too hard? Increase your faith! Behold!"

Awake, asleep, adream, or all, or none,
 What ailed Petronilla? The world spun
 Like a frail spindle in a woman's hands.
 And all her breath went from her, and her sight,
 At the faint fancy of her father, still,
 Alone, alight within the room; as solemn,
 And sad, and glad, as had a vision been
 Of a choice taper set to spend itself,
 And blaze and waste upon an altar's brow,
 Not taught nor knowing wherefore, — burning out,
 Since that's a taper's nature, and enough.
 And faint the fancy of his face, if his
 It were. And faint the fancy of his voice,
 Which lost its way, so Petronilla thought,
 Or twice, or thrice, before it bridged the bit
 Of fanciful, faint sunlight which crawled in
 Between his pitying, awful face and hers,
 And "Petronilla," sighing softly, said,
 And "Petronilla!" ringing cried, "Arise!"
 "Now, in the name of Christ who lived for thee,
 I bid thee live, and rise, and walk!"

Erect,

Unaided, with a step of steel, she rose.
 What should she do but rise? And walked; how else?
 For God had said it, sent it, dropped it down,
 The sweetest, faintest fancy of her life.
 And fancying faintly how her feet fell far
 Below the dizzy dancing of her eyes,
 Adown the listening floor; and fancying
 How all the rising winds crept mutely up
 The court, and put their arms around her neck

For joy ; and how for joy the sun broke through
 The visor which the envious day had held
 Across his happy face, and kissed her hair ;
 And fancying faintly how those men shrank back,
 And pulled their great gray beards at sight of her,
 And nodded, as becometh holy men,
 Approvingly, at wonders, as indeed
 They'd bade her walk themselves, — so musingly,
 As she had been a fancy of herself,
 She found herself live, warm and young, within
 The borders of the live, warm world.

But still,
 As faintly as a fancy fell the voice
 Of Peter : " Serve us, daughter, at the board."
 And dimly as a fancy served she them,
 And sweetly as a fancy to and fro
 Across the gold net of the lightning day
 She passed and paused.

Caught in its meshes fast ;
 Tangled into the happy afternoon,
 Tangled into the sense of life and youth,
 Blind with the sense of motion, leap of health,
 And wilderness of undiscovered joy,
 Stood Petronilla. Down from out her hand
 A little platter dropped, and down upon
 Her hands her face dropped, broken like the ware
 Of earth that sprinkled all the startled floor,
 And down upon her knees her face and hands
 Fell, clinging to each other ; crouching there
 At Peter's feet, — her father's feet, — she gave
 One little, little longing cry, — no more ;
 And like the fancy of a cry, — so faint ;
 And like the angel of a cry, — so brave.
 For Peter's face had lifted like the heavens,
 Above the presence of the holy men,
 Above the maiden serving in the sun,
 Above — God help him ! — God's own princely gift,
 The pity which a father bears his child.
 And far and calm as heaven is shone his smile,
 And far and still as heaven is fell his voice,
 Yet held a cadence like a prisoned pain,
 As one twice-wrecked upon the same bare shore.
 " The Lord hath chosen Petronilla. Hearken !
 Whom he will choose, he chooseth : some to honor,
 Some to dishonor ; this to be and bear,
 And that to dare and do ; these bear his swords,
 And these his chains. Nay, but, O man ! what then ?
 Who art thou that shalt mould the mood of God,
 Or search his meaning, or defy his will ?
 On Petronilla he will work his power.
 O, what is Petronilla ? What am I ?
 Nay, nay, my child, I tremble ; this is wrong.

Thou moanest ; that is strange, for He is here
 To show his glory on thy young, bent head,
 And little smile and hands. O, lift them up
 Before him, while I speak the word he sent.
 For, by the love of him who died for thee,
 Commandment comes ; and I must bid thee turn
 And lay thee down upon thy patient bed
 Again ; for what am I, and what art thou ?
 So turn and lay thee down. Behold it, Lord !
 'T is finished, Master ! Petronilla, go.
 God's hand is on thee, O my child ; God's grace
 Go with thee. Brethren, see ! His will is done,
 And shall be done upon us evermore."
 And there the wonder fell, so runs the tale ;
 For Petronilla turned her dumb as death,
 And laid her down upon her empty bed,
 Where a long sunbeam warm as life had curled ;
 And crept within it, white as sifted snow,
 Nor ever raised her slender length again,
 Nor ever dropped her foot upon the floor,
 Nor ever felt the winds from up the court
 Weave arms about her neck ; nor ever found
 Herself entangled more within the gold
 Warp of the moving, merry world ; nor once
 Again knew even the pallid happiness
 Which comes of serving holy men ; nor felt
 The leap of life within her shrivelled veins.
 And there the legend breaks : what good or ill
 Struck arms or folded wings about the heart
 Of Petronilla ; how fared she, prisoned
 Behind the bars of that untragic woe,
 The bearing of an old familiar fate
 From which long use has rubbed the gilding out,
 To which the wonted hours have set themselves
 So sorely they can neither smile nor sigh
 To think of it, but only drop the lids
 Across their leaden eyes for wondering
 What a glad chance an unworn grief must be ;
 What solemn musings marshalled in his mind
 Who was the Rock on which Christ built a church
 Of such as love nor son nor daughter more
 Than Him, — we know not ; rude our guesses are,
 And rough ; and mar the shady, sacred hush
 Which the raised fingers of the years enforce.

The story slips, — an echo like the voice
 Of far-off, falling water yet unseen ;
 A puzzle, like our next-door neighbor's life ;
 A lesson which an angel on the wing
 Might drop, but linger not to read to us,
 Or mark the stint. Each heart steals forth alone
 A little after twilight, and takes home
 The leaf, the line, appointed unto it.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

JEFFERSON A STUDENT OF LAW.

HIS college days were over when he had been two years a student at William and Mary, and he went home in December, 1762, with Coke upon Lyttleton in his trunk, to spend the winter in reading law. He made the journey in his usual leisurely way, visiting friends near the road, and found himself, about Christmas time, at a merry house half a day's ride from his own Shadwell. There he stayed for two or three days, taking part in the festivities of the season, to which he could always contribute his violin. On this occasion he had brought with him a roll of new minuets for the young ladies, and, doubtless, he did his part toward the entertainment of the company.

But he had left his heart behind him at Williamsburg. He had danced too many minuets in the Apollo — the great room of the old Raleigh tavern — with Miss Rebecca Burwell, one of the orphan daughters of a great house near the capital; and she had given him a watch-paper, cut and painted with her own lovely hands; and he found his mind dwelling night and day upon her sweet image. He had packed his Coke at Williamsburg with the most virtuous resolutions of reading him, even amid the gayeties of the holiday time; but the work lay in his trunk untouched. He even wrote to his college friend, John Page, that he wished the Devil had old Coke, for he was sure he never was so tired of an old dull scoundrel in his life. "What!" he says, "are there so few inquietudes tacked to this momentary life of ours, that we must needs be loading ourselves with a thousand more!" How different this from the tone of fond regard with which he speaks, in the grave letters of his maturer years, of Coke and his works. But he was in love, and he was writing on a Christmas day, a hundred miles from the object of his affection.

He had risen on that joyful morning to face what must have been, to a young fellow in love for the first time, a dreadful catastrophe. He told his friend Page that he was in a house surrounded by enemies, who took counsel together against his soul; who, when he lay down to rest, said, Come, let us destroy him! In the night the "cursed rats," at the instigation of the Devil, if there was a Devil, had eaten his pocket-book within a foot of his head, carried off his "jemmy worked silk garters," and all those new minuets. But these were trifles. It had rained in the night; and in the morning he found his watch all afloat in a pool of water, and as silent as the rats that had eaten his pocket-book. But this was not the catastrophe. "The subtle particles of the water with which the case was filled had, by their penetration, so overcome the cohesion of the particles of the paper of which my dear picture and watch-paper were composed, that, in attempting to take them out to dry them,—good God! *Mens horret referre!*—my fingers gave them such a rent, as I fear I never shall get over." He is so overcome by the recollection that he cannot keep up the jocular strain, but breaks into a serious invocation. Whatever misfortunes may attend the picture or the lover, his hearty prayers shall be, that all the health and happiness which Heaven can send may be the portion of the Original, and that so much goodness may ever meet with what is most agreeable in this world, as he is *sure* it must in the next. "And now," he adds, "although the picture may be defaced, there is so lively an image of her imprinted in my mind, that I shall think of her too often, I fear, for my peace of mind; and too often, I am sure, to get through old Coke this winter."

Message upon message he sends to the young ladies at Williamsburg;

with whom, he says, the better part of him, his soul, ever is, though that heavy earthly part, his body, may be absent. With one he has a bet pending of a pair of silk garters; which the rats knew he was destined to win, else they never could have been so cruel as to carry off the pair he had. And O, *would* Miss Burwell give him another watch-paper of her own cutting? What does dear Page think? Would he ask her? A watch-paper cut by *her* fingers, though it were only "a plain round one," he should esteem much more than the nicest one in the world cut by other hands. Another young lady, he had heard, was offended with him. What could it be for? Neither in word nor deed had he ever, in all his life, been guilty of the least disrespect to her; and, no matter what she might say or do, he was determined ever to look upon her as "the same honest-hearted, good-humored, agreeable lady" he had always thought her. So full was he of Williamsburg and its lovely girls, "Sukey Potter," "Betsy Moore," "Judy Burwell," "Nancy," and, above all, "Becca Burwell," otherwise "Belinda," the adored one, that, on this Christmas day, 1762, he wrote a letter about them that would have filled a dozen of our trivial modern sheets of paper. It well became him to write such an epistle on his nineteenth Christmas. Young men of nineteen still write such who have preserved their innocence.

He was at home soon after Christmas. Absence only made his heart grow fonder. He missed the gayety and variety, the friends and stir of life and business at the capital. He found the old farm-house dull. There must have been *something* uncongenial there, else so affectionate a youth, the head of the family, would not have spent his Christmases away from home. Perhaps his mother was oppressed by the care of a family of eight children and thirty slaves; or she may have agreed with that small portion of the clergy who regarded the fiddle and the minuet as a "profanation" of Christmas. However that may be, this sudden change from

the Apollo and the palace, from college friends and employments, to a farmhouse on the frontier and Coke's digest of law, was almost too much for his philosophy. He could hardly muster spirits to write to his friend Page. When he had been at home three weeks, he wrote a short letter which shows him reduced to a sorry plight indeed. He was torn with the contest raging in his soul between his passion and his judgment, and he plunges into a letter, as it were, headforemost, seeking relief in converse with his friend, with whom he had been accustomed to exchange such confidences: "Dear Page, to tell you the plain truth, I have not a syllable to write to you about"; which was a lover's way of stating that his heart was full to bursting. "I do not conceive," he continues, "that anything can happen in my world which you would give a curse to know." The *worlds* of these two friends were indeed unlike; for John Page, heir to one of the largest estates, lived in the largest mansion of all Virginia, — Rosewell, — which stands to this day near the banks of the York River, a vast, square barrack, treeless, fenceless, dismantled, a pile without inhabitant, a picture of desolation. "All things here," the distracted lover went on, "appear to me to trudge on in one and the same round; we rise in the morning that we may eat breakfast, dinner, and supper, and go to bed again that we may get up the next morning and do the same; so that you never saw two peas more alike than our yesterday and to-day."

If he had nothing to tell, he had plenty to ask. A jury of lovers would have pronounced his situation serious in the extreme. He was enamored of a beauty and an heiress; she, in the full lustre of her charms; he, a youth not twenty, of small estate heavily burdened, reading the elementary book of a profession requiring years of preparation. Moreover, he had the usual dream of foreign travel. Before settling to the business of life, he meant to visit England, Holland, France, Spain, Italy,

—where he would buy “a good fiddle,”—and then cross to Egypt, returning home by way of the St. Lawrence and Canada. Such a tour would require two or three years. Would she wait? Could he ask her to wait? She must love him very much to do that, and he did not know that she loved him at all; for the watch-paper meant nothing particular, indicating friendly feeling, nothing more. What would dear Page advise? Should he go at once to town, receive his sentence, and end this awful suspense? Inclination prompted this course; but if she rejected him, he would be “ten times more wretched than ever.” In this dilemma, he had some thoughts of going to Petersburg, “if the actors go there in May,” and keeping on to Williamsburg for the birthnight ball at the Apollo, which, of course, *she* would attend. But, after all, had not he and Page better go abroad at once for a two or three years’ tour? “If we should not both be cured of love in *that* time, I think the Devil would be in it.”

He remained at home, however, all that winter and all the ensuing summer, wrestling with love and Coke, writing long letters to Page on the one, and long notes on the other in his blank-books. Page, though he was as far gone in love as Jefferson, tried to act as his friend’s attorney-in-love; and Jefferson, on his part, reflected much on Page’s “case,” and favored him with sage advice. And so the affair went on nearly all that year.

“The test of a woman is gold,” says Poor Richard, “and the test of a man is woman.” This young man bore the test well. He was not carried away, even by this first yearning passion, but held firmly to his purposes, making his love subordinate to them. After viewing the subject in every light, he could only come to this wise conclusion: If she said Yes, he should be happy; but “if she does not, I must *endeavor* to be as much so as possible.” And then he bestows upon his fellow-sufferer a discourse upon the necessity of fortify-

ing the mind against inevitable strokes of ill-fortune. “The only method of doing this,” he remarks, “is to assume a perfect resignation to the Divine Will; to consider that whatever does happen must happen, and that by our uneasiness we cannot prevent the blow before it does fall, but we may add to its force after it has fallen.” This attitude of mind, which he recommends to his friend in several rotund and solemn sentences, will enable a man to tread the thorny path of life with “a pious and unshaken resignation.” He ends this discourse with a sentence which reminds us that Dr. Johnson was then a power in the world: “Few things will disturb him at all; nothing will disturb him much.”

The lover had occasion for all his philosophy. In October, when the General Court convened, he must needs be in Williamsburg, to watch its proceedings and submit knotty questions to his friend Wythe. He flew thither on the wings of love. There was a ball at the Apollo. He met her there. Who so happy as he when he led her out to the dance? He had made up his mind to speak, if opportunity favored, and he had meditated some moving passages which, he hoped, would touch her heart, and call forth the response he desired. But, alas! when, at length, after so many months of longing, the moment arrived, and he had her *tête-à-tête*, he could only stammer a few broken sentences, with dreadful pauses between them; which elicited no explicit reply, and had no result except to plunge him into the depths of shame and despair. “For God’s sake, COME,” he writes to Page, who had not yet arrived. He met her again. The fearful subject was again approached. This time he got on a little better; explained his projects; did not put the question, but gave her to understand that he *should* do so in due time. Girls of spirit are not won in that manner, and we may presume she did not flatter his hopes; for when next he wrote to his friend, he calls the capital of Virginia, the scene of his disaster, by the name

of "Devilsburg." The probability is, that the young lady was engaged at the time, since, a few months after the *tête-à-tête* in the Apollo, she was married to that dread being, — Another! Page, too, seems to have been crossed in love, but he immediately consoled himself by courting — Another. Poor love-sick Jefferson declared he would not believe the tale, till he had heard it from Page himself. For his own part, he had been perfectly sure, during the whole course of his love, that if Belinda rejected him, his heart was dead to love forever; and he wanted to know his fate as soon as possible, that, if doomed to disappointment, he might have "more of life to wear it off."

How captivating to lovers is the poetry of love! It was during these two or three years of longing that London ships were bringing to Virginia, among the other new publications, volumes of the poems of Ossian, invested with the halo of a London celebrity, soon to become European. Burly Johnson, tyrant of Great Britain, had not yet denounced them as forgeries, and all the reading world accepted them as genuine relics of antiquity. In these poems there is much which could not but have impressed a youth who had listened spell-bound to the melodious oratory of an Indian chief, of which he understood not a word, and gazed with such interest upon the scene of the various groups of listeners, each group by its own fire, and the full-orbed moon shining over all. It was an Ossian scene. But he was now a lovelorn young man, and Ossian contains on almost every page some picture of beauty in distress, some utterance of passion or tenderness, which lovers can easily make their own. "Daura, my daughter, thou wert fair; fair as the moon on Fura, white as the driven snow, sweet as the breathing gale." So was Belinda. "Her fair bosom is seen from her robe, as the moon from the clouds of night, when its edge heaves white on the view from the darkness which covers its orb." He had often observed this fine effect when dancing at the Apollo

with Belinda, arrayed in the bodice of the period. "Fair was she, the daughter of the mighty Conlock. She appeared like a sunbeam among women." Precisely the observation he had frequently made to Page, when glorious Belinda appeared, surrounded by her excellent but commonplace friends. "Often met their eyes of love." Rapturous thought! Would it ever be anything more than a thought? Tradition has not recorded the color of Belinda's hair, but whether it were of the hue of the "raven's wing," or "dark brown," or of some lighter shade; whether she wore her hair "flowing," or "wandering," or in some other touching style; he had not far to go in Ossian, without meeting a damsel similarly adorned, with the additional resemblance of white hands and snowy arms.

It belongs to youth to abandon itself to these literary raptures; but there has seldom been a case of such lasting fascination as this. He could not get over it. His passion for Ossian long outlived his love for Belinda. The fulminations of Dr. Johnson, if they were heard on this side of the Atlantic, could not shake *his* faith. It chanced that Charles MacPherson, a relative of the translator, visited Virginia a few years after; when Jefferson made his acquaintance, and, we may be sure, gave utterance to his enthusiasm. The longer he read the ancient poet, the more interested he became; and for ten years of his life, at least, he thought "this rude bard of the North the greatest poet that ever existed." His friends had but to start that topic to call from him the most animated discourse, interspersed with many a favorite passage, delivered with his best elocution.

Ossian had other American admirers. Some enthusiast, perhaps, it was who took the name of "Selma" from Ossian, and gave it to a town in Alabama, since become important; as another reader of poetry fancied the pretty name of Goldsmith's Deserted Village, and called a village in New

York, Auburn. With regard to other familiar authors, the student's preferences were such as we should expect, — Shakespeare, Homer, Molière, Cervantes, and the old English songs and ballads. Copies of songs, in his youthful hand, are still preserved, — simple old love-ditties that pleased the simple old generations. Fiction had not then become one of the fine arts, and he had little relish for any but the few immortal tales. Don Quixote, his descendants think, was the only fiction he ever read twice.

Fortunately for love-sick swains, the affairs of this vulgar world go on, little as they may regard them; and, indeed, there is reason to surmise that our lover recovered his serenity very soon after he knew his fate. In his long letters to Page on their affairs of the heart, there is generally a saving clause like this, "The court is at hand, which I must attend constantly"; or this, "As I suppose you do not use your 'Statutes of Britain,' if you can lend them to me till I can provide myself with a copy, it will infinitely oblige me." During the period of his preparation for the bar, he usually spent the winter at the capital and the summer at home; working at both places, as he did everywhere and always, with a constancy, system, and cheerfulness, of which there have been few examples among the toiling sons of men. It was this that soon enabled him to play groomsman for happier friends with so much gayety, and contemplate John Page's fortunate suit without a sigh. If we possessed nothing of this part of his life but these familiar letters to John Page, wherein love and the Apollo are everything to him, and Coke appears as an "old dull scoundrel," lying snugly packed in a trunk, we should be utterly deceived.

Letters, indeed, though of eminent value as biographical material, are most misleading, unless we employ other means of information. In this respect, they are like newspapers, which are a kind of digest of the letters of the time, and valuable as showing, not

what occurred at a given period, but what was then thought to have occurred. The very exhaustion which results from long mental toil may cause a student to write in a strain of reckless audacity or rollicking merriment very unlike his habitual tone, — as people who find themselves in extremely dismal circumstances sometimes abandon themselves to hilarity. As to the letters of public or famous persons, are they not generally written under the expectation or dread of ultimate publication? Happily, we have other means than these few epistles about Belinda and the girls, of knowing how this student of law passed his time, both at the capital and at home.

He came of age in April, 1764. According to an old British custom, he signalized the year by causing an avenue of trees to be planted near his house. Time has dealt harshly with it, for, after a hundred and eight years, there are only a few battered, decaying trees left, locusts and sycamores. He did not spend this birthday at home, but at Williamsburg, where he and all the other mathematical heads of the place were intent upon a grand operation of measurement. "Everything," he writes to Page, "is now ready for taking the height of this place above the water of the creeks," — two streams, one a tributary of the James, and the other of the York, both navigable to within a mile of Williamsburg, — and he hopes Page will come to take part in the interesting affair, "if his mistress can spare him."

He did not delay in accepting the responsibilities of his position as a leading gentleman of his county. We find him soon in two of his father's offices, — justice of the peace and vestryman of the parish. Not long after coming of age he set on foot a public improvement of importance to his neighborhood. The river Rivanna, that flowed by his land, although a considerable stream was so obstructed as to be useless for purposes of navigation. Scarcely an empty canoe had ever

floated on it to the James. Upon reaching home he examined its channel, and, perceiving that it could be cleared for twenty-two miles without too great expense, he set on foot a subscription for the purpose, which was successful; and, after procuring an act of the Legislature authorizing the work, he caused it to be done. The result was that he and his neighbors used the river thenceforth for carrying down all the produce of their farms. Thus did this colonial squire announce and celebrate his coming of age.

The young man took hold of his business as a farmer in a manner which showed that the genuine culture of the mind is the best preparation for the common as well as for the higher duties of life. In everything he did he was the educated being. Was there ever a mortal so exact, so punctual, so indefatigable as he, in recording and tabularizing details? He may be said to have lived pen in hand. He kept a garden-book, a farm-book, a weather-book, a receipt-book, a pocket-expenditure book, and, later, a fee-book; and there was nothing too trivial to be entered in one of them, provided it really had any relation to matters of importance. In the small, neat hand, then common in Virginia, he would record in his pocket-book such items as these: "Put into the church-box, 1 *d.*"; "Paid a barber, 11 *d.*"; "Paid for pins, 4/2"; "Paid for whetting penknife, 4 *d.*"; "Paid my part for an express to Williamsburg, 10 *s.*"; "Paid Bell for books, 35 *s.*"; "Paid postage, 8/3." In his garden-book, for some pages of which we are indebted to Mr. Randall, may be read countless entries like the following: "March 30, sowed a patch of later peas"; "July 15, planted out celery"; "July 22, had the last dish of our spring peas"; "March 31, grafted five French chestnuts into two stocks of common chestnut." His garden-books show that he was a bold and constant experimenter, always eager to try foreign seeds and roots, of which he introduced a great

number in the course of his life. They show, also, that he was a close observer and calculator. His weather-book, of which I possess a few pages, given to me by Mr. Randall, is a wonder of neatness and minuteness, — fifty-nine days' weather history on one small page. This is one day's record: "March 24, at 6.30 A. M., ther. 27°; barom. 25°; wind N. W.; force of wind (not stated); weather, clear after rain, Blue Ridge and higher parts of S. W. mountain covered with snow. No snow here, but much ice; black frost." Multiply this by fifty-nine, and you have the contents of one page of his weather-book, every word of which, after the lapse of a century, is as clear and legible as diamond type. It is ruled in ten columns, one for each class of entries. This practice of minute record, which remained with him to the end of his days, he began while he was still a student. Nor did he ever content himself with the mere record of items. These were regularly reviewed, added, compared, and utilized in every possible way. It was the most remarkable of all his habits.

Interesting events were occurring in the family at the Shadwell farm-house. During his first year in college one of his sisters was married; and now, soon after his coming of age, another marriage in the family, and one that proved of far more importance to the head of the house, became probable.

Among the most beloved of his schoolfellows was Dabney Carr, a youth destined like himself to the bar. It was that Dabney Carr who fills the place in the annals and the hearts of Virginia, which young Josiah Quincy occupies in those of Massachusetts; both having died in the prime of early manhood, at the beginning of the Revolution, after figuring honorably in its opening scenes. At this time, when Jefferson was coming into his duties as head of his family, clearing out his river and watching his early peas, Dabney Carr was getting into practice as a country lawyer; and when Jefferson was at home, during the long sum-

mers, the two friends and fellow-students were inseparable. Two miles from Jefferson's home was an isolated mountain, five hundred and eighty feet high, which he afterwards named Monticello, or The Little Mount, covered then to the summit with the primeval forest. High up on this mountain, in the deepest shade of the luxuriant woods, under an ancient oak of vast size, the young friends constructed a rustic seat; and thither, in the summer mornings, they would ride, with their law-books, and pass peaceful days there in study and conversation. Both of them became strongly attached to the spot. They made a compact that whichever of them died first should be buried by the other under that grand old tree. The compact was fulfilled, and the place was, long after, enclosed and made the burial-place of the Jeffersons; so that both the friends now repose on the spot where they studied together in their youth. It was these happy visits to the mountain that led to its selection, by and by, as the site of Jefferson's abode.

When the young men returned to Shadwell at the close of the day, they returned to a house full of sisters, three of whom were young ladies, twenty-five, twenty-one, nineteen years of age; the work of the day done, the costume of the evening assumed, the evening meal ready, the violin and music in the next room. It was the beautiful and gifted Martha, in her nineteenth year, upon whom Dabney Carr fixed his affections; and in the summer vacation of 1765 Jefferson had the pleasure of seeing them married. The bridegroom had still his fortune to make, and they went away to live, a few miles off, in the next county of Louisa, in a house amusing to them all for its smallness and simplicity. It was one of the triumphant marriages. "This friend of ours, Page," wrote Jefferson, when they had been five years married, "in a very small house, with a table, half a dozen chairs, and one or two servants, is the happi-

est man in the universe. Every incident in life he so takes as to render it a source of pleasure. With as much benevolence as the heart of man will hold, but with an utter neglect of the costly apparatus of life, he exhibits to the world a new phenomenon in philosophy, — the Samian sage in the tub of the cynic." To this pleasing picture Mr. Wirt adds, from tradition current in Virginia, that Dabney Carr was the most formidable rival in oratory that Patrick Henry had among the lawyers of his own age; and that his person was of engaging elegance, and his voice finely toned. In old age Mr. Jefferson wrote of him as the man who united inflexible firmness of principle to the most perfect amiability.

But on this happy wedding-day in July the shadow of death already rested upon the young student's home. His eldest sister, Jane, the best of all his friends hitherto, was approaching her end. She died in October, leaving a void in the home and the heart of her brother that was never quite filled. From the funeral of this beloved sister he was summoned soon, by the opening of the General Court, to resume his law-studies at Williamsburg.

Not that he discontinued those studies at home. He used, in after years, to tell his grandchildren that, when he was a law-student, he kept a clock in his bedroom at Shadwell, on a shelf opposite his bed; and his rule was to get up, in the summer mornings, as soon as he could see what o'clock it was, and begin his day's work at once. In the winter he rose at five and went to bed at nine. He did a fair day's work at his law-books every day, even at home, besides attending to company, besides his vigorous gallop on horseback, besides walking to the top of Monticello, besides looking closely to his garden and farm, besides caressing his violin, besides keeping up his Latin, Greek, French, and an extensive system of other reading. Nevertheless, it is reasonable to conclude that at the capital he gave himself to

study more completely than at home; and it is there that we can best observe him as a student.

The law is not an easy nut to crack even in these days, after so much of its husk has been cut away by the Broughams and the Dudley Fields of the legal profession. It will never be easy to apply the eternal principles of right to the "cases" that arise in our complicated human life. But when Jefferson studied law, generations of ingenious men had spent their lives in investing the science of justice with difficulties, artificial and needless. They had wrought with such success, that if our young justice of the peace had been required to record that John Jones had hanged himself at Williamsburg, he would have been obliged to say — and I now copy from a Virginia Justice's Own Book, in which his name appears as a subscriber — that "John Jones, not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the Devil, at Williamsburg, in a certain wood at aforesaid, standing and being, the said John Jones, being then and there alone, with a certain hempen cord, of the value of three pence, which he then and there had and held in his hands, and one end thereof then and there put about his neck, and the other end thereof tied about a bough of a certain oak-tree, himself then and there, with the cord aforesaid, voluntarily and feloniously, and of his malice aforethought, hanged and suffocated." This is a specimen of the law jargon of that day, for the retention of which lawyers strove so long. It was the confused, bewildering element in which lawyers worked for centuries.

When the love-sick student opened that "old dull scoundrel, Coke, he opened a work printed in black-letter, and offering as little promise of entertainment or instruction as the outside of a gold-mine does of the wealth within it. The author himself, in his Preface, does not flatter his readers with any hope of pleasure in the perusal. "I shall desire," he says, "that the

learned reader will not conceive any opinion against any part of *this painful and large volume* until he shall have advisedly read over the whole, and diligently searched out and well considered of the several authorities, proofs, and reasons which we have cited and set down for warrant and conformation of our opinions throughout this whole work."

To add to a student's perplexity, the passages from Lyttleton, the ancient lawyer whom Coke is "upon," are written in the law-French of Edward III.'s time, plentifully interspersed with Latin equivalents and illustrations. But, fortunately, these passages are short, being mere texts for old Coke's long discourses. In the edition of 1789 Lyttleton's observations on "Fee Simple" occupy a third of a page, but Coke's quaint and subtle treatment of the topic fills thirty-three pages, with a thick-set hedge of references down each page. It would be an excellent month's work for a student to master that one chapter. Tedious and repulsive as all this must have been to a youth the morning after dancing with Belinda at the Apollo, Jefferson learned in due time to value old Coke aright. When, in the midst of his law-studies, the passage of the Stamp Act called attention to the rights of Englishmen, he turned with responsive mind to Coke's learned and cordial comments upon Magna Charta, and recognized a master. He probably did not know that one Roger Williams served Lord Coke as clerk and amanuensis in his youth, and went from his inspiring influence to convey to New England the first notion it ever had of the rights of conscience. What Coke did in person for Roger Williams and Rhode Island, Jefferson thought he did by his book for himself, for Madison, for Henry, for Dabney Carr, for Virginia, for the United States.

"Coke Lyttleton," he once wrote, "was the universal elementary book of law-students, and a sounder Whig never wrote, nor of profounder learning in the orthodox doctrines of the British Con-

stitution, or in what were called British liberties. Our lawyers were then all Whigs. But when his black-letter text, and uncouth, but cunning learning got out of fashion, and the honeyed Mansfieldism of Blackstone became the student's horn-book, from that moment that profession (the nursery of our Congress) began to slide into Toryism, and nearly all the young brood of lawyers are now of that line. They suppose themselves indeed to be Whigs, because they no longer know what Whiggism or Republicanism means."

When he had made a conquest of Coke, he was desirous of ascending to the sources of English law in the ages preceding the Norman invasion; for, as one of his old friends remarked, he "*hated* superficial knowledge." He perceived that law, like the other sciences, is progressive, and that Coke merely marked a stage of its progress. He used to compare the laws of England, in their course down the ages, with the journey of a traveller, who, when he has accomplished a certain distance, stops, looks back over the route he has pursued, recalls the business he has done, and, before going farther, makes a record of the whole. The most ancient digest of this nature is not Coke, but Bracton, an ecclesiastic of Richard I.'s reign, who wrote in law-Latin, more puzzling than Lyttleton's law-French, to read whom the most learned lawyers of Jefferson's time required a glossary. This work, too, he read and loved, because it was able and luminous, and because it interpreted Magna Charta in the spirit and lifetime of the men who wrote and extorted it. He went even further back, and conned with keenest scrutiny the book of Alfred's laws, the abrogation of which by the Conqueror the English so bitterly lamented. He did not fail to note the "pious fraud" of the ancient clergy in prefixing to Alfred's laws five chapters of the Book of Exodus, the twentieth to the twenty-fourth inclusive, though they contained laws at direct variance with those of the king. For a young vestryman, he

seems to have had a sharp scent for pious frauds.

Already we observe in the few relics of his student life which have come down to us indications of the coming Jefferson, the Thomas Jefferson of American history. The most interesting of all those relics is an extract, which he made for a friend in 1814, from a book in which, when he was plodding through Bracton and the older law-books, he was accustomed to enter abstracts. "When I was a student of the law," he wrote to this friend, "now half a century ago, after getting through Coke Lyttleton, whose matter cannot be abridged, I was in the habit of abridging and commonplacing what I read meriting it, and of sometimes mixing my own reflections on the subject." The abstract which is thus introduced is a complete exhibition of Jefferson's mind and mental habits as a student of law. We notice, first of all, that it is numbered "873," which shows us that he studied, as well as lived, pen in hand. Compact as it is with abbreviations ("pl." for plaintiff, "def." for defendant, "v." for versus, "Blackst." for Blackstone), it fills seven and a half octavo pages, bristling all over with references, old French and law-Latin, which attest his industry and knowledge. There is a maturity of tone and completeness of execution in the work, which would surprise us if it had been done by a lawyer of many years' standing at the bar. But the most remarkable and rare quality which it exhibits is an absolute fearlessness of mind, a loyalty to truth, no matter to what conclusion the evidence may lead, and no matter what array of authorities may have maintained the contrary. In a mind that is immature or unformed, a disregard for authorities may be mere vanity and presumption; but when the intelligence is superior, trained to investigation, and patient of labor, it is the quality to which the whole of the progress of our race is due. An independent, superior mind is the most precious thing that human nature possesses.

This young man found it an axiom of the courts, that the Bible was a part of the common law of the realm, and it was in accordance with this principle that witches were hanged, tithes exacted, and labor forbidden on Sunday. In the long document before us he denied the fact, and traced the error up to its source in one of the ancient law-books, the author of which had converted the words *ancien scripture* (employed in a work still older) into "Holy Scripture." The student proved that the words *ancien scripture*, as employed in the original, meant precisely what they seem to mean, that is, ancient writings, the old records of the Church. Having thus detected the source of the error, he follows it down through the law-books, until he finds it stated with bluntest simplicity by Sir Matthew Hale, thus: "Christianity is parcel of the laws of England." "Sir Matthew Hale," observes this relentless pursuer of error, "quotes no authority, but rests the statement on his own; which was good in all cases in which his mind received no bias from his bigotry, his superstitions, his visions about sorceries, demons, etc. The power of these over him," continues the student, "is exemplified in his hanging of the witches." From this dictum of Sir Matthew Hale he proceeded to the time when it bore fruit in laws making it criminal to write against Christianity, or to utter words implying disbelief in it. Blackstone incorporated the doctrine into his Commentaries, and Mansfield into his decisions. "The essential principles of *revealed religion*," Lord Mansfield had just said on the bench, "are part of the common law," which carried the doctrine still further, while leaving the public, as Jefferson indignantly remarked, "to find out, at our peril, what, in the opinion of the judge, and, according to the measure of his foot or his faith, *are* those essential principles of revealed religion obligatory on us as part of the common law." And all this without authority to support it; for "this string of authorities," resumes

the wrathful student, "all hang on the same hook, a perverted expression of Prisot's."

But this was not enough. He goes back into antiquity, as far as the seventh century, when Christianity was introduced into England, and examines every source of information, from Alfred to Bracton, and can find no trace of formal or informal adoption of Christianity as part of the common law; dwelling particularly upon the obvious fact, that the insertion of the chapters of Exodus among the laws of Alfred was "an awkward monkish fabrication"; and showing that the adoption by Alfred of the Ten Commandments was an express exclusion of the laws in Exodus which were suited only to the Jews. "The adoption of a part proves the rejection of the rest, as municipal law."

We observe further, in this curious paper, a certain aversion to the clergy as an order, joined to a veneration for the Christian religion. The fact that Christianity is truth, he remarks, does not make it part of the law of England. The Newtonian philosophy is truth, but it is not common law. "Christianity and Newtonianism *being reason and verity itself*, in the opinion of all but infidels and Cartesians, they are protected under the wings of the common law from the dominion of other sects, but not erected into dominion over them." He illustrates the point further by an allusion to the controversy concerning the use of the lancet in medical practice. He was among the first to reject bleeding as a common remedy, and early forbade his overseers to bleed a negro. An eminent Spanish doctor, he says, affirms that the lancet had slain more than the sword, but Dr. Sangredo maintains that with plentiful bleedings and draughts of warm water, every disease can be cured. Both these opinions the common law protected, but neither of them was common law. How palpable all this, he remarks; but "the English judges have piously avoided lifting the veil under which it was shrouded,"

since "the alliance between Church and State in England has ever made their judges accomplices in the frauds of the clergy, and even bolder than they are." The precepts of the gospel, he adds, were designed by "their benevolent author" to bear sway in the realm of conscience, and only there.

It could not have been difficult for him to discover the unsuitableness of a union of Church and State to the circumstances of modern communities; for the evil results of the union in Virginia were apparent enough, and never so apparent as just then, when he was studying law, from 1762 to 1767. The clergy, indeed, had fallen into contempt; or, as Bishop Meade expresses it, had become "the laughing-stock" of the Colony. Nor does the Bishop fall into the usual error of attributing this to the "Twopenny Quarrel" between the clergy and the vestrymen, of which Mr. Wirt gives us so interesting an account in his *Life of Patrick Henry*. In that dispute the clergy had both law and justice on their side, as Mr. Wirt avows, while exulting in his orator's victory over both. As Patrick Henry was always Jefferson's guest when he came to Williamsburg, doubtless our student heard his merry friend's own version of that affair; and, being himself a vestryman and a young man, may have shared the general joy at the defeat of the clergy.

The clergymen of Virginia were in a position so false and demoralizing, that as a body they could not but become indolent and dissolute. The law gave them sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco per annum; which might be worth two hundred pounds a year, if the quality were high, and the incumbent lucky and skilful in selling it; or it might be worth sixty pounds a year, if the quality were low and the crop superabundant. They were further allowed by law four hundred pounds of tobacco, or forty shillings, for preaching a funeral sermon; two hundred pounds of tobacco for a marriage by license; fifty for a marriage by banns; and a fee for baptism, which custom appears to have

fixed at a guinea for the rich, and five shillings for others. To these revenues was added a glebe sufficient for a good farm, which a liberal vestry, we are told, were sometimes kind enough to "stock" with one or two families of slaves. The clergy, appointed without much regard to their fitness, were subjected to little supervision. The parishes were of great extent, stretching sometimes as much as thirty miles along a river, and yet so thinly inhabited that they could scarcely furnish a congregation; and such was the scarcity of candidates, that a commissary hesitated to suspend a clergyman, even for notorious vice, because the parish might remain vacant for two or three years.

Thus circumstanced, each clergyman behaved according to his disposition. A few of them, men of learning and virtue, did their duty, and eked out their slender and changing incomes by taking pupils; and it was these few who saved civilization in the Colony. Others, men of rude energy and executive force, pushed the cultivation of their glebes, bought more slaves, raised more tobacco, speculated sometimes in *both*, grew rich, reduced their parish duty to the minimum, and performed that minimum with haste and formality. But the greater number lived as idle hangers-on of the wealthier houses, assisting their fellow-idlers, the planters, to kill time and run through their estates, not always dissolute, but easy-going, self-indulgent, good-natured men of the world. It was not very uncommon for the clergyman of a parish to be president of its jockey-club, and personally assist in the details of the race-course, such as weighing the men and timing the horses. It was common for clergymen to ride after the hounds in fox-hunting, and they were as apt to nail the trophy of the day's chase to their stable door as any other men. The names of clergymen figured among the patrons of balls, and they were rather noted for their skill at cards. All of which was just as proper for clergymen as for planters, and more neces-

sary. But in those days the bottle was the vitiating accompaniment of every innocent delight. The race must end in a dinner, and the dinner must end under the table. The day's hunt must be followed by a night's debauch. The christening of a child must be the pretext for a day's revel. This single element of mischief converted all festal days, all honest mirth, all joyous recreation, into injury, shame, and ruin. Nothing can make any headway against the potency of wine, for it suspends the operation of that within us which enables us to resist, and finally destroys it. It vitiates the texture of the brain itself, the seat of life, and the citadel of all the superior forces. And the wine which flowed so freely at the planters' tables was Madeira, strongest of wines, so enriched by time and two long voyages, that the uncorking of one bottle filled a large house with fragrance.

The tales we read of the clergy of old Virginia stagger belief, though it is clergymen who report them. The reverend rector of Wicomico, we read, not approving the bread placed upon the communion-table, cried out from the altar, in the midst of the service, to one of his church-wardens: "George, this bread is not fit for a dog." We read of another who was invited after church to dinner at a planter's house, where he drank so much that he had to be tied in his gig, and a servant sent to lead his horse home. One jolly parson comes down to us reeling up and down the porch of a tavern, bawling to the passers-by to come and drink with him. Another lives in the memory of his county because he fought a duel within sight of the church in which he had formerly officiated. Another is remembered as the jovial hunter who died cheering on the hounds to the chase. One is spoken of as pocketing annually a hundred dollars, the revenue of a legacy, for preaching four sermons a year against atheism, gambling, racing, and swearing, though himself a notorious swearer, racer, and gambler. Another is the hero of a story that one day parson and vestry differed in opin-

ion, quarrelled, and came to blows. The parson, a giant in strength, put them to flight. Not content with his victory, he renewed the battle on Sunday morning in church, when from the vantage-ground of the pulpit he hurled at them this text from Nehemiah: "And I contended with them, and cursed them, and smote certain of them, and plucked off their hair"; which had the keen sting of literal truth.

One old clergyman is remembered as staggering toward the altar at the time of communion, when the rector who was officiating ordered him back to his seat. The monthly dinners of the clergy have not yet passed out of mind, to which men would ride for thirty or forty miles, and revel far into the night. The court records of Hampton show that a clergyman of that parish was presented by the grand jury for drunkenness, and on another occasion for slander; and that when before the court, he behaved with such insolence as to be committed to prison for contempt. Bishop Meade of Virginia, to whom the reader is indebted for several of these incidents, relates that a lady once came to one of his clergymen, asking rebaptism, as she had doubts whether the christening of her infancy was valid. The clergyman who performed the ceremony, she said, dined with her father that day, and after dinner, her father won back from the priest at cards the very guinea he had paid him before dinner as his baptismal fee.

The Bishop of London, hearing of these scandals, would sometimes urge his commissary, the president of William and Mary College, to proceed against the clergy known to be drunkards. The difficulty of proof was submitted to the bishop as an excuse for not complying with his commands. At what point of intoxication does it become a scandal? How shall we decide when a clergyman has been drunk enough for ecclesiastical censure? The Bishop of London sent over directions on this point. He thought that if a

clergyman sat an hour or more with a company that were drinking strong drink, — not wine, — and took the cup as it went the rounds of the table, and drank the healths proposed, like the rest of the company, there was ground of proceedings. He was also of opinion, that “striking and challenging, or threatening to fight, or laying aside any of his garments for that purpose, staggering, reeling, vomiting, incoherent, impertinent, obscene, or rude talking,” was sufficient to justify judges in deciding that “the minister’s behavior at such a time was scandalous, indecent, unbecoming the gravity of a minister.” For many years, too, as before observed, the commissary-president was himself too fond of the bottle to prosecute a drunken clergyman without calling attention to his own habits.

Old Virginia was a kind of caricature of Old England in everything. As in England this state of things in the Church called forth Wesley and Whitefield, so in Virginia, says John Burk, “swarms of Methodists, Moravians, and New-Light Presbyterians” came over the border from Pennsylvania, and pervaded the Colony, “propagating their doctrines with all the ardor and vehemency of gesture and boldness of denunciation which mark the first movements of a new sect in religion.” It was during the boyhood of Jefferson that these “swarms” are represented to have darkened the air; and he was old enough to observe the beginnings of the bitter conflict between the New Lights (Henry Clay’s father was one of them) and the royal government. Burk, who was a New Light of another description, and in full accord with Jefferson in his “disestablishment” measures of a later day, informs posterity, that when these swarms descended upon Virginia, “government had not yet learned the secret of subduing the frenzy of religious bigotry by suffering it to waste its powers, and perish by convulsions of its own exciting.” Nor was the government alone in fault. Many of Jefferson’s staunch supporters in the measures by which

the domination of one sect was terminated gave the governor at this period moral and official support in silencing the dissenting ministers.

His own mind, we may be sure, did not arrive at the simple solution of this problem all at once. Possibly, the young vestryman may have himself regarded the swarms as furnishing occasion for the interference of a young justice of the peace. The vestryman’s oath, then used in Virginia, was stringent enough: —

“I, Thomas Jefferson, as I do acknowledge myself a true son of the Church of England, so I do believe the articles of faith therein professed, and do oblige myself to be conformable to the doctrine and discipline therein taught and established; and that, as a vestryman of this church, I will well and truly perform my duty therein, being directed by the laws and customs of this country and the canons of the Church of England, so far as they will suit our present capacity; and this I shall sincerely do, according to the best of my knowledge, skill, and cunning, without fear, favor, or partiality; and so help me God.”

The time came, as most readers know, when he could not have taken this oath, though he never ceased to perform the duties which it indicates. As his mind matured, his religion reduced itself to two articles, — belief in God, and veneration for the character and precepts of Jesus Christ; which has been, during the last century and a half, a kind of established religion with minds of the cast and grade of his. But he ever lived in the most perfect accord with neighbors who believed more than he could, giving freely of his time, money, and skill to promote their religious objects. It was long before Charlottesville became village enough to have a church, and every preacher that came along occupied the court-house, a small, rude edifice, without seats for auditors. Old men of the neighborhood used to remember young Jefferson riding over to the service on Sunday morning, with

a small folding-chair of his own contriving hung to his saddle, upon which he sat in the court-room. By and by, when the Episcopalians were ready to build their church, he drew the plan; and the edifice which resulted, Bishop Meade testifies, was better adapted to the purposes of a church than many modern buildings much more costly. This church still stands.

We may say, therefore, that if the church of his youth and early manhood did not materially assist the formation of his character, it did not place obstacles in the way of his mental growth. He was unrestricted in his reading. It would not have been so if he had come to college twenty years sooner. Bishop Meade mentions that when, about 1740, "the first infidel book was imported into Virginia," it created such excitement that the governor and president of the college wrote to the authorities in England about it. Governor Fauquier would not have taken so much trouble. They had such works in Boston as early as 1720, as Franklin records, who read and was convinced by them. Jefferson, when a law-student, could not have had many books at Williamsburg; but we know that among his books was an edition of Hume's Essays, because he speaks of having lent two of the volumes to Patrick Henry. Few young men of Jefferson's cast of mind have ever read Hume's Essay on Miracles without being much influenced by it, at least for a time.

Meanwhile he continued his study of the law with excessive ardor, including in his preparation for the bar a vast range of subjects. Indeed, he went to a rash and perilous excess in study. *He* bore it with impunity, because he inherited a constitution exceptionally strong, because he had horses at command, because, during his long vacations at home, he was obliged to attend to his farms and improvements. But his friend Madison, led astray by his example and precepts, and pursuing his education at Princeton, far from horse and home, nearly killed himself

with study, and could not recover his health for many years. Indeed, though among the very best of American citizens, and of infinite value to his country when his country most needed its best citizens, James Madison was never quite the *man* he might have been if he had studied less and played more at college. The only fault Jefferson could ever see in this most honored and most trusted of all the friends of his life, was a certain lack of power to stand firm against vehement opposition, — a certain lack of stanch, indomitable manhood, — caused, perhaps, by the waste of the capital stock of his vitality at Princeton. Thus Peel was made sensitive to the shallow sarcasm of Disraeli. Thus valedictory men pass from the commencement platform into oblivion. Thus, to-day, throughout Christendom, Ignorance is master, and Knowledge is its hireling; Ignorance controls capital, and Knowledge lives on wages; Ignorance rides in a carriage, and Knowledge trudges on foot; Ignorance edits, and Knowledge writes; the counting-room orders, and the sanctum obeys.

Before Jefferson had finished his law-studies, his devotion to study drew admiring eyes upon him. Young men asked his advice as to what they should read, and parents consulted him concerning the education of their sons. He was asked to suggest a course for Madison, when Madison was seventeen and himself twenty-three. He had already written an outline for a young man about to enter upon the study of the law, and we may learn from that both what he practised himself, and what he laid down for Madison, Monroe, and other friends.

The student, duly prepared for the study of the law by mastering Latin and French, and by a course of those "peculiarly engaging and delightful" branches, natural philosophy and mathematics, must divide each day into portions, and assign to each portion the studies most proper for it. *Until* eight in the morning, he should confine himself to natural philosophy, morals, and

religion; reading treatises on astronomy, chemistry, anatomy, agriculture, botany, international law, moral philosophy, and metaphysics. Religion, during these early morning hours, was to be considered under two heads, "natural religion" and "religion sectarian." For information concerning sectarian religion, the student was advised to apply to the following sources: "Bible; New Testament; commentaries on them by Middleton in his works, and by Priestley in his 'Corruptions of Christianity,' and 'Early Opinions of Christ'; the sermons of Sterne, Massillon, and Bourdaloue." From eight to twelve he was to read law and condense cases, "never using two words where one will do." From twelve to one, he was advised to "read politics," in Montesquieu, Locke, Priestley, Malthus, and the Parliamentary Debates. In the afternoon he was to relieve his mind with history; and when evening closed in he might regale himself with literature, criticism, rhetoric, and oratory. No, not regale himself, but sit down to a hard and long evening's work, as Jefferson did himself, keeping it up sometimes till two in the morning. The student was recommended in the evening to write criticisms of the books he read, to analyze the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, to read good English orations and pleadings with closest attention to the secrets of their excellence, to compose original essays, and to plead imaginary causes with a friend.

This was cram, not education. It might make a perfect chief clerk, but not a great minister. It would have diminished Jefferson, but for his fiddle, his horses, his farms, his journeys, and his minuets at the Apollo. Perhaps, however, as he knew his young friends better than we do, he was aware that most of them required no urging to take rest and recreation. Madison read this paper too literally, without putting in the saving clauses; and Monroe was saved by the summons to arms, which in 1775 drew him and most of his fellow-students from Wil-

liam and Mary to the sterner discipline of Cambridge, where man could not, just then, be regarded as a creature composed of intellect alone.

Passing events are an important educating force to attentive minds. Perhaps they educate us more than all things else, for we cannot easily get off our lesson for a single day; and, once in a generation, occur electric events which rouse and inform the minds of whole nations at once. What creature in the United States so unteachably dull as to have been no more of a human being in 1865 than he was in 1861! But in all recent history I know of no example more striking of the greater good that results from great evil, than the Stamp Act agitation of 1764 to 1766; which began the de-colonization — the independent public life — of North America. It so chanced that our student was in the thick of events at the time. It was the Stamp Act which changed old Coke's comments on Magna Charta from dead law into living gospel; and what the Stamp Act did for Jefferson's mind, it did for the mind of his country. It converted the fundamental principles of right into the familiar things of daily speech, and infused the essence of old Coke into a million minds that never heard his name. He had watched with interest, as he himself records, the series of events by which imperial Chatham had given Great Britain her opportunity of empire by making her supreme in North America; and he was now to follow, with interest more intense and more intelligent, the events by which an ignorant king and a corrupt ruling class threw England's magnificent chance away, and caused her to lapse into an island again.

His friend, Patrick Henry, had been coming and going during these student years; dropping in when the General Court met in the autumn, and riding homeward, with a book or two of Jefferson's in his saddle-bags, when the court adjourned over till the spring; then returning with the books unread. The wondrous eloquence which he had

displayed in the Parsons Case in December, 1763, does not seem to have been generally known in Williamsburg in 1764; for he moved about the streets and public places unrecognized, though not unmarked. It would not have been extraordinary if our young student had been a little ashamed of his oddity of a guest as they walked together towards the Capitol, at the time when the young ladies were abroad, — Sukey Potter, Betsy Moore, Judy Burwell, and the rest, — for Henry's dress was coarse, worn, and countrified, and he walked with such an air of thoughtless unconcern, that he was taken by some for an idiot. But he had a cause to plead that winter; and when he sat down he had become "Mr. Henry" to all Williamsburg. You will observe in the memorials of old Virginia, from 1765 to 1800, that, whoever else may be named without a prefix of honor, this "forest-born Demosthenes," as Byron styled him, is generally *Mr. Henry*. To Washington, to Jefferson, to Madison, to all that circle of eminent men, he ever remained "Mr. Henry." On that day in 1764 he gave such an exhibition of his power, that during the next session of the House of Burgesses a vacancy was made for him, and he was elected to a seat. The up-country yeomen, whose idol he had become, gladly gave their votes to such a man, when the Stamp Act was expected to be a topic of debate.

And so, in May, 1765, the new member was in Williamsburg to take his seat, a guest again of his young friend Jefferson. He sat, day after day, waiting for some of the older members to open the subject. But no one seemed to know just what to do. A year before the House had gently denied the right of Parliament to tax the Colonies, and softly remonstrated against the threatened measure; but as the act had been passed, in spite of their objections, what more could a loyal colony do? No one thought of formal resistance, and remonstrance had failed. What else? What next? However frequently the two friends may

have conversed upon this perplexity, it was Patrick Henry who, — to use his own words, — "alone, unadvised, and unassisted," hit upon the proper expedient.

Only three days of the session remained. On the blank leaf of an old "Coke upon Lyttleton" — perhaps Jefferson's own copy — the new member wrote his celebrated five resolutions, of this purport: We, Englishmen living in America, have all the rights of Englishmen living in England; the chief of which is, that we can only be taxed by our own representatives; and any attempt to tax us otherwise menaces British liberty on both continents. In all probability Jefferson knew that something of the kind was intended on that memorable day, for he was present in the House. There was no gallery then, nor any other provision for spectators; but there could be no objection to the friend and relative of so many members standing in the doorway between the lobby and the chamber; and there he took his stand. He saw his tall, gaunt, coarsely attired guest rise, in his awkward way, and break with stammering tongue the SILENCE which had brooded over the loudest debates, as week after week of the session had passed. He observed, and felt too, the thrill which ran through the House at the mere introduction of a subject with which every mind was surcharged, and marked the rising tide of feeling as the reading of the resolutions went on, until the climax of audacity was reached in the last clause of the last. How moderate, how tame, the words seem to us! "Every attempt to invest such power (of taxation) in any person or persons whatever, other than the General Assembly aforesaid, has a manifest tendency to destroy British and American freedom." Ravishing words to the Whig members from Albemarle and the other western counties. Sound as old Coke himself, in the judgment of our spell-bound listener in the doorway. Words of fearful import to the Tory lords of the eastern counties. Not approved,

as yet, by George Wythe, nor by Peyton Randolph, whom the student held in so much honor.

When the reading was finished, he heard his friend utter the opening sentences of his speech, with faltering tongue, as usual, and giving little promise of the strains that were to follow. But it was the nature of this great genius, as of all genius, to rise to the occasion. Soon Jefferson saw him stand erect, and, swinging free of all impediments, launch into the tide of his oration, every eye captivated by the large and sweeping grace of his gesticulation; every ear charmed with the swelling music of his voice; every mind thrilled or stung by the vivid epigrams into which he condensed his opinions. He never had a listener so formed to be held captive by him as the student at the lobby door, who, as a boy, had found the oratory of the Indian chief so impressive, and could not now resist a slurring translation of Ossian's majestic phrases. After the lapse of fifty-nine years, he still spoke of this great day with enthusiasm, and described anew the closing moment of Henry's speech, when the orator, interrupted by cries of Treason, uttered the well-known words of defiance, "If this be treason, make the most of it!"

The debate which followed Mr. Henry's opening speech was, as Jefferson has recorded, "most bloody." It is impossible for a reader of this generation to conceive the mixture of fondness, pride, and veneration with which these colonists regarded the mother country, its Parliament and king, its Church and its literature, and all the glorious names and events of its history. Whig as Jefferson was by nature and conviction, he could not give up England as long as there was any hope of a just union with her. What, then, must have been the feelings of the Tories of the House — Tories by nature and by party — upon hearing this yeoman from the West speak of the natural rights of man in the spirit of a Sidney, and use language in reference

to the king which sounded to them like the prelude to an assassin's stab? They had to make a stand, too, for their position as leaders of the House, unquestioned for a century. To the matter of the resolutions no one objected. All that Wythe, Pendleton, Bland, and Peyton Randolph could urge against them was, that they were unbecoming and unnecessary. The House had already remonstrated without effect, and it became a loyal people to submit. "Torrents of sublime eloquence" from Patrick Henry, as Jefferson observes, swept away their arguments, and the resolutions were carried; the last one, however, by only a single voice. Standing in the doorway, the student watched the taking of the vote on the last resolution, upon which the contest had been hottest. When the result had been declared, Peyton Randolph, the king's attorney-general, brushed past him, saying, as he entered the lobby, "By God, I would have given five hundred guineas for a single vote!"

Doubtless, the young gentlemen went home exulting. Patrick Henry, unused to the artifices of legislation, and always impatient of detail, supposing now that the work for which he had come to Williamsburg was done, mounted that very evening and rode away. Jefferson, perhaps, was not so sure of this; for the next morning, some time before the hour of meeting, he was again at the Capitol, and in the Burgesses' chamber. His uncle, Colonel Peter Randolph, one of the Tory members, came in, and, sitting down at the clerk's table, began to turn over the journals of the House. He had a dim recollection, he said, of a resolution of the House, many years ago, having been *expunged*! He was trying to find the record of the transaction. He wanted a precedent. The student of law looked over his shoulder, as he turned the leaves; a group of members standing near, in trepidation at the thought of yesterday's doings. The House bell rang; the House convened; the student re-

sumed his stand in the doorway. A motion was made to expunge the last resolution of yesterday's series; and, in the absence of the mighty orator whose eloquence had yesterday made the dull intelligent and the timid brave, the motion was carried, and the resolution was expunged.

We hear no more from Jefferson of his making the tour of Europe, after the Stamp Act. Perhaps, although the odious measure was repealed a year after its passage, to the boundless joy of the people, these events lessened his desire to visit the land of his forefathers. He begins now to speak with some asperity of the Tory leaders in England. In abstracting cases, he detects the political bias of the judge in his rulings. As Braddock's defeat revealed to the colonists that red-coats were not invincible, so did the Stamp Act break the enchantment of distance, and show some of them that British judges and law-makers could be subservient to power. Nor was he rich enough for such a luxury as foreign travel, and, by this time, he must have discovered the fact. His farms did not yield an income of more than four hundred pounds sterling per annum.

But a young gentleman may take a little recreation in travel, without going to the ends of the earth. The system of inoculation for the small-pox was still a topic with physicians and persons interested in medical science. Jefferson was, all his life, a curious inquirer in such subjects, and he became, by and by, a not unskilful surgeon, — one who could, upon an emergency, sew up an ugly wound, or set a negro's broken leg. The delicacy of touch and dexterity of hand that he possessed, joined to his patience in investigation and fearlessness of precedent, could have made him a master in surgery. Convinced of the utility of inoculation, then performed by Dr. Shippen of Philadelphia, he availed himself of this pretext, in the spring of 1766, to take a journey northward, and see something of the world that lay beyond the boundaries of Virginia.

At twenty-three he had never been out of his native Province.

This journey he made, not on horseback, but in a one-horse chaise. Readers familiar with the road will not be at a loss to imagine the "time" he must have had in crossing so many wide and brimming rivers, over which we now thunder with so much ease, — the York, Pamunkey, Rappahannock, Potomac, Patuxent, Patapsco, Susquehanna, Delaware, Passaic, Hackensack, and Hudson, without counting fifty smaller streams, and those wide shallows that indent the shores of Chesapeake Bay, — all to be forded, or crossed in a ferry-boat propelled by poles or oars. It argues ill for his habits that his horse ran away with him twice the first day, for the animal evidently wanted exercise. The second day he rode in a drenching rain from morning till night, without coming to a habitation in which he could take shelter. The third day, in fording the swollen Pamunkey, he was nearly drowned. After getting beyond this river, he came to a more inhabited region, where he visited old college friends at their homes, to his great content. At Annapolis, the capital of Maryland, then a town of a thousand inhabitants, and of somewhat more importance than Williamsburg, he found the people in the midst of public rejoicings over the repeal of the Stamp Act. The Maryland Assembly was in session. It was no such courteous and dignified body, he told his friend Page, as the House of Burgesses of Virginia. Business was conducted in a more informal manner; so loosely, in fact, as to move the young Virginian to laughter. He was struck, however, with the beauty and convenience of the situation, — "the largest vessels, those of four hundred hogsheads, being able to brush against the sides of the dock."

At Philadelphia, the inoculation was performed. When he recovered, he continued his journey to the clean, crooked, little, cobble-stoned, half-Dutch city, so green and shady, that

covered the last mile of beautiful Manhattan Island, — a place then of nearly twenty thousand inhabitants. Of his stay in New York we know only one trifling fact. He chanced to take lodgings in a house where a young gentleman of his own age from Massachusetts, named Elbridge Gerry, was staying. They became acquainted with one another well enough to remember the chance meeting, when, nine years after, they met in "the Congress" at Philadelphia. They remained friends and political allies for fifty years. It was, perhaps, on his return from this journey that an incident occurred which, in his old age, he used to relate with so much glee. On his way through Virginia he stopped at a tavern, the landlady of which had

just returned from the funeral of a young man of the neighborhood, whom she extolled and lamented with much feeling. "But, Mr. Jefferson," said she, "we have the consolation of knowing that everything was done for him that could be done. He was bled no less than six-and-twenty times."

And so sped these happy, laborious years of preparation for the bar. Early in the year 1767, about the time of his twenty-fourth birthday, he was admitted, and he began at once the practice of his profession. He had not to wait for business. One of his existing account-books shows that, in this first year of his practice, he was employed in sixty-eight cases before the General Court of the Province, besides county and office business.

James Parton.

THE CASTLEWORTH TRAGEDY.

IN a small town in the State of Virginia, on the night of the 8th of August, 18—, a terrible tragedy was enacted. A slave named Reuben was tied up by a rope to a beam in a barn, and whipped until he died, by his master and his master's son. If this statement requires confirmation it can be found in an extract from a Southern paper, published in the Appendix to Mrs. Stowe's "Dred." The reason there assigned for this act is that the man had stolen money from the cash-drawer of the tavern kept by the younger of his murderers.

To prove the falsity of this charge, for the sake of one to whom that dead man's honor and memory are dear, to say nothing of the demands of justice and truth, this narrative is written.

Few who recall the terrible story will have forgotten the cry of indignant denunciation against the crime which rose throughout the whole South, nor the sickening way in which, in spite of evidence at the trial of the murderers,

honor and truth were bought and sold, and the jury rendered a verdict of "Not guilty." To the credit of Virginia, let it be said that this act of the above-named official body is still held in unutterable scorn. So much as introduction to my story.

Some years ago I was spending a few of the autumn weeks in a small town in the interior of Virginia, with the widow of an old friend of my father's. Her husband, Dr. Gray, a former physician of the village, had been throughout his life that rarest of anomalies, a Southern Abolitionist; and as his wife had adoringly and believingly listened to and echoed all his opinions from the day of their marriage, it is scarcely necessary to add that her views upon the question of slavery did not differ materially from her husband's.

She was a kind-hearted, hospitable, not very clever woman, fond of her friends, free with her money, and the greatest talker I ever knew. To this

last quality am I indebted for the story which I am going to tell you, and which I hope may interest you no less than it did me.

I had been there about a week, when one morning, as we sat on the veranda with our knitting, I was startled by hearing, instead of the familiar voice of Fannie,—the little maid who had been in the habit of waiting upon us,—an entirely strange one, which informed Mrs. Gray that lunch was ready. The announcement was simple enough in itself, but the voice was so rare, so unusually clear and liquid and musical, that I turned to see what its owner was like. Standing in the doorway just behind me was the most remarkable-looking woman I had ever seen; and as she is to be the principal character in this story, I claim the privilege of describing her.

It is so easy to draw a charming fancy sketch, and so hard to present a correct pen-and-ink portrait, that, were the subject any less wonderful than she really was, I should find it difficult to refrain from exaggeration. But, indeed, words are much more likely to fall short of the truth than to overrate her. Her form was perfectly regal in its magnificent outline and development. Upon a neck that rose like a grand column from her bust and shoulders sat her exquisitely shaped head with a grace I have never seen equalled. In her features there was not the faintest characteristic of her race. Her face was as faultlessly classic as her head; and when I looked at her, and saw a complexion scarcely a shade darker than my own, I found it almost impossible to believe that the few words I had heard—words proving unmistakably her servitude—could have been uttered by her lips.

Mrs. Gray's voice dispelled the feeling of wonder that had crept over me, by saying in a loud, jolly tone, "Why, is that you, Harriet? How d'y? I thought you were in bed. Miss Mary, this is my Harriet."

I rose to my feet at the introduction; I think I should as soon have thought

of sitting on being presented to an empress. With a stately courtesy she acknowledged my greeting, raising her great dark velvety eyes for a moment to my face. Then, with a slight bend of the head, which astonished me equally by its grace and the utter indifference which it expressed, she swept through the doorway out of sight.

"In the name of all that is wonderful, Mrs. Gray, who is that awfully tragic beauty?" I exclaimed, when I had recovered from my amazement sufficiently to say anything.

"Why, I just told you," she said, laughing; "that's my Harriet."

"But you don't mean to say that she's—that she's not white," I gasped.

"Yes, my dear, I mean just that," was the quiet answer; "and more than that, for years she was a slave. She has been free for a long time, but she was a slave for years."

"Do tell me something about her, won't you?" I urged. "I feel sure that woman has a story; has n't she?"

"A story! I should think she had! My dear, if you were to put in a book that woman's life," said my hostess, "there is n't a publisher in the land would buy it. He would simply say that your imagination had run away with your common sense, and that such exaggeration was ridiculous."

I knew I should hear the whole story now, so when she stopped talking for a moment I remained silent. In a few moments she broke out with this: "Mary, do you remember the Castleworth tragedy?"

"Remember it! O Mrs. Gray, how could any one ever forget it?" was my earnest, if very youthful, rejoinder.

"Well, my dear," she went on, "the man who was murdered was that woman's son. Now don't get excited, but come in and have your lunch, and then, if you like, I shall be glad to tell you all about her."

We were soon back in our places on the piazza, and what follows is the story she told me, which I shall give in her own words, without interruption.

"You see, honey," Mrs. Gray began, "you've got to bear in mind that Harriet's queer, that is, she's different from other people; anybody can see that at a glance, and she's always been so. As far as being a first-rate, likely servant goes, there is n't her equal in the State. She's too proud to be anything else; but she's been queer all her days, and she'll die as queer as she's lived.

"She and I were children together, and she was brought up more like my sister than my servant. Her mother died when she was born; and my father, who was all beat out by her death, said the baby should be brought into the house and treated different from the rest of the servants. My mother did n't like it much at first, but my father had his way; so Harriet and I, being near of an age, were brought up almost alike until we were about twelve years old; then, somehow, she got to be looked upon as my maid. As far as being my maid went, I was hers just about as much as she was mine. We were mighty fond of each other," she went on in her eminently Southern-English, "always playing together, taking each other's part if either got into a scrape, learning the same lessons, — only she was about twice as smart as I was, and that's a fact, — and being, as I said, more like sisters than anything else. It seems funny, too, for we were n't a bit alike in disposition. I was pretty even-tempered always, and she was just as spicy as pepper until the first trouble came upon her. That I am going to tell you about. Indeed, it was only by the hardest that I was able many a time to keep her from being punished, she was so obstreperous. I was an only child, however, and my father was a good, easy-natured man, and when I said she should n't be whipped, he never let her, you may be sure. People did say that she looked something like me, though you would n't believe it now, and that that was the reason he was always so good to her. At any rate she never came under the lash but

once, and that pretty nearly killed her, and me too for the matter of that.

"I was eighteen that summer, and had just come home from Charlottesville Academy, where I'd been finishing for a year; and my father being considered a rich man, and I being young and pretty blooming, why, I had plenty of beaux, as you may imagine. Almost the first person I saw when I got back was Harriet, and I declare to you, she had altered so in one year that I did n't know her. She knew that I was coming, and had gone down to the great gate about half a mile from the house to meet the carriage; and as she stood on one side to let us pass, I do think she was the prettiest thing I ever saw in my life. She was so handsome as she stood there in her pink muslin dress, with her straw hat in her hand, and her splendid hair blowing in short loose curls about her face and neck, that I felt real jealous for a minute, thinking that I was n't going to be the belle of the neighborhood, after all, if this great beauty was about. Just then she swept me one of her grand courtesies, exactly as she did to you a little while ago, and by that I knew her. I called to Ben, the driver, to stop, and in a minute more I was beside her under the trees, with my hand stretched out to say 'How d'y,' when what does she do but fling herself down on the grass beside me, and take to sobbing and crying as though she was crazy with grief.

"I tried to comfort her the best way I could; but she was in such a storm of excitement, that I saw the only thing for me to do was to let her have her cry out, and after that find out, if I could, what troubled her, for I knew something very unusual had happened. I ordered Ben to drive on and say that I would walk with Hattie from the gate. After a little she seemed to feel better, so I knelt down beside her and begged her to tell me what ailed her, and what I could do for her; but it was n't of the least use, — she would n't tell me a thing. She just put her two arms right round me and held me close,

saying she only cried because she was so glad to see me, — but I knew better than that, and I told her so, — and that she loved me and begged me to love her always; and that was all I could get out of her. At last, when she felt better, we walked on towards the house.

“My father had gone to the country-seat that day, and had n’t got home yet; and, not finding my mother in the parlor, I flew up to her room, while Hattie followed me almost as fast to the head of the stairs. There she left me with a frightened look on her face that I barely noticed then, but remembered well afterwards. I had just got through hugging and kissing my mother, who had n’t expected me so soon, and who was dressing herself, when there was a great racket in the hall below; running down stairs I found my father with six or eight ladies and gentlemen that he had brought home to give me a welcome, he said. When I had been petted and made much of to my heart’s content by the whole of them, we all went to tea. When it was over and we were going away from the table, my father called out for Hattie. He was never so well satisfied as when we were together. ‘Where’s Hattie, Puss?’ he said. ‘Have n’t you seen her yet? She ought to be here.’ And then he called her two or three times, but no Hattie came. I told him that I had seen her, and that she was waiting up stairs to help dress me; for I would n’t tell them that she did n’t want them to see her red eyes, which I thought was the truth.

“‘Waiting to dress you, is she?’ my father said. ‘Well, then, be off and do it; and look your prettiest, and see which of these chaps’ hearts you can catch. And mind, when you come back, you’re to give us some tunes, for I have n’t heard that old piano rattle since you went away.’ My father was real old-fashioned and queer, and did n’t care a bit how he talked.

“Well, after telling the servants where to put the company, I ran up to my room, and there, sure enough, I found Hattie waiting for me, with the

same queer look on her face that I noticed at the head of the stairs, only her eyes were bigger and brighter than they were then. But I was so glad to be at home again, and so excited by the praises I’d received, that I did n’t pay much attention to anything but the new blue silk dress and sash that Hattie had laid on the bed for me. I felt sorry, too, to see her so worried; but I thought that the best way to make her forget her trouble, whatever it might be, was to take no further notice of it. So I rattled away, all the time I was getting dressed, about school and the neighbors and the servants at home, and about how pretty she had grown, and how jealous I was of her, and I don’t know how much more nonsense; but I could n’t get a smile or a word out of her scarcely. After a while I happened to tell her that there were some of the country beaux down stairs, and that when I went down I was going to play for them, and that I meant to have some dancing.

“‘Who are the gentlemen, Miss Pussie?’ — that was my nickname, — she asked quietly.

“‘O, Mr. Jack Maguire, Charlie Isler, Major Snow, and Colonel Fred Castleworth,’ I said.

“She was fastening some lilies in my hair, — I remember it as well as if it had happened yesterday, and it’s more than twenty years ago now, — and while I was answering her, she went on pinning them in with the same don’t-care way she had shown from the time I went up stairs to dress, till I mentioned Colonel Castleworth’s name; then she gave a start, and dropped one of the lilies in my lap. This made me look up, and I declare I never believed before that any face could change so. From looking as pale as a ghost a minute before, her cheeks were as pink as a rose, and she looked as pretty and happy as anything you ever saw in less than two minutes.

“‘Why, Hattie,’ I said, ‘what’s happened? You were as blue as indi-

go a little while ago, and now you're as bright as a button. What are you laughing at ?

"She did n't want to tell me at first; but after I teased her awhile, she said she was thinking of something that had happened over at Colonel Castleworth's about a month before, when she was there. You see, Miss Mary, he kept bachelor's hall, a couple of miles from my father's, and it seems that about two months before I came from school some cousins of his came up from the South to make him a visit, and, one of the young ladies wanting a maid, mother had let Hattie go over for a few weeks.

"After a little coaxing, she told me that one night, awhile before the visitors left, there was a little party of young folks there, and they were all eager for a dance, but there was no one who could play dancing music. They were just about giving up the idea when she, Hattie, who was in the room behind her mistress's chair, told Colonel Castleworth that there was one of the women on the place who could play if he would like her to come in. This started a great laugh, 'Because they thought I did n't know that drumming and playing were two things,' said Hattie; 'but they thought it would make some fun; so they told me to go and get her, and I did. In a few minutes she slipped in with a sun-bonnet drawn over her face and an old shawl wrapped around her, and, taking her seat at the piano, struck a chord, ran her hands like lightning down the key-board, and, without waiting an instant, gave the call for the Virginia reel. I wish you could have seen them, Miss Puss; the way they danced and the way she played; you'd have thought they were all gone crazy. For a half an hour they kept it up, each trying to see which could outdo the other. But the dancers had to give up first; for while they were finding their way to the windows and seats panting for breath, she just went on playing as if she had only that minute begun. All this time she kept her head down, so no

one could see her face; but the Colonel was n't going to have that, and when she had finished playing a pretty little piece that the hands on the place often sang, he walked up to the piano, and, pushing her bonnet back, said, 'Who the dickens are you?' I just wish, Miss Pussie, you could have seen his face when he saw it was I.'

"'You, Hattie!' I screamed, jumping up from my chair. 'Why, do you know how to play? Where upon earth did you learn?'

"'Yes, indeed, Miss Puss, I do know very well, and nobody taught me,' she said. 'It just comes as natural as talking. I never knew I could, till one day I was dusting the parlor when the folks were all away, and I thought I would try; and when I found I could, I was almost as much stunned as they were at the Colonel's that night.'

"'Stunned,' I said, 'I never was so astonished in my life. Why, Hattie, you are a real genius, and I am delighted with you. Have you played for anybody since?'

"She said, yes, that she had played for the Colonel and the rest of them every day while she stayed. The Colonel taught her everything he knew by just whistling the tunes to her, and she would follow him note by note on the piano until she knew them perfectly.

"'Have you ever played for my father?' I asked. 'No,' she said she had n't, because she thought he might n't like her to open the piano that I had closed before I went away to school. 'Nonsense,' I said, 'he would have been as delighted to have heard you as I shall be, and I mean to hear you this very night; so get yourself dressed as quick as you can, and come down with me into the parlor. Here, quick! put on this white frock and sash; I know that is your best one that you have on,' I said, flinging her a white muslin one of my own; 'and let me fasten it for you.' After I had tied on her sash I turned her round to see that she was all right, and I declare to you, Miss Mary, she was just like a lovely picture. 'Now come along,' I said, 'and

let me have the pleasure of showing you off.' And with that I gave her my shawl and fan to carry, and hurried her along toward the parlor. As we were going down the stairs she leaned over the banister and listened to hear what Snell, the overseer, was talking about at the end of the hall. She could n't tell, I was sure, for he went out at the back door at that minute; but the scared look came into her face again, and she shuddered as if a chill were passing over her. I was a little cross with her for stopping, and called out to her pretty sharply to come on and not stand there looking as though somebody was going to kill her.

"I wish somebody would, or that I had the courage to do it myself," she said; and then she gave a queer little laugh not a bit like herself. I had found her so odd ever since I came home, that I did n't mind this much, but just took her hand, and, giving her a little pull, brought her down the steps beside me. 'Now then,' I said, giving her a little slap on the neck, 'don't be grumpy, but come into the parlor like a dear, and look as pretty as you can, and don't bother.' With that she brightened up, and said she would be very good, and so we went into the parlor together. I sha' n't tell you of all the attention I received that night, because you don't know how I looked when I was young; but Harriet has kept her promise better than I have, and it seems easier to believe of her, so I will only tell of her conquests.

"You know, Miss Mary, with us if one of our young girls is pretty and sprightly, and is a great favorite with the family, there is no end to the petting she'll get from everybody who comes to the house; and, indeed, in most cases, it is n't best; for it often makes them saucy and independent. But it was n't so with Hattie; it seemed to make her sweeter and more lovable than ever; and that night, I assure you, she got her share of flattery and attention. The gentlemen were delighted with her; and when I got her to playing, which I did when most of them had

their backs toward the piano, I thought they would go crazy over her; all except young Castleworth, and he never said a word about it, except that he had heard her before. I rather wondered at that, for Hattie had spoken as though he had been very kind to her, and it did n't seem so not to take any notice of her, when the rest were so pleased. Just then she struck up 'Money Musk,' and the gentlemen choosing their partners, we all took our places, but Colonel Castleworth, who said he would look at a book of my drawings while the rest danced, as there were more gentlemen than ladies in the room.

"I had just passed with my partner down the middle and stood waiting at the end for the others to right and left through, when my attention was fastened on Hattie and the Colonel by what I saw as I glanced towards him in the pause of the dance. He was sitting at a little distance from the piano, with the book of drawings open on his lap; but his eyes were fixed on Hattie's face with a look I had never seen in anybody's in my life, while she kept hers turned steadily to the key-board. I was standing where I could see them both without turning my head; and, feeling sure that something was going on between them, I watched them, more to have something to tease her about than anything else. Well, he never moved his eyes from her face for a second, but I saw the hand that rested on the book clench tighter and tighter, and his look grew darker and darker; but Hattie never looked up once, but kept on playing in the most wonderful way. I knew that she felt that he was looking at her, for her color came and went with every breath, and her chest was rising and falling in a way that showed she was dreadfully excited about something. I did n't understand the look in his face at all, but I began to feel a little frightened, when just then he gave a start which forced her to look at him.

"If I did n't understand the meaning in his face, there was no mistaking hers. Young as I was, I knew that she

loved him, and that her look was telling him so as plain as words could have done. In an instant more he was beside her, and leaning down said in a fierce whisper that I believe no one heard but myself, for no one seemed to notice, 'You love me! you know you do! Answer me now, here, this very moment! Say yes! I will be answered! Do you hear me? I will be answered!'

" 'Yes, yes, I will answer,' she said, quickly; 'I do love you, dearly, dearly; but go away now and be quiet, or somebody will hear you, and I will talk to you again by and by.'

"The dark look faded out of his face in a moment, and in its place came one so gentle and loving that I hardly knew him; for he was n't looked upon as a very amiable man in the neighborhood. But I thought then and I know now that love works wonders. I had had too little experience to think seriously on any subject; and I was so unused to thinking of Hattie as a slave or as anything but a friend, that it only seemed nice and romantic to have a love-affair going on in the house. That marriage was impossible, and that misery to her, at least, must come sooner or later, never occurred to me.

"Poor little thing! I shall never forget how lovely she was that night, and, indeed, I have good reason, for she has never looked like it from that night to this. She was perfectly beautiful as she sat there, her satiny cheeks flushed crimson, and her great soft black eyes as bright as happiness could make them, while her hair rippled back over her ears in loose waves, and fell in a cluster of curls at the back of her pretty little head. I could n't give you much more of an idea of her looks, if I were to talk all day; but you see how handsome she is now, and you can judge what she must have been more than twenty years ago.

"The Colonel had just walked away from the piano; we had finished the dance and taken our seats; Hattie was playing something soft and low; and we were just saying how pretty she

was and how bright, when we were all astounded by seeing Snell, the overseer, come in at the door just behind Hattie, with his hat and his boots covered with mud. He stood looking at her for an instant, with the wickedest face I ever saw, and then, before we could dream of what he was going to do, or she had seen who was behind her, there was a flash of something in the air, and a horsewhip had fallen across the poor little neck and shoulders, each cut followed by a shriek that I shall remember while I live.

"After that I can't tell what followed, clearly. Everything was confusion and noise. There was a heavy fall, a pistol was fired, a great glass was shattered to atoms by the ball; screams and tears from the ladies, and curses from the men, with cries of, 'Don't let him escape! Tar and feather him! Kill him! Shoot him down like a dog, as he deserves!' together with trampling of feet and shouts for horses and servants outside. After that the house was quiet, and as well as we could, between our sobs, we tried to find out some clew to the meaning of the horrid scene.

"But no one could tell anything about it. Poor Hattie had been lifted from where she had fallen by Colonel Castleworth the moment after he had fired the pistol, and now lay on the sofa as white as death and entirely unconscious, while he knelt beside her, sobbing as though his heart would break. We were all so wretched that I suppose the rest thought it perfectly natural for him to show his feelings as he did; I thought it natural, too, but for a very different reason. My mother and the rest of the ladies did everything they could to restore her, and after a while she revived so that she knew us, but for a long time she seemed dazed, and could not talk coherently. She took my kisses very quietly, and told me not to cry, wiping my tears off with her handkerchief. After a little she sat up, and, seeing Colonel Castleworth in another part of the room, she put me gently aside, then rose to her feet,

and, going over to him, she put her arms round his neck, and laying her head on his shoulder, said in the most broken-hearted voice I ever heard, 'O, take me away from here, take me away! There is nobody who will save me from what I have borne to-night and worse, all through my life, but you, because there is nobody else who loves me so!'

"He had put his arms round her gently when she first went to him, but when she said that he clasped them tightly about her and said quickly but tenderly, 'You want me to take you away from here, home with me? Think, Hattie, what you are saying; be sure before you speak, and then, if you want to go, you shall!'

"'I have thought,' she said; 'I do want to go; I do mean what I say. What is there for me that is not worse?' she cried out passionately, 'what but to be bought and sold from master to master, as they desire or grow tired of me, or to find freedom and rest for myself, as I have been tempted to do to-day, at the bottom of the river?'

"'O Hattie! my father will free you,' I said, going to her and taking her hand. 'I will ask him this very night, and I know he will if I tell him he must.'

"'Your father can't free me,' she said, 'or he would have done it yesterday when Snell set his own price upon me. You wanted me to tell you what ailed me to-day; I did n't want to then, for it would only have troubled you, and would have done no good; now it can make no difference. He gave me until sundown to-day to consent to a proposition he made me,—a proposition that needs no name from me, a slave; and when I struck his hand back with which he attempted to take hold of me, he grew frantic with rage, and said if I did n't change my mind, and tell him so between that and night, he would whip me before you all. He only laughed at me when I threatened to tell your father, and said he could n't protect me, and he told the truth. I don't know how it is, but

your father is in his power; and if Colonel Castleworth does n't buy me to-night, I shall as surely be sold to Snell to-morrow as that I am now here. When I knew how I was in his power I was frightened; and that is why I behaved so strangely; but I did n't believe he would dare to whip me so,' she said, breaking into the wildest weeping.

"Not one of us could say a single word to comfort her; for we all had a dreadful feeling that it was true, though none of us knew why. As Hattie told her story, it seemed as if young Castleworth would go wild with rage; but when she broke down so at the last, he could n't bear it another minute. He had unclasped his arms from round her and walked away while she talked; but as she finished he snatched her to him, and, kissing her frantically, swore with a great oath that he would save her from that wretch let come what would, and with that he rushed from the room. We found afterwards that he had gone in search of my father, who went out with the rest, when Snell made his escape.

"After the Colonel had gone we did what we could to comfort Hattie, but we all felt that at the best some great trouble was coming upon her. We could do nothing but wait until some of them came back. All the ladies went off into one corner, leaving me and Hattie by ourselves, and were talking in low shocked tones, not only of the dreadful outrage by Snell, but of what to them was even worse, the open show of love Fred Castleworth had made. In about an hour he came back, looking more grave and quiet now, and followed by my father, who came in with an anxious, careworn face, carrying a folded paper in his hand. 'My dear,' he said, 'here is something I want you to sign, and I think when you hear my reasons and bear in mind what has happened to-night you will be very willing.' My mother took the paper and glanced over it; then, taking the pen the Colonel held ready for her, walked over to the table and signed it

without a word. Then we knew that Hattie was sold. As soon as my mother had signed the paper my father told us that all Hattie had said was true, in regard to Snell and himself.

"It seems that, becoming involved, he had borrowed money of the overseer, giving a mortgage on all the slaves but Hattie. Failing to pay the interest, Snell had threatened to foreclose, unless my father would consent to sell her to him. Horrified at the bare idea, he refused, and they had parted, with high words, Snell swearing that he would have her in less than twenty-four hours, and my father knowing that he would be obliged at last to yield.

"Failing in his purpose with my father, Snell found Hattie and made her the brutal proposal of which she had told us, threatening her with the punishment he had so horribly inflicted, if she refused. I may as well tell you here, that Colonel Castleworth proved a good friend to my father; for the night he bought Hattie he found out the whole matter, and after lecturing him well for not coming to his friends, in the first place, he lent him money to pay off the mortgage, so that he was out of Snell's power, and in a few days the wretch left the place, and we never saw him again. My husband told me long afterwards that he came near swinging for that night's work. They caught him about a mile from the house, and it was only because Dick Maguire was a little cooler headed than the rest that he got off. They gave him a tremendous thrashing as it was, and then, making him promise to leave the country in three days, they let him go.

"When my father had finished the story of his troubles and had gone to talk to my mother alone, Colonel Castleworth came over to Hattie, and, leaning down, said, 'It is all settled as you wished; you belong to me now.' 'Do I? I am very glad,' she said; that was all. 'I shall send the carriage for you in the morning; will you come?' 'Yes, I will come,' she said. Then he bade us good night and went away. After

he had gone my mother came over to Hattie, and told her that if she felt well enough she would better go to her own room; but I said I wanted her to stay with me that night, and my father, as usual, said I should have my way. My mother shrank from it now that she knew what her future was to be; but I had just got home, and my first evening was so sad, that she did n't say very much against it, so I carried my point. Hattie talked a great deal that night about what had happened, and of her going away, and of how much she loved me, but all in a very sad way, just as she might have talked if in high health she had been struck by a mortal disease and knew that nothing could save her from death. She said very little about her future, but without words from her I felt that when we parted in the morning we should never again hold the same relation to each other that we had held until then.

"There was one thing I found out that night that surprised me, — how intelligent Hattie was, and how much she knew. We had a very good library in the house, as libraries went in those days; and I assure you, Miss Mary, she had read nearly everything in it, and understood it too. She told me how glad she was that my father had let her learn to read and write; that the comfort she had gained from books during the past two years was all that had kept her from destroying herself. She said that when she first knew that she was a slave and understood what slavery meant, it seemed as though she would go mad, but that we were all so kind to her, and she knew how fond I was of her, that she never lost hope that some day she might be free, and that hope, together with her books, had saved her. After a while I asked her how she felt about going to Colonel Castleworth's. She said, 'I am very glad of that, it will be much better for me; I love him and he loves me, and he will free me I am sure. If I were as white as I look,' she said, sadly, 'he would marry me; but as he can't do that, he will free me I know.' I don't remember all the

conversation, and it would take too long to tell it if I did, but it lasted till nearly morning; then we kissed each other and went to sleep, and when I woke Hattie was gone.

"It seemed very sad for a long time after she went, and my father never was the same again. About six months afterwards Dr. Gray asked me to be his wife; and in less than a year from that time my poor dear father and mother were both dead, and I was married and settled here, with my husband, in this very house.

"Well, my dear, some few months after my marriage Dr. Gray was kept out all night, and when he came home in the morning he told me that Hattie had given birth to a son. I felt dreadfully for her, and wanted to go and see her; but he said it would n't do for her at all, and so I did n't go. One thing he told me that delighted me; just before her baby was born Colonel Castleworth had freed her. Her position at the Colonel's was gossiped about a good deal in the neighborhood, and all sorts of stories were started, — a good many of them without foundation; but one of them came to be pretty generally believed, whether it was true or not. By some means it came to be reported that young Castleworth wanted Hattie to marry him, and that she had refused, because she knew that it would injure him. At any rate, some of the gentlemen took the trouble to wait on and expostulate with him about it; but they got mighty little for their pains, for as soon as the Colonel found out their errand, he grew so lofty, and let them know so plainly that they had nothing to do with his domestic matters, that they left without being much the wiser. My husband got himself into trouble by saying, when the neighbors talked to him about it, that he hoped, for the credit of the Colonel, that it was true. But then he was an Abolitionist, and had never owned a slave in his life.

"They soon got tired of gossiping, and concluded by saying that the story originated with his brother Jim, who

hated him because the Colonel had inherited more property from their father than he had. At any rate, the story died away, and the next thing of interest, nearly a year afterwards, was the birth of this child and Hattie's freedom. This was late in the fall, and, my husband's health being poor, he engaged another doctor to take his place, and we went for the winter to New Orleans. One of the first things I did when I came back was to go over and see Hattie. My husband had objected, while there was so much gossip, to my going, so I had n't seen her at all since her child was born, and only occasionally, and always by chance, from the time she left my father's house. Now I was seized with a real longing to see her; and as the Colonel was away, and I was in no danger of meeting anybody there, my husband consented to my going, and drove me over one morning, when he went out on his round of visits to his patients. I found Hattie in a large, pleasant room, on the second floor, which had been converted into a nursery, playing with her baby, who was as fair as a snowdrop. Hattie was so delighted to see me that she cried, and I reckon I cried a little too; I know I felt wretchedly. She looked almost as pretty as ever, only paler and thinner, a little, I thought. She talked a good deal about the Colonel, telling me how kind and good he always was to her, and how much he had done for her. But the sadness that I had noticed the night she was sold had never left her; its marks were in her face, and her voice was full of it. One trouble she said she had, and that was all. Colonel Castleworth's brother Jim, who was married and lived about a mile away, and between whom and young Colonel Fred a bitter quarrel existed, annoyed her greatly. He knew better than do it when his brother was at home, but in his absence she was constantly receiving insulting messages, which the servants were only too glad of an excuse to bring. She said it troubled her greatly before she was

freed, but that she did n't care afterwards, because if anything dreadful happened now,—meaning the Colonel's death,—that nobody could interfere with her or the baby. She said she had her freedom papers locked up where nobody could find them but herself, and besides that, they were both free by the Colonel's will. We had a little more talk about my father and mother and our old home; and then my husband called, and, after bidding her and the baby good by, I went away, feeling, I could n't tell just why, sadder than I had since my first night home from school. Another year went by, and then news came that Hattie had a little daughter; and in three months from that time the *real* tragedy of her life began. Colonel Castleworth led the hounds at a fox-chase one day, and in leaping a ditch he was thrown from his horse and instantly killed. My husband and I were away at the time, and when we returned, a month afterwards, his will, in which he had freed all his slaves, had been set aside by the court to which the heirs had appealed, for no reason, that we could ever learn, except that it was a 'bad precedent.' Jim Castleworth had possession of the place; Hattie and her children were slaves, as much as though they had never been freed, and she lay dying, as everybody supposed, of brain-fever. Dr. Gray went over as soon as we got home, and found her lying in the heat and dust of the negro quarter, tended by an old black woman, while her poor little children were crying on the floor beside her. I never saw my husband in a rage but that once, Miss Mary, and then he frightened me half out of my wits. He had gone straight to Jim Castleworth, as soon as he found her in that condition, and tried to shame him into treating her better; but it was n't of the slightest use; he only cursed and swore and raved like a madman, and said he would teach her and her brats to know their place, or he would take it out of their hides.

"My husband told him that the most

he would have to do for her would be to get her a coffin. That seemed to bring him to reason a little. 'You don't mean to say that she is going to die?' he asked. 'I most certainly do mean to say so,' my husband said, 'or I am greatly mistaken; but I'll tell you one thing: whether she lives or dies, she will never be worth three hundred dollars to you or anybody else as long as she lives; for if she recovers from this attack, she will have lost her reason; one or the other must go,—that or her life.' Then Castleworth cursed again, saying that that was a cool two thousand dollars out of his pocket, and that the fiends were in it, or he would be well out of it. My husband then made him an offer; he told him that Hattie had belonged to my father's family, as he knew; that I had an affection for her, and if he would name his price, he would buy her and her children. No, Castleworth swore he would n't. He might take the woman, as she lay, if he would pay five hundred dollars for her and take her away; but the children he would keep. 'I'll pay her for her impudence, the hussy, through her children,' he said. 'I'll make her smart; just wait till this girl grows up; I only hope her mother may live to see it.' And my husband said he looked like a demon while he talked. But the thing to be thought of then was Harriet; so, for fear he might change his mind if he left him, my husband went into the house and signed papers binding the bargain; and in two hours Hattie was landed safe and sound here in my best bedroom. I won't trouble you, Miss Mary, with the particulars of her getting well, which she did in body and mind in spite of my husband's prediction, nor of what she suffered in hearing that her children were with that wicked man. My husband gave her her freedom as soon as she was well enough to understand it, and we wanted her to go North; but she said she never would, unless her children could go with her. So here she has stayed, my dear, suffering, year after year, more

than tongue can tell; and, indeed, we have all been wretched enough. Jim Castleworth has more than kept his promise; the cruelties that he has inflicted upon those children could never be told, — things so dreadful that I don't even want to think of them. And, indeed, he was very little better to his own family; his wife and daughters were mortally afraid of him, and the only thing upon earth that ever had any influence over him was his son Joe; and, if possible, he was worse than his father. Everybody abhorred them; and if it had not been for the sake of his family, he'd have been dealt with by the law long ago for his villainies. I don't believe there is a decent man or woman in the county that wouldn't have been glad to have seen him hanged for the murder of Reuben. But you see he was rich, and his money bought just the jury and verdict that were wanted.

"But I am getting ahead of my story. Clara, Harriet's daughter, grew to be an almost perfect beauty; Reuben, her son, was a fine-looking fellow, but not handsome; he was more like his father; but Clara was like her mother, — superbly beautiful. Knowing to a certainty what, in her position, her fate must be, nothing distressed Harriet so much as this constantly increasing attractiveness, and she lost no opportunity to warn her daughter against all approaches of a familiar nature from the young men of the neighborhood, and especially those of young Joe Castleworth, the person most to be feared. Strangely enough, there was nothing occurred to excite apprehension, until the summer Clara was seventeen, when one evening, just after dark, Reuben, who attended the bar of the tavern kept by Joe Castleworth, came over to see his mother, and, in a great state of excitement, told her that his sister had been brought down that day to act as chambermaid in the hotel, and that, in consequence of a conversation that she had had with her master's son, she was crying bitterly, and was threatening to drown herself. There was no

need of words upon the subject; we knew what it all meant, and were as wretched as helpless, hopeless trouble could make us. After a while I was surprised to see Harriet suddenly brighten up wonderfully; and, telling me that she would be back in a few minutes, started away with Reuben, saying that she would walk a short distance with him.

"The following morning the whole neighborhood was horrified to hear that Clara had disappeared, and that a portion of her clothes had been found on the bank of the river, close to a whirlpool where, only a year before, a negro of Castleworth's had drowned himself, to keep from being branded. I was appalled, at first, by the conviction that Harriet had been instrumental in bringing about her daughter's death; but my mind was soon disabused of that idea. There was a great hue and cry made about her death, and the Castleworths came to be more hated than ever. Joe met Harriet one day, after drinking more than was good for him, and accused her of being the cause of her daughter's death. She said some things back which were not pleasant to hear, and in his rage he threatened to pay her for it through Reuben. Well, my dear, a few days after this, your father stopped on his way North, and when he went away there was a young lady went with him. I suppose I need scarcely tell you that it was Harriet's daughter. The clothes on the border of the river were merely placed there by her mother to mislead, as they did, her persecutors; and when she brought her to me and asked me to help her, I did it with all my heart. She was simply concealed in my room for a short time; and as I happened to be a cripple and could not leave my chamber, and as Harriet was the only person who ever waited upon me or served my meals, it was easily managed. I don't know how we would have disposed of her, if it had not been for your father; but, fortunately, he came; and, after hearing her story, nobly took charge of her and got her away. It was less

difficult than you would suppose. They left at night ; no one suspected that she was not at the bottom of the whirlpool ; and there was nothing to suggest her existence in the well-dressed, closely veiled lady who went with your father when he left.

"Now, my dear, I wish that ended the story ; but, unfortunately, it don't, quite.

"Harriet's anxiety for Reuben, after Castleworth's threat, or that she hoped to induce him to make an effort for his own escape, now that Clara's had proved successful, or some similar thing, led her to go over to see him one evening, just before nightfall. He was not in the bar-room, as usual, and one of the servants, she thinks, told her that he was in the barn, throwing down hay into the stables for the cattle. Her memory has always been so uncertain since that night, that she has never been able to remember perfectly ordinary details. At all events, she found him there ; and, believing themselves to be entirely alone, they talked freely of Clara and her escape, but, fortunately for me, mentioned neither the time nor the means. Harriet says they had just finished speaking of that, and she was urging Reuben to get away himself, when they were both terrified to find old Castleworth and Joe leering at them from behind a corner of the hay-mow, having evidently heard every word that they had said. At the first movement she made the two Castleworths, raving and cursing like fiends, sprang upon them. Reuben made a tremendous fight, and would have won, being much stronger than Joe, who had attacked him ; but just then a powerful negro, who by his treachery had won the favor of his masters, went to Joe's aid, and poor Reuben was overpowered, and bound hand and foot with ropes.

Old Castleworth held Harriet down until Joe was ready to help him, and then they bound her hands behind her back, and tied her to one of the props in the barn, where she was forced to see all that followed. God knows how she lived through it all ; but she did live to witness what you would not wish to hear, nor I to tell. I cannot go over the sickening story, — you have heard it all, — how, in spite of shrieks of agony and prayers for mercy, they drew him up by ropes over a beam, until his toes barely touched the floor, and then, stripping him to the waist, they whipped him until he died, father and son relieving each other as one or the other grew too weary to wield the lash effectually.

"When the devils had finished their work, being frightened, or too weary to attack Harriet, they set her free, or she would have probably met the same fate. She found herself at home some time in the night ; how she got here she does n't remember ; and I have never, since I first heard the story, let her talk about it ; it is not best for either of us.

"I can tell you no more, my dear ; this is enough to make us both ill. Only this ; at the time of the trial, that woman's testimony was refused because she was a negro ! The few papers which felt called upon at the time to defend the 'rights of slaveholding citizens' trumped up the falsehood of a week's petty pilfering as the cause of the murder ; I say that it was the result of thirty years of headlong, reckless passion. At any rate, you have Harriet's story and the truth of the Castleworth tragedy."

So have you, reader. Clara is living in Canada, and is well married. Harriet died a year ago in an insane asylum.

Alice Dutton.

A NORSE STEV.

WHERE under the pine-clothed mountain-side
The maidenly fjord lies dreaming, —
Where the sunlight plays with the moody tide,
From the distant glaciers beaming, —

Where the midnight sun pours its flaming gold
O'er the Yokul's airy steeple,
There lingers an echo from Saga old
In the hearts of the Northern people.

At the wedding-feast when the home-brewed ale
Has made its round of the table,
And the healthful mirth of a merry tale
Shakes the house from cellar to gable,

Then waketh again, what hath slumbered so long,
That fire of the ancient Saga,
And the Norseman's heart flows over in song,
As of old the goblet of Braga.

Full oft then a youth leaps forth from the crowd
'Mid the dance and the music and laughter —
Leaps forth with a shout so free and loud
That it rings from rafter to rafter, —

And calleth a maiden out of the throng,
And round them the revellers and dancers
Are hushed, while his heart pours out its song
And the heart of the maiden answers.

THE STAVE.

HE. There standeth a birch in the lightsome lea —
SHE. In the lightsome lea ;
HE. So fair she stands in the sunlight free —
SHE. In the sunlight free ;
BOTH. So fair she stands in the sunlight free.

SHE. High up on the mountain there standeth a pine —
HE. There standeth a pine ;
SHE. So stanchly grown and so tall and fine —
HE. So tall and fine ;
BOTH. So stanchly grown and so tall and fine.

HE. A maiden I know as fair as the day —
SHE. As fair as the day ;
HE. She shines like the birch in the sunlight's play —
SHE. In the sunlight's play ;
BOTH. She shines like the birch in the sunlight's play.

SHE. I know a lad, in the spring's glad light—

HE. In the spring's glad light—

SHE. Far-seen as the pine on the mountain-height—

HE. On the mountain-height;

BOTH. Far-seen as the pine on the mountain-height.

HE. So bright and blue are the starry skies—

SHE. The starry skies;

HE. But brighter and bluer that maiden's eyes—

SHE. That maiden's eyes;

BOTH. But brighter and bluer that maiden's eyes.

SHE. And his have a depth like the fjord I know—

HE. The fjord I know;

SHE. Wherein all the heavens their beauty show—

HE. Their beauty show;

BOTH. Wherein all the heavens their beauty show.

HE. The birds each morn seek the forest-glade—

SHE. The forest-glade;

HE. So flock my thoughts to that lily maid—

SHE. That lily maid;

BOTH. So flock my thoughts to that lily maid.

SHE. The moss, it clingeth so fast to the stone—

HE. So fast to the stone;

SHE. So clingeth my soul to him alone—

HE. To him alone;

BOTH. So clingeth my soul to him alone.

HE. Each brook sings its song, but forever the same—

SHE. Forever the same;

HE. Forever my heart beats that maiden's name—

SHE. That maiden's name;

BOTH. Forever my heart beats that maiden's name.

SHE. The plover hath but an only tone—

HE. An only tone;

SHE. My life hath its love, and its love alone—

HE. Its love alone;

BOTH. My life hath its love, and its love alone.

HE. The rivers all to the fjord they go—

SHE. To the fjord they go;

HE. So may our lives then together flow—

SHE. Together flow;

BOTH. O may our lives then together flow!

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

THE VISIBLE AND THE INVISIBLE IN PROTECTION.

THE burden of a tax is to be gauged by the proportion which it bears to the rate of profit that may be gained from the use of the thing taxed, either in the production of some new form of the thing itself, or in the production of some other article of which the thing taxed is a component part.

The value of the thing taxed and the tax itself may each constitute but a small proportion of the cost of the final product, while yet the proportion which the tax may bear to the profit or income upon the capital used in the process of final manufacture may be such as either to break down and utterly destroy a business established before the imposition of the tax, or else to prevent its establishment in the state or country imposing it.

No domestic product of any importance is possible in a civilized country, except it include as an element of cost, either in itself or in the process of its production, some elements of foreign origin; and the burden of a tax upon the article of foreign origin is in the proportion which it bears to the profit and not to the gross value of the domestic production.

In view of this principle, the proper discrimination to be used in imposing taxes upon commodities is, to sort them into two distinct classes; comprising respectively those articles which are of necessary use in the processes of domestic production, and those which are of voluntary use on the part of the consumer.

In accordance with the rule that it is fit to take, under the necessity of taxation, a small portion of the luxury or even the comforts which men seek as the end of their labor, rather than to impair their means of subsistence, taxes should not be imposed upon articles of the first class, but may be imposed upon those of the second class.

The purpose of this article is to con-

sider the effect of the taxes now imposed upon articles of necessary use of the first class in their relation to profits, and to gauge them in rate, amount, and effect by comparison with an imaginary tax upon an article in universal use on which no tax would be tolerated, if it were proposed.

First, in relation to profits.

In general, it may be said that a prospect or expectation of a profit of ten per cent is sufficient to attract capital and to induce the establishment of any branch of industry not peculiarly hazardous. It may be that this profit can be secured in the manufacture of a product only equal in annual value to the capital invested, in which case the profit on the product must be ten per cent in order to yield that income to capital; or it may be that the annual product is ten times the value of the capital, in which case one per cent profit on the product will yield ten per cent on the capital.

The tendency of all invention and improvement is to reduce the margin of profit on production, while at the same time reducing the amount of capital in proportion to production; hence true progress is perfectly consistent with a larger absolute profit to the capitalist, although he may receive a much smaller relative share of the production in which his capital is employed.

Transportation is but another form of production, different in name, but the same in kind. Let us note some of the changes which have taken place in this matter.

When the Erie Canal was first proposed, it was proved that it would then cost one hundred dollars a ton to transport grain from Buffalo to Albany: hence no movement was possible. Now the grain can be carried by railroad at five dollars a ton, and at that rate yield to some of the owners of the road the largest individual fortunes of

the day. The capital invested in old times in baggage-wagons was small, and their owners did not become millionaires, yet it took a very large relative share of the products moved to reimburse the cost even for short distances. Now the capital in railroads is enormous, and a charge of a quarter of a cent a ton per mile by them may decide the question of profit or loss to the farmers and manufacturers who transport their products upon them; while upon their power to exact a quarter of a cent a ton per mile, more or less, may also depend the question of wealth or poverty to those who have invested their capital in them. Friction and cost are synonymous terms, and he who removes friction feeds multitudes. This is the modern miracle.

The capacity of our land is barely conjectured, the application of chemistry to barren soils hardly begun, and Malthus counted without the railroad. Political economy, which treats of these things, is somewhat condemned as relating only to material wants; but the great Teacher fed the multitude when he preached to them, — a lesson which those who pretend to scorn the things of this world might well ponder a little.

Having thus attempted to establish the importance of the little margins upon which prosperity or adversity and the subsistence of multitudes depend, let us proceed to consider the relation of capital to production, and see how prosperity or adversity, both for capitalist and laborer, may depend upon a little margin, often completely absorbed by an unwise tax.

It would be an exceedingly difficult problem to ascertain the exact or even the approximate relation of the capital required in all our mills and shops to the annual value of the products thereof; but it is clear that the works or mills which turn out the largest product in proportion to the capital invested are likely to give employment to the largest proportionate number of artisans, mechanics, or operatives. A very small capital invested in tools for the working of fine steel into finished

forms often gives employment to a large number of most skilful artisans, and a very small profit on the finished product yields a large per cent on the capital. Hence, as a tax is a burden in proportion to its relation to profits, it will prove to be the greatest burden where the margin of profit is least; and, by the rule above stated, such a tax becomes an interference most malign with the largest proportionate number of working-people.

For purposes of illustration the rate of freight upon a railroad may be considered in the light of a tax.

Let us suppose two machine-shops established equidistant from the same supply of coal and iron, but supplied by two different railroad lines; the capital invested in each, \$20,000; the coal and iron demanded by each costing at the mines \$20,000; the wages paid out by each, \$40,000.

If the cost of transportation is in each case \$4,000, then the total cost of the production of either machine-shop will be \$64,000, or a little more than three times the capital; and a sale of its product at the net price of \$66,000 will yield the owner \$2,000, or ten per cent profit.

Now, if one of the railroads is managed in accordance with the recommendations of the Railroad Commissioners of Massachusetts, with broad and wise foresight, it will carry the coal and iron to one of these machine-shops at the lowest possible rate, which we will suppose to be \$4,000. This railroad will rely for its profit upon the outward movement of the finished products of the shop, of the people employed therein, and of the great variety of small supplies used by them. This shop will thrive; the place in which it is located will thrive; and the railroad will thrive; in fact, capitalist, artisan, shopkeeper, and railroad stockholder, all co-operating under that law of enlightened self-interest, which is the great and beneficent motive-power of society and of civilization, will prosper together.

But we will suppose that the other

railroad is managed on narrow and unwise principles, or that the State which granted its charter has threatened it with confiscation if it dares to make over ten per cent per annum. Not being controlled by the broad principles of enlightened self-interest, it charges \$6,000 a year for the freight of coal and iron. Then the profit of ten per cent upon the machine-shop is all absorbed, the business ceases or drags, the machinists are discharged, and, though the railroad may thrive on its other absolutely necessary uses, it will have failed to confer all the benefit which it might have conferred, with greater profit to its stockholders.

The excess in the charge for transportation is but \$2,000, or three and one third per cent on the estimated product of the shop, but it is ten per cent on the investment, and of necessity that capital seeks employment in a State guided by wiser lawmakers and more astute railway-managers.

The import of foreign articles now bears about the relation or proportion to domestic production and consumption of \$4,000 to \$60,000, or four to sixty in each year. These foreign articles enter, to as great an extent as the cost of railroad transportation, into the cost of all domestic production. These foreign articles are taxed forty per cent, and this tax is increased to fifty per cent by the extra interest and other charges which are involved in its imposition. This tax bears the same relation to the rate of profit on production and on capital that the enhanced cost of railway transportation imposed under our second example would bear, and this tax has the same result upon the employment of capital and of labor. It destroys profit, reduces wages, prevents diversity of employment, hinders home industry, and exposes even the home market to the only foreign competition that can possibly be injurious, — that of foreign works like the woollen-mills of Canada, which our laws have protected into existence, precisely as the unwise railway-management in our assumed case would drive capital into

and build up mills and works in other States.

It may be that this assumed case of railway management comes within the category of what the people of Massachusetts have seen, and not within the category of what they have not seen.

Let us, therefore, proceed to draw inductions from the seen to the unseen, and to consider the tax which is imposed upon the people of the United States under the name of a "tariff of duties upon foreign imports."

The annual import and consumption of foreign products in the United States now ranges from \$450,000,000 to \$550,000,000 in value, upon which import a tax is imposed yielding over \$200,000,000 of customs revenue to the government. This import is large in the aggregate, and gives rise to much loose talk about a flood of foreign luxuries, etc. Yet the consumption of articles of foreign origin estimated at cost, free from the tariff tax, is only six or seven per cent of the whole consumption of the people of the United States.

The question is therefore often asked, why duties upon imports are the cause of so much controversy, and why interference, under the name of protection, with so small a part of our whole commerce, should be the cause of so much bitter discussion.

If the consumption of articles of domestic production exceeds that of articles of foreign production in the ratio of fifteen to one, the same relation holds good in the case of domestic exchange, which also constitutes commerce; and it might seem that there ought to be little cause for dispute about so small a matter as the foreign portion of the whole. But in order that the comparative insignificance of foreign commerce may be fully appreciated, let us compare our use of foreign goods with the use of some very common and necessary domestic article.

Let us, however, first consider the assortment of foreign goods, and see of what our flood of luxuries consists. We will name them somewhat in the order of their necessity.

Imports in fiscal Year ending June 30, 1871.

Articles free of duty, consisting of dyestuffs, guano, rags, raw silk, gums, and other articles of prime necessity in the useful arts		\$36,587,737
Animals, grain, fish, vegetables, and other provisions	19,553,726	
Coal	1,132,775	
Salt	1,254,001	
Wood and lumber	9,279,942	
Iron and steel, and manufactures of same	43,625,975	
Tin, and manufactures of same	12,757,215	
Lead, and manufactures of same	3,725,546	
Zinc, and manufactures of same	849,441	
Brass and copper	880,846	
Hides and skins	14,892,987	
Wool	9,780,443	
India-rubber and gutta-percha	3,004,617	
Leather, and manufactures of	10,400,034	
Paper and books	1,911,685	
Sugar and molasses	74,826,848	
Tea	17,254,617	
Coffee and cocoa	31,381,388	
Manufactures of wool	43,839,839	
Manufactures of cotton	29,876,640	
Manufactures of flax	18,745,928	
Hemp and jute, and manufactures of	9,704,536	
Earthen, stone, and china ware	4,681,376	
Glass and glassware	4,269,620	
Drugs, chemicals, oils, and paints	19,076,316	
Clothing and the like	4,824,559	
Furs	2,188,825	
Fruit and nuts	9,602,630	
Spices	2,165,557	
Manufactures of silk	32,341,001	
Wines and spirits	8,438,507	
Watches, jewelry, fancy goods, and other articles of luxury	13,229,829	
Tobacco and cigars	6,047,285	
Sundries unenumerated	18,091,479	
		\$520,223,750

It would be difficult to find in this list articles amounting to one hundred million dollars in value, or one fifth of the whole amount, which could, under any pretence, be called "foreign luxuries"; and though this may seem a large sum, it falls into utter insignificance when the fact is stated that this whole flood of luxuries, comforts, and necessities imported from abroad in a single year, and mainly consumed in that year, amounting to over five hundred million dollars in value, does not exceed the value of the milk, butter, and cheese consumed in the same year by the people of the United States. This allegation is based upon the following statements received in answer to an inquiry propounded by the writer to the best authorities in the country.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE,
STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, November 2, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR: The following is a near approximation to the dairy product of the United States.

Cheese.

Product of, in the United States, in 1860, 103,548,868 pounds.

Product of, in the United States, in 1869, 240,000,000 pounds.

Value of product in 1869, \$38,000,000.

Value per pound in 1869, about 16 cents.

Butter.

Product in 1860, 458,827,799 pounds.

Product in 1869, about 700,000,000 pounds.

Value of product in 1869, about \$210,000,000.

Average value per pound, about 30 cents.

Value of milk in 1869 not used in the production of butter and cheese, if estimated at a low value at the point of consumption, about \$300,000,000.

Total value of dairy product in 1869, estimated, \$548,000,000.

Average value of butter in Boston, 35 cents per pound.

Average price of cheese in Boston, 15 cents per pound.

Average price of milk in Boston, 7 cents per quart.

Very truly, etc.,

CHARLES L. FLINT,

President State Board of Agriculture.

EDWARD ATKINSON, ESQ.

Mr. X. A. Willard, of Little Falls, N. Y., President of the State Dairyman's Association of New York, and Lecturer on Dairy Husbandry at Cornell University, gives me the following estimate, premising that prices are now somewhat less than in 1869.

Milk consumed as food at 3 cents per quart	\$275,000,000
Butter	195,000,000
Cheese	28,800,000
Condensed milk	1,000,000
Whey and buttermilk used in production of pork	10,000,000
	\$509,800,000

There is probably no one better informed upon this subject than Mr. Willard.

Some idea of the aggregate production of the United States can be formed from these figures. If milk in its several forms constitutes one sixteenth of the total expenditure and accumulation of the people for food, fuel, clothing, and subsistence, and for the construction of dwellings, warehouses, mills, and works of every name; then the value of our annual product would be eight thousand million dollars, or two hundred dollars *per capita*. Our dairy product would in such case constitute six and a quarter per cent of the cost of all domestic production and in like manner our foreign import at cost, free of duty, would constitute the same percentage of domestic production. But the cost of the imports being increased forty per cent by the tariff tax, which tax costs the consumer not less than fifty per cent, the true relation of the cost of foreign articles entering into domestic production is over nine per cent of our gross product.

In the fiscal year of which we have enumerated the imports the government collected a customs revenue of \$206,000,000, or at the rate of over forty per cent on all dutiable imports. Every dutiable article imported was therefore increased in cost at an average rate of over forty per cent, and consumers have paid that charge, together with the interest, exchange, profit, and other additional items, which would make the cost of the tariff tax of forty per cent at least fifty per cent to the consumer.

Having thus established the relation of the cost of the foreign imports to the cost of milk in its several forms, we now have a standard by which to gauge the burden of the customs tax. The price of milk in the various cities of the country is now about seven cents per quart; suppose it increased to ten and one half cents by a tax. The price of common butter is twenty-five, and of good butter fifty cents per pound; suppose these prices increased by a tax of fifty per cent to thirty-eight

and seventy-five cents respectively. The price of cheese ranges from ten to twenty cents; suppose it fifteen to thirty cents, in consequence of a tax. There would surely be controversy, bitter discussion, and perhaps violent resistance, should such a tax be imposed; and yet the general cost of subsistence would be no more increased, while the power of enlarged production would be far less restricted and hampered, by a tax of fifty per cent upon dairy products, than they are now by the tariff taxes imposed on foreign imports. Nor would the burden be distributed more widely. The use of dairy products is no more universal or necessary than the use of most of the articles of foreign import named in our list; and there is almost as much luxurious consumption of dairy products as there is of foreign imports. It may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that all these articles imported from other countries are as much the product of American labor as the dairy product, or as if they had been raised upon American soil, by the hands of native-born men and women, since every one of them has been or must be paid for by an exchange of some domestic product for it, whether it be cotton, oil, gold, cheese, or wooden clocks; and the only reason why this exchange is ever made is, that we have too much of the things made upon our own soil, and too little or none at all of those things of foreign origin for which we make the exchange. Production is but a *leading forth*; it is but movement. We move the soil of our Southern clime; we move the cotton-seed to the soil, the cotton to the Northern mill, the cloth to the seaboard; then, by the steamship, we move it to where it is more needed than by ourselves; we move back the tea, and the tea is but the final product of the labor of the freedman, the operative, and the sailor, each of whom is or may be our countryman, and each of whom is counted as a representative of home industry.

We have said that a tax of forty per

cent on milk would at once provoke resistance. Why should it be so? Simply because every man would at once see that his cost of subsistence, and therefore the cost of his production, had been increased in the exact sum of the tax. Suppose him to be a shoemaker; he must at once charge more for his shoes, or go without milk and butter; and if one of his foreign competitors should happen to pay no tax upon milk, he can undersell him. Our shoemakers pay no tax upon milk, but they do pay a tax of twenty-five to sixty per cent on articles entering as directly into the production and cost of shoes, such as coal, potatoes, fish, salt, leather, thread, and the like, and they have lost many of their customers. Shall they not be protected by the repeal of such taxes?

Our machinists pay no tax of forty per cent upon milk, but they do pay an equal tax on iron, steel, copper, lead, and the like, and they, too, have lost their customers.

Our ship-builders pay no tax of forty per cent on milk, but they pay an equal tax on iron, lumber, cordage, food, and fuel, and their trade has been utterly destroyed.

A tax of forty per cent on milk would stop the export of cheese. Our farmers and dairymen have succeeded in establishing the manufacture of cheese in such manner, that, although our wages are a dollar a day where the wages of the English farm-laborers are but little above the pauper standard, yet we last year exported, mostly to England, 63,698,867 pounds of cheese, valued at \$8,752,990; but if we taxed milk forty per cent, that export would cease.

We once established the manufacture of furniture, so that our mechanics, working at \$2.50 to \$3 per day, yet supplied many foreign customers; but we have taxed the wood, the varnish, the oil, the paint, the tools, the food, and the fuel of these men forty per cent on all those portions which are of foreign origin, and thus they have lost their customers. Privation of imports is prohibition of exports. Protection

to the mechanic is to be found only in the repeal of bad taxes.

Yet it may be said, it has just been proved that foreign articles constitute only six or seven per cent of our total cost; why is a small increase on their cost so disastrous? The answer can only be found in the relation which this tariff tax bears to the average rate of profit to be obtained in any occupation.

It is safe to say that a shop for the manufacture of furniture for export can be established for \$20,000, from which an annual product of at least \$60,000 may be turned out; let us suppose this product to consist of such articles as used to be exported to Canada, the West Indies, South America, and Africa, in return for which we received coal, wool, fish, flour, and other articles of like character. Let us suppose that such a shop would require only \$5,000 worth of articles of foreign origin, such as steel, varnish, paint, Canada lumber, or fish, salt, coal, and other articles of food which constitute a part of the subsistence and therefore of the product of the workmen. Now, if this portion of the cost be taxed, *as it is*, forty per cent, under the Tariff Act, then its cost is increased \$2,000. Not much, it may be said, on a gross product of \$60,000; but what is its relation to the expected profit of ten per cent on the capital of \$20,000 uninvested? Has not the tariff tax absorbed the whole? and will not the German or the Canadian who have taken up the furniture export when we taxed it almost out of existence, grow rich on an income of ten per cent, or on a margin of only three and one half per cent on the value of the furniture?

Let us take the tax upon tin. It would seem to have little to do with farmers; yet it is one of the most oppressive taxes upon the products of the farm. It is purely a revenue tax, as we produce no tin. It yielded in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1871, \$2,850,000 revenue on about \$12,800,000 worth of tin imported; all of which revenue went to pay bonds not yet

due. How much of this tin tax went into the farmer's pails and pans, or into the cans in which meats, fruits, and milk are preserved, it is impossible to tell; but on canned meats, fruit, and fish the tax on tin must be a tax of far more than ten per cent. \$2,850,000 represents a tax of ten per cent on \$28,500,000 worth of tinware, canned meats, canned fruit, canned fish, and other articles which we might export in large quantities, were it not for this tax. But we impose it to pay a debt not yet due, and hence we leave England and France to supply the world with canned meats and fruits, while we only put up enough for our own use.

If the revenue duty on tin works privation of pails, pans, and tin cans, why does not the protective duty of seven dollars per ton on Scotch pig-iron work privation of cooking-stoves and hollow-ware? The tariff tax increases the cost of any imported article at the time of the import; this increase of cost of the article of foreign origin increases the cost of the domestic product into which the foreign article enters as a constituent element; and if this increase amounts to only two or three per cent of the value of the finished product, it amounts, as we have proved, to a tax on the income of capital of from two or three up to ten or twenty per cent. Hence, foreign capital takes the business, and home labor ceases to be employed; diversity of employment is prevented; wages are lowered, and the cost of subsistence increased; and all this is done in the name of protection to labor!

Soda-ash, salts of soda, and other alkalies are taxed under the tariff in such manner that their cost in this country is usually twenty-five per cent more than in England; this tax is imposed mainly at the dictation of Pennsylvania, and ostensibly for the protection of possibly two or three hundred workmen employed at the average rate of wages of the State in the alkali-works of Pennsylvania.

The use of alkalies has been said to

be coincident with the progress of civilization; they enter into the cost of glass, paper, soap, bleaching, and a great variety of other industries, in all of which a large product is possible upon a small capital invested. In 1870 the government collected a customs revenue on soda and salts of soda of \$1,700,000; all of which was used to buy bonds not yet due. If the annual product of soap, paper, glass, etc. is only equal to twice the capital invested in works for their production, this tax on alkali, estimated at the rate of five per cent on the product into which the alkali entered as an element of cost, was equal to a tax of five per cent on a product of \$34,000,000 in value, and was therefore equal to a tax of ten per cent on \$17,000,000 capital; a sum which, except for this tax, might have been saved and invested in these factories for our own increased consumption or for export. How many men would be employed in the use of \$17,000,000 capital invested in paper-mills, glass-works, soap-factories, bleacheries, etc., etc.? How many are employed by the Pennsylvania Salt Company, through whose influence this most obnoxious tax has mainly been imposed?

The effect of a tax on milk could be seen by all. The effect of a tax on alkali is not so obvious, but a great deal more injurious.

It may be said that, although heavy duties are now paid upon certain articles of prime necessity, such as iron, steel, wool, coal, soda-ash, and the like, the price of these articles is in some cases less than it was before these duties were imposed; hence it is asserted that the imposition of a tax under the name of a protective duty has actually reduced the price. Nothing could be more absurdly fallacious than this assertion, and nothing could be more apt to mislead and to deceive as to the real and obnoxious effect of a so-called protective duty. It is true, that in some cases prices are lower than they were before the impost, but this is simply evidence that the progress of

invention and the improvements in the processes of production and of distribution have reduced cost elsewhere as well as here. So far as the temporary bounty to special interests which results from the imposition of a protective duty is concerned, its effect is and always has been, in this country and in all other countries, to retard improvement in branches of industry already established, and to cause men to depend on the bounty of the government rather than on skill, economy, and complete mastery of their business. And so far as what are called infant manufactures are concerned, there is no case on record where the protected infants have ever grown to adult age, or have ever proposed to give up the government support. On the contrary, those who have been most clamorous in their demand to be established are the most audacious in their demand to be supported and maintained at the public cost.

The case of iron and steel is a crucial one. Two hundred years ago it was an infant manufacture.

In 1652 there were in Massachusetts blast-furnaces and a bloomery, and in 1655 a patent was granted to Joseph Jenks of Massachusetts for an improved steel scythe. Before the Revolution, in Massachusetts and in other Colonies, edge-tools, augers, scythes, and shovels were made better and cheaper than in England; and in 1750 the English ironmasters petitioned Parliament to protect them against American iron, lest they should be ruined.*

Did this infant grow to maturity?

Under the tariff in force in 1859 the average rate of duty upon steel, except on three varieties, was twelve per cent, and on the exceptions it was only fifteen per cent. When the internal taxes were imposed, these rates of duty were raised to an average of about forty per cent; and although the steel-makers are all on record, and have united in a memorial to Congress

in which they admit and affirm that in 1859, when the duties were one third what they now are, the manufacture of steel was an assured success, there is no body of men so persistent or so imperative in their demand that the present rate of taxation of forty per cent on foreign steel shall be maintained, although the internal tax has been abated. They claim that, although they have once reached maturity, they have now lost all manly force and self-respect, and must be maintained by a system of outside relief, or else become degraded to the condition of foreign paupers. And yet, all combined, these steel-makers do not employ as many men in making steel in all the United States as are employed in one machine-shop in England, in converting iron and steel into tools and machinery. We have said that the effect of a tax of forty per cent on milk can be seen; the effect of the forty per cent tax on steel is not yet seen, but when it is, the members of the Iron and Steel Association will cease to be supported or maintained at the public expense.

It matters not in this discussion whether steel is higher or lower in price than it was in 1859. It ought to be much lower, inasmuch as greater progress has been made in cheapening the general cost of steel than in almost any other process.

The question of main interest to the mechanics, artisans, machinists, and others who use steel in the United States,—and who outnumber the little force of steel-makers in the proportion of at least a hundred to one,—now is, “What is the cost of the steel we use, or of which our tools are made, as compared to the cost *at this time* of the steel used by our competitors in Europe?” The answer to this question is obvious; the difference is substantially equal to the rate of tax imposed on the foreign import, on all the steel used, whether domestic or foreign, that is, forty per cent. How is this to be proved? Simply by the fact that in the last fiscal year we did import over \$11,000,000 worth of steel and of steel

* *Vide* “Does Protection Protect?” By W. M. Grosvenor. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871.

manufactures. If steel were like coarse cotton goods, of which none are imported, because we can make them cheaper ourselves, without regard to the tariff, this rule would not hold, the duty in such case being of no effect; but in a case where a large portion of the supply of a given article is actually imported, upon which the duty is paid, it is clear that the cost to the consumer of the whole supply, both foreign and domestic, is increased in a sum equal to the duty. Let it then be asked, Could our skilled mechanics better afford to pay a tax of forty per cent on milk, butter, and cheese, the exact effect of which they could see and measure in the cost of their subsistence; or suffer their export of machinery, which was large and increasing in 1860, to be utterly destroyed, and their home market restricted and exposed to foreign competition because of the increased cost of their product induced by a tax on the steel which forms the raw material of their product or of their tools? The exact effect of such a tax they can neither see nor measure, but they now pay it.*

That such an increase of cost is the result of the present tax on the foreign imports of steel is conclusively proved by the fact that steel rails can be landed in Montreal at \$ 60 to \$ 65 per ton, which cost in New York, duty paid, over \$ 100 per ton.

The use of milk, butter, and cheese is no more essential to prosperity than is the use of steel, and the only difference between the taxes on milk and on steel would be, that milk is used by all alike, and is in some of its uses a luxury; while steel is consumed almost wholly by those whose work is most arduous, and is in every sense a necessity.

It cannot be denied that pig-iron is increased and maintained in price by

* The duty on machinery is less than the duty on the raw material, hence the steel-makers have secured protection to themselves by discriminating against the machinists, who outnumber them as twenty to one. Were it not for the difficulty in packing and moving machinery, many of our machine-shops would be closed.

the imposition of a duty, since we continue to import it, and, in fact, now import a much larger quantity than we did when the duty was far less; and in this case, again, the makers of pig-iron are as only one to a hundred of those who use it. Yet the advocates of protection demand, through the Secretary of the Treasury, that this duty shall be maintained for the specific and avowed purpose of maintaining the price. In a recent speech at Cleveland, the Secretary of the Treasury affirms that if the cost of domestic iron were \$ 25 per ton at Cleveland, and the cost of foreign iron only \$ 20 per ton free of duty, he and his associates would impose a duty of over \$ 5 per ton; not for revenue, since such a rate would yield not a dollar of revenue, but simply that those men who are engaged in making pig-iron in Ohio might not have their wages reduced or be obliged to seek other employment. This is a vague and glittering general statement, in which the Secretary assumes that it is the function of the government to regulate wages and to provide employment, and also to tax the larger portion of the people for the support of the remainder. Such an argument is tolerably safe to make, and appears to be only the assertion of a paternal control, until it is examined and analyzed, and then its vicious character and tendency are at once seen.

If the Secretary of the Treasury had said to the people of Ohio, "There are among you perhaps one hundred men of capital, who employ forty-five hundred other men in dairy products; we propose to give them a monopoly of the dairy business, and to tax your milk, butter, and cheese forty per cent; not for the benefit of the United States treasury, into which we do not expect to receive one dollar of the tax, but to pay the avails of the tax to the hundred men who own all the cows, in order that their forty-five hundred employees may not have their wages reduced or be obliged to seek other employment," what would be the response? The effect of such a proposal would be seen

at once, and the public officer who should make it would be driven from office with jeers. Yet what the people of Ohio do not see is, that the Secretary of the Treasury, on behalf of the advocates of a high tariff, said exactly this, no more and no less, at Cleveland, on the 29th September, 1871, only he substituted a tax on pig-iron for a tax on milk, butter, and cheese. This we propose to prove. He advocated a tax of over \$ 5 per ton on pig-iron, in order that none might be imported. There are 2,700,000 people in Ohio; the average consumption of iron in the United States was lately one hundred pounds *per capita*; we will call it one hundred and twenty pounds now; therefore the people of Ohio now use 162,000 tons of iron in a year, which, at the Secretary's assumed price of \$ 25 per ton for domestic iron, would cost \$ 4,050,000. If this iron be considered all labor, and if no allowance be made for the interest or profits on capital invested in mines and works, this sum would represent the labor of just 4,500 men working three hundred days in a year at \$ 3 per day. The exact number of employers is not known to me, but it is not to be assumed that mines and iron-works can average less than forty-five men to each establishment, and therefore there are not over one hundred employers or ironmasters in Ohio. The Secretary therefore says, on behalf of the advocates of protection, that if this 162,000 tons of iron could be had from abroad at \$ 20 per ton, or at \$ 810,000 less than the cost of domestic iron, he would impose a tax of more than \$ 5 per ton, or more than \$ 810,000, upon the people of Ohio, and that he would pay this over to the one hundred owners of iron mines and works, in order that the wages of 4,500 men out of 2,700,000 people might be maintained at the average rate of wages prevailing in Ohio. This is, in fact, an admission of the claim made by the promoters of a high tariff, that the owners of the iron-works are infants needing guardianship and requiring to be supported at the public expense, like

other incompetent persons. They are more astute than incompetent; their real demand is to be made rich by law at the cost of the poor. In what does this proposition differ from our proposition for a tax on milk? The use of milk is no more universal and not so necessary as that of iron. This tax is demanded under the pretence that it is for the protection of labor and that it all goes into wages. How much do the owners of the iron mines and works of Ohio and Pennsylvania pay their men above the average of wages in other employments which are not protected, but which are equally arduous? Are they so free from self-interest as to pay more than this average?

On the other hand, the tax of \$ 810,000 thus imposed upon the people of Ohio would purchase 40,500 tons more iron if the supply were permitted to come in at \$ 20 per ton, and in the use of this additional supply not only the 4,500 men proposed to be supported in iron-mines and iron-works would find employment at as high wages and far more wholesome work, but many times more than that number would be called for. How many cannot be demonstrated, except by considering the number of machinists, blacksmiths, stove-makers, boiler-makers, and the like, who are now employed in using the limited quantity of pig-iron which the government graciously permits the people of Ohio to have at a cost, not of \$ 5, but of \$ 7 per ton more than they need to pay for it. It is safe to affirm that the number of machinists, stove-makers, tool-makers, boiler-makers, and the like, who are exclusively employed in using iron in the city of Cincinnati *only*, is double that of the men who are employed in making pig-iron for the whole State of Ohio, either in this country or elsewhere.

Protection to one hundred dairy farmers would work privation of milk or an increase in the cost of all that productive force which is called labor, for which milk may be said to be a part of the fuel.

Protection to one hundred ironmas-

ters in Ohio works privation of iron to the people. The injury of the tax on iron as compared to the tax on milk is in the proportion which iron bears to milk as an agent in all production.

We have thus given several examples, and have gauged them by the standard of the milk tax; let us now leave specific examples and consider our useless taxes as a whole.

The amount of worse than useless taxes collected under the tariff in the last fiscal year, at an average rate of over forty per cent on food, fuel, lumber, leather, iron, steel, hides, chemicals, and other articles, the use of which is universal and which constitute a part of the cost of every domestic product that can be named, was over eighty million dollars. We say worse than useless, because this revenue all went in with other revenue to pay debts not due at the rate of over one hundred million dollars a year, and not one dollar of it was used to aid in the restoration of an honest specie standard of value.

This sum of eighty millions of useless taxes was collected on two hundred million dollars' worth of materials used in all our domestic factories; it therefore represents a tax on our domestic product of boots, shoes, shovels, ploughs, furniture, cars, engines, soap, stoves, woollen and cotton goods, canned meats, canned fruits, and all the other manufactures which we used to export in large and increasing quantities in ships which have now ceased to be built. This useless tax is a tax of ten per cent on eight hundred million dollars' worth of these domestic products. Upon the supposition that one dollar of capital must be invested for every dollar of product turned out, this useless tax of eighty million dollars represents a tax of ten per cent on eight hundred million dollars capital, which but for it might have been or might be saved in a few years, and invested. Can it be a cause of surprise that we now only export our crudest forms of raw materials, and have about ceased to attempt to manufacture them for any use be-

yond that of our own little fraction of the population of the world.

At whose demand has this privation been inflicted? Only at the demand of the employers of less than one-tenth part of the labor of the country; the operatives in all the protected mills, mines, and works in the United States being barely equal to the number of immigrants who annually land upon our shores.

What one sees is that we prosper in spite of all privations inflicted under due process of law; such are the boundless resources with which the Almighty has endowed this land. What one does not see is the far greater prosperity which we might have, except for the ignorance of those who make these unjust laws, and in the name of protection inflict privation.

What one does not see is the progress in the arts of peace and goodwill with all nations which might ensue if we did but realize that "the ships that pass between this land and that are like the shuttle of the loom, weaving the web of concord among the nations," and that commerce is the most potent agent of civilization.

We have said that this useless tax of eighty million dollars now collected upon articles which enter into our domestic product of boots, hats, ploughs, cloth, steamships, locomotives, furniture, and the like, is equal to a tax of ten per cent upon eight hundred million dollars capital, upon the supposition that the annual product of the articles named is only equal to the capital invested in works for their manufacture. The fact is, however, that a capital of four hundred million dollars invested in such works would be ample for an annual product of eight hundred millions in value, and therefore this useless tax of ten per cent on product is equal to a tax of twenty per cent on capital. Hence it follows that nations like England, Belgium, and Germany, which have abated all taxes on such imports, can earn twenty per cent on capital, or beat us ten per cent in the cost of all exports of manufactured

commodities, before our machine-shops and other works have received the cost of production; and that where our works make six per cent per annum, our foreign competitors would make twenty-six, supposing each to be equal in other elements of cost.

Hence it is that, instead of buying our sugar in Cuba with engines, sugar-mills, furniture, and other fixtures, as we used to, we now settle our sugar-bill in London only with cotton, oil, wheat, and gold, or with bonds. Hence it is that, instead of paying for our hides in South America with furniture, cotton cloth, machinery, and the like, as we used to, we pay our bills in London with the crudest raw material or with bonds to be paid hereafter; hence it is that the German and the Canadian now supply the furniture or the engines, and the Englishman the cotton and woollen cloth. It is because our ship-builders must pay a tax of twenty to fifty per cent on all their materials, that ship-building has become one of our lost arts, while at this time there are thousands of tons of iron ships in process of construction upon the Clyde. Hence it is that while ocean steam transportation is now one of the most profitable branches of business in the world, we have no share in it.

We have proved that our imports are only about five hundred million dollars in value, and our exports about the same, each barely, if at all, equal to our dairy product; and we have also affirmed that, if useless taxes were removed, we could establish works from which we could export eight hundred million dollars' worth of products per annum, an export which is now prohibited by the duties upon imports. It may be said that we have affirmed and proved too much. Let it be remembered that we cannot buy unless we sell, or sell unless we buy, and that all commerce is but the aggregate of individual transactions, none of which will be repeated, unless in the long run each party gains. It will surely be admitted that what England has done we can do. We control the cotton and oil

supply; our coal at the pit's mouth costs far less than English coal, although our wages are double or treble; our iron lies on the surface, while hers is mined at great depths; our food supply is unlimited; our people are tolerably educated, while England has yet no common schools. It is intelligent labor, highly paid, that makes products at low cost; not pauper labor, ill paid, of which we hear so much. Yet Great Britain, with all her disadvantages and one fourth less population than we have, exported and imported in 1861 products of the aggregate value of eighteen hundred and twenty-five million dollars, or eight hundred millions more than we do now. In 1869 the aggregate value of her exports and imports was twenty-five hundred and seventy-seven millions. And if the last three months of this year are in proportion to the first nine, her foreign commerce for 1871 may exceed three thousand million dollars in gold value, or three times as much as our own. If our aggregate export and import were in proportion to that of Great Britain as our population is to hers, it would now be four thousand millions in value, or four times as much as it really is. All this additional product might be made with no greater effort or labor than is now exerted, as it would only represent an increase of little more than ten per cent upon our gross annual product; and it is safe to say that protection to labor increases the quantity of labor expended while diminishing its result at least to that extent. This gain is far from unreasonable to expect, when Congress ceases to interfere in the employment of the people. The return of imports for such increase of exports might give every man, woman, and child in the country twenty dollars a year more on the average in the form of such foreign luxuries as good food, cheap fuel, ample shelter, and abundant clothing.

Therefore it is that we affirm that when we remove these useless taxes on imports of eighty million dollars, and cease to protect the manufacturers of

Great Britain by giving them an advantage over us of twenty per cent per annum on their capital, or ten per cent in cost of production before we can make a single dollar, we may gain eight hundred million dollars a year in exports in ten years from now, and then we shall make no greater gain than Great Britain has made in the last ten years.

And as we are free from the restrictive or protective system in our internal affairs, which is one of the causes of the unequal distribution of wealth in Great Britain, the gain in comfort and luxury from our increased commerce will be justly distributed among all our people.

There remains but one more point to be considered in this article. Our wheat-growers and other producers of farm products are told not to regard the small export of wheat, beef, pork, and other farm products, because the whole

foreign demand is so small compared to the whole crop. This small export is, however, as important in its relation to the price of the whole crop as is the useless tax on imports to the profits on manufactures worth ten times its amount. If there be a surplus of any crop of only five per cent, the sale of a whole crop may be delayed and the price reduced in far greater proportion. When we reduce imports we retard or stop exports, thus we compel the farmer to pay more for all that he buys and to take less for all that he sells.

The vast improvements in processes and the unexampled extension of our railroad system have made us prosper in spite of our restrictive statutes; but when our education is in reality what is claimed to be, we shall cease to mit our representatives to take from our liberty and to impose useless tax upon us under the false pretence of protection to home industry.

Edward Atkins

THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

II.

I AM going to take it for granted now and henceforth, in my report of what was said and what was to be seen at our table, that I have secured one good, faithful, loving reader, who never finds fault, who never gets sleepy over my pages, whom no critic can bully out of a liking for me, and to whom I am always safe in addressing myself. My one elect may be man or woman, old or young, gentle or simple, living in the next block or on a slope of Nevada, my fellow-countryman or an alien; but one such reader I shall assume to exist and have always in my thought when I am writing.

A writer is so like a lover! And a talk with the right listener is so like an arm-in-arm walk in the moonlight with the soft heartbeat just felt through the folds of muslin and broadcloth! But

it takes very little to spoil every for writer, talker, lover. There are great many cruel things besides that which freeze the genial current of the soul, as the poet of the *Elegy* says: "Fire can stand any wind, but is easily blown out, and then smouldering and smoke, and at last, slow combustion without cheerful blaze which shed light round it. The One Reader's hand shelter the flame; the one blessing ministering spirit with the vessel of oil may keep it bright in spite of the stream of cold water on the other doing its best to put it out."

I suppose, if any writer, of any distinguishable individuality, could get into the hearts of all his readers, he might very probably find one in his parish of a thousand or a million who

honestly preferred him to any other of his kind. I have no doubt we have each one of us, somewhere, our exact fac-simile, so like us in all things except the accidents of condition, that we should love each other like a pair of twins, if our natures could once fairly meet. I know I have my counterpart in some State of this Union. I feel sure that there is an Englishman somewhere precisely like myself. (I hope he does not drop his *h*s, for it does not seem to me possible that the Royal Dane could have remained faithful to his love for Ophelia, if she had addressed him as 'Amlet.) There is also a certain Monsieur, to me at this moment unknown, and likewise a Herr Von Something, each of whom is essentially my double. An Arab is at this moment eating dates, a Mandarin is just sipping his tea, and a South-Sea-Islander (with undeveloped possibilities) drinking the milk of a cocoa-nut, each one of whom, if he had been born in the gambrel-roofed house, and cultivated my little sand-patch, and grown up in "the Study" from the height of Walton's Polyglot Bible to that of the shelf which held the Elzevir Tacitus and Casaubon's Polybius, with all the complex influences about him that surrounded me, would have been so nearly what I am that I should have loved him like a brother, — always provided that I did not hate him for his resemblance to me, on the same principle as that which makes bodies in the same electric condition repel each other.

For, perhaps, after all, my One Reader is quite as like to be not the person most resembling myself, but the one to whom my nature is complementary. Just as a particular soil wants some one element to fertilize it, just as the body in some conditions has a kind of famine for one special food, so the mind has its wants, which do not always call for what is best, but which know themselves and are as peremptory as the salt-sick sailor's call for a lemon or a raw potato, or, if you will, as those capricious "longings," which have a certain meaning, we may sup-

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pose, and which at any rate we think it reasonable to satisfy if we can.

I was going to say something about our boarders the other day when I got run away with by my local reminiscences. I wish you to understand that we have a rather select company at the table of our boarding-house.

Our Landlady is a most respectable person, who has seen better days, of course, — all landladies have, — but has also, I feel sure, seen a good deal worse ones. For she wears a very handsome silk dress on state occasions, with a breastpin set, as I honestly believe, with genuine pearls, and appears habitually with a very smart cap, from under which her gray curls come out with an unmistakable expression, conveyed in the hieratic language of the feminine priesthood, to the effect that while there is life there is hope. And when I come to reflect on the many circumstances which go to the making of matrimonial happiness, I cannot help thinking that a personage of her presentable exterior, thoroughly experienced in all the domestic arts which render life comfortable, might make the later years of some hitherto companionless bachelor very endurable, not to say pleasant.

The condition of the Landlady's family is, from what I learn, such as to make the connection I have alluded to, I hope with delicacy, desirable for incidental as well as direct reasons, provided a fitting match could be found. I was startled at hearing her address by the familiar name of *Benjamin* the young physician I have referred to, until I found on inquiry, what I might have guessed by the size of his slices of pie and other little marks of favoritism, that he was her son. He has recently come back from Europe, where he has topped off his home training with a first-class foreign finish. As the landlady could never have educated him in this way out of the profits of keeping boarders, I was not surprised when I was told that she had received a pretty little property

in the form of a bequest from a former boarder, a very kind-hearted, worthy old gentleman who had been long with her and seen how hard she worked for food and clothes for herself and this son of hers, Benjamin Franklin by his baptismal name. Her daughter had also married well, to a member of what we may call the post-medical profession, that, namely, which deals with the mortal frame after the practitioners of the healing art have done with it and taken their leave. So thriving had this son-in-law of hers been in his business, that his wife drove about in her own carriage, drawn by a pair of jet-black horses of most dignified demeanor, whose only fault was a tendency to relapse at once into a walk after every application of a stimulus that quickened their pace to a trot; which application always caused them to look round upon the driver with a surprised and offended air, as if he had been guilty of a grave indecorum.

The Landlady's daughter had been blessed with a number of children, of great sobriety of outward aspect, but remarkably cheerful in their inward habit of mind, more especially on the occasion of the death of a doll, which was an almost daily occurrence, and gave them immense delight in getting up a funeral, for which they had a complete miniature outfit. How happy they were under their solemn aspect! For the head mourner, a child of remarkable gifts, could actually make the tears run down her cheeks,—as real ones as if she had been a grown person following a rich relative, who had not forgotten his connections, to his last unfurnished lodgings.

So this was a most desirable family connection for the right man to step into,—a thriving, thrifty mother-in-law, who knew what was good for the sustenance of the body, and had no doubt taught it to her daughter; a medical artist at hand in case the luxuries of the table should happen to disturb the physiological harmonies; and in the worst event, a sweet consciousness that the last sad offices would be

attended to with affectionate zeal, and probably a large discount from the usual charges.

It seems as if I could hardly be at this table for a year, if I should stay so long, without seeing some romance or other work itself out under my eyes; and I cannot help thinking that the Landlady is to be the heroine of the love-history like to unfold itself. I think I see the little cloud in the horizon, with a silvery lining to it, which may end in a rain of cards tied round with white ribbons. Extremes meet, and who so like to be the other party as the elderly gentleman at the other end of the table, as far from her now as the length of the board permits? I may be mistaken, but I think this is to be the romantic episode of the year before me. Only it seems so natural it is improbable, for you never find your dropped money just where you look for it, and so it is with these *a priori* matches.

This gentleman is a tight, tidy, wiry little man, with a small, brisk head, close-cropped white hair, a good wholesome complexion, a quiet, rather kindly face, quick in his movements, neat in his dress, but fond of wearing a short jacket over his coat, which gives him the look of a pickled or preserved school-boy. He has retired, they say, from a snug business, with a snug property, suspected by some to be rather more than snug, and entitling him to be called a capitalist, except that this word seems to be equivalent to highway robber in the new gospel of Saint Petroleum. That he is economical in his habits cannot be denied, for he saws and splits his own wood,—for exercise, he says,—and makes his own fires, brushes his own shoes, and, it is whispered, darns a hole in a stocking now and then,—all for exercise, I suppose. Every summer he goes out of town for a few weeks. On a given day of the month a wagon stops at the door and takes up, not his trunks, for he does not indulge in any such extravagance, but the stout brown linen bags in which he packs the few conveniences he carries with him.

I do not think this worthy and economical personage will have much to do or to say, unless he marries the Landlady. If he does that, he will play a part of some importance, — but I don't feel sure at all. His talk is little in amount, and generally ends in some compact formula condensing much wisdom in few words, as that *a man should not put all his eggs in one basket*; that *there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it*; and one in particular, which he surprised me by saying in pretty good French one day, to the effect that *the inheritance of the world belongs to the phlegmatic people*, which seems to me to have a good deal of truth in it.

The other elderly personage, the old man with iron-gray hair and large round spectacles, sits at my right at table. He is a retired college officer, a man of books and observation, and himself an author. *Magister Artium* is one of his titles on the College Catalogue, and I like best to speak of him as the Master, because he has a certain air of authority which none of us feel inclined to dispute. He has given me a copy of a work of his which seems to me not wanting in suggestiveness, and which I hope I shall be able to make some use of in my records by and by. I said the other day that he had good solid prejudices, which is true, and I like him none the worse for it; but he has also opinions more or less original, valuable, probable, fanciful; fantastic, or whimsical, perhaps, now and then; which he promulgates at table somewhat in the tone of imperial edicts. Another thing I like about him is, that he takes a certain intelligent interest in pretty much everything that interests other people. I asked him the other day what he thought most about in his wide range of studies.

— Sir, — said he, — I take stock in everything that concerns anybody. *Humani nihil*, — you know the rest. But if you ask me what is my speciality, I should say, I applied myself more particularly to the contemplation of the Order of Things.

— A pretty wide subject, — I ventured to suggest.

— Not wide enough, sir, — not wide enough to satisfy the desire of a mind which wants to get at absolute truth, without reference to the empirical arrangements of our particular planet and its environments. I want to subject the formal conditions of space and time to a new analysis, and project a possible universe outside of the Order of Things. But I have narrowed myself by studying the actual facts of being. By and by — by and by — perhaps — perhaps. I hope to do some sound thinking in heaven — if I ever get there, — he said, seriously, and it seemed to me not irreverently.

— I rather like that, — I said. I think your telescopic people are, on the whole, more satisfactory than your microscopic ones.

(— My left-hand neighbor fidgeted about a little in his chair as I said this. But the young man sitting not far from the landlady, to whom my attention had been attracted by the expression of his eyes, which seemed as if they saw nothing before him, but looked beyond everything, smiled a sort of faint starlight smile, that touched me strangely; for until that moment he had appeared as if his thoughts were far away, and I had been questioning whether he had lost friends lately, or perhaps had never had them, he seemed so remote from our boarding-house life. I will inquire about him, for he interests me, and I thought he seemed interested as I went on talking.)

— No, — I continued, — I don't want to have the territory of a man's mind fenced in. I don't want to shut out the mystery of the stars and the awful hollow that holds them. We have done with those hypæthral temples, that were open above to the heavens, but we can have attics and skylights to them. Minds with skylights, — yes, — stop, let us see if we can't get something out of that.

One-story intellects, two-story intellects, three-story intellects with skylights. All fact-collectors, who have

no aim beyond their facts, are one-story men. Two-story men compare, reason, generalize, using the labors of the fact-collectors as well as their own. Three-story men idealize, imagine, predict; their best illumination comes from above, through the skylight. There are minds with large ground floors, that can store an infinite amount of knowledge; some librarians, for instance, who know enough of books to help other people, without being able to make much other use of their knowledge, have intellects of this class. Your great working lawyer has two spacious stories; his mind is clear, because his mental floors are large, and he has room to arrange his thoughts so that he can get at them, — facts below, principles above, and all in ordered series; poets are often narrow below, incapable of clear statement, and with small power of consecutive reasoning, but full of light, if sometimes rather bare of furniture, in the attics.

— The Old Master smiled. I think he suspects himself of a three-story intellect, and I don't feel sure that he is n't right.

— Is it dark meat or white meat you will be helped to, — said the landlady, addressing the Master.

— Dark meat for me, always, — he answered. Then turning to me, he began one of those monologues of his, such as that which put the Member of the Haouse asleep the other day.

— It's pretty much the same in men and women and in books and everything, that it is in turkeys and chickens. Why, take your poets, now, say Browning and Tennyson. Don't you think you can say which is the dark-meat and which is the white-meat poet? And so of the people you know; can't you pick out the full-flavored, coarse-fibred characters from the delicate, fine-fibred ones? And in the same person, don't you know the same two shades in different parts of the character that you find in the wing and thigh of a partridge? I suppose you

poets may like white meat best, very probably; you had rather have a wing than a drumstick, I dare say.

— Why, yes, — said I, — I suppose some of us do. Perhaps it is because a bird flies with his white-fleshed limbs and walks with the dark-fleshed ones. Besides, the wing-muscles are nearer the heart than the leg-muscles.

I thought that sounded mighty pretty, and paused a moment to pat myself on the back, as is my wont when I say something that I think of superior quality. So I lost my innings; for the Master is apt to strike in at the end of a bar, instead of waiting for a rest, if I may borrow a musical phrase. No matter, just at this moment, what he said; but he talked the Member of the Haouse asleep again.

They have a new term nowadays (I am speaking to you, the Reader) for people that do a good deal of talking; they call them "conversationists," or "conversationalists"; talkists, I suppose, would do just as well. It is rather dangerous to get the name of being one of these phenomenal manifestations, as one is expected to say something remarkable every time one opens one's mouth in company. It seems hard not to be able to ask for a piece of bread or a tumbler of water, without a sensation running round the table, as if one were an electric eel or a torpedo, and could n't be touched without giving a shock. A fellow is n't all battery, is he? The idea that a *Gymnotus* can't swallow his worm without a coruscation of animal lightning, is hard on that brilliant but sensational being. Good talk is not a matter of will at all; it depends — you know we are all half-materialists nowadays — on a certain amount of active congestion of the brain, and that comes when it is ready, and not before. I saw a man get up the other day in a pleasant company, and talk away for about five minutes, evidently by a pure effort of will. His person was good, his voice was pleasant, but anybody could see that it was all mechanical labor; he was sparring for wind, as the Hon. John Morrissey,

M. C., would express himself. Presently —

Do you — Beloved, I am afraid you are not old enough — but *do* you remember the days of the tin tinder-box, the flint, and steel? Click! click! click! — Ah-h-h! knuckles that time! click! click! CLICK! a spark has taken, and is eating into the black tinder, as a six-year-old eats into a sheet of gingerbread.

Presently, after hammering away for his five minutes with mere words, the spark of a happy expression took somewhere among the mental combustibles, and then for ten minutes we had a pretty, wandering, scintillating play of eloquent thought, that enlivened, if it did not kindle, all around it. If you want the real philosophy of it, I will give it to you. The chance thought or expression struck the nervous centre of consciousness, as the rowel of a spur stings the flank of a racer. Away through all the telegraphic radiations of the nervous cords flashed the intelligence that the brain was kindling, and must be fed with something or other, or it would burn itself to ashes. And all the great hydraulic engines poured in their scarlet blood, and the fire kindled, and the flame rose; for the blood is a stream that, like burning rock-oil, at once kindles, and is itself the fuel. You can't order these organic processes, any more than a milliner can make a rose. She can make something that *looks* like a rose, more or less, but it takes all the forces of the universe to finish and sweeten that blossom in your button-hole; and you may be sure that when the orator's brain is in a flame, when the poet's heart is in a tumult, it is something mightier than he and his will that is dealing with him! As I have looked from one of the northern windows of the street which commands our noble estuary, — the view through which is a picture on an illimitable canvas and a poem in innumerable cantos, — I have sometimes seen a pleasure-boat drifting along, her sail flapping, and she seeming as if she had neither will nor

aim. At her stern a man was laboring to bring her head round with an oar, to little purpose, as it seemed to those who watched him pulling and tugging. But all at once the wind of heaven, which had wandered all the way from Florida or from Labrador, it may be, struck full upon the sail, and it swelled and rounded itself like a white bosom that had burst its boddice, and —

— You are right; it is too true! but how I love these pretty phrases! I am afraid I am becoming an epicure in words, which is a bad thing to be, unless it is dominated by something infinitely better than itself. But there is a fascination in the mere sound of articulated breath; of consonants that resist with the firmness of a maid of honor, or half or wholly yield to the wooing lips; of vowels that flow and murmur, each after its kind; the peremptory *b* and *p*, the brittle *k*, the vibrating *r*, the insinuating *s*, the feathery *f*, the velvety *v*, the bell-voiced *m*, the tranquil broad *a*, the penetrating *e*, the cooing *u*, the emotional *o*, and the beautiful combinations of alternate rock and stream, as it were, that they give to the rippling flow of speech, — there is a fascination in the skilful handling of these, which the great poets and even prose-writers have not disdained to acknowledge and use to recommend their thought. What do you say to this line of Homer as a piece of poetical full-band music? I know you read the Greek characters with perfect ease, but permit me, just for my own satisfaction, to put it into English letters: —

Aigle pamphanoösa di' aitheros ouranon ike!

as if he should have spoken in our poorer phrase of,

Splendor far shining through ether to heaven ascending.

That Greek line, which I do not remember having heard mention of as remarkable, has nearly every consonantal and vowel sound in the language. Try it by the Greek and by the English alphabet; it is a curiosity. Tell me that old Homer did not roll his sightless eyeballs about with delight,

as he thundered out these ringing syllables! It seems hard to think of his going round like a hand-organ man, with such music and such thought as his to earn his bread with. One can't help wishing that Mr. Pugh could have got at him for a single lecture, at least, of the "Star Course," or that he could have appeared in the Music Hall, "for this night only."

— I know I have rambled, but I hope you see that this is a delicate way of letting you into the nature of the individual who is, officially, the principal personage at our table. It would hardly do to describe him directly, you know. But you must not think, because the lightning zigzags, it does not know where to strike.

I shall try to go through the rest of my description of our boarders with as little of digression as is consistent with my nature. I think we have a somewhat exceptional company. Since our landlady has got up in the world, her board has been decidedly a favorite with persons a little above the average in point of intelligence and education. In fact, ever since a boarder of hers, not wholly unknown to the reading public, brought her establishment into notice, it has attracted a considerable number of literary and scientific people, and now and then a politician, like the Member of the House of Representatives, otherwise called the Great and General Court of the State of Massachusetts. The consequence is, that there is more individuality of character than in a good many similar boarding-houses, where all are business-men, engrossed in the same pursuit of money-making, or all are engaged in politics, and so deeply occupied with the welfare of the community that they can think and talk of little else.

At my left hand sits as singular-looking a human being as I remember seeing outside of a regular museum or tent-show. His black coat shines as if it had been polished; and it has been polished on the wearer's back, no doubt, for the arms and other points

of maximum attrition are particularly smooth and bright. Round shoulders, — stooping over some minute labor, I suppose. Very slender limbs, with bends like a grasshopper's; sits a great deal, I presume; looks as if he might straighten them out all of a sudden, and jump instead of walking. Wears goggles very commonly; says it rests his eyes, which he strains in looking at very small objects. Voice has a dry creak, as if made by some small piece of mechanism that wanted oiling. I don't think he is a botanist, for he does not smell of dried herbs, but carries a camphorated atmosphere about with him, as if to keep the moths from attacking him. I must find out what is his particular interest. One ought to know something about his immediate neighbors at the table. This is what I said to myself, before opening a conversation with him. Everybody in our ward of the city was in a great stir about a certain election, and I thought I might as well begin with that as anything.

— How do you think the vote is like to go to-morrow? — I said.

— It is n't to-morrow, — he said, — it's next month.

— Next month! — said I. — Why, what election do you mean?

— I mean the election to the Presidency of the Entomological Society, sir, — he creaked, with an air of surprise, as if nobody could by any possibility have been thinking of any other. Great competition, sir, between the dipterists and the lepidopterists as to which shall get in their candidate. Several close ballottings already; adjourned for a fortnight. Poor concerns, both of 'em. Wait till our turn comes.

— I suppose you are an entomologist? — I said with a note of interrogation.

— Not quite so ambitious as that, sir. I should like to put my eyes on the individual entitled to that name! A *society* may call itself an Entomological Society, but the man who arrogates such a broad title as that to himself, in the present state of science, is a pre-

tender, sir, a *plétante*, an impostor! No man can be truly called an entomologist, sir; the subject is too vast for any single human intelligence to grasp.

— May I venture to ask, — I said, a little awed by his statement and manner, — what is your special province of study?

I am often spoken of as a Coleopterist, — he said, — but I have no right to so comprehensive a name. The genus *Scarabæus* is what I have chiefly confined myself to, and ought to have studied exclusively. The beetles proper are quite enough for the labor of one man's life. Call me a Scarabeeist if you will; if I can prove myself worthy of that name, my highest ambition will be more than satisfied.

I think, by way of compromise and convenience, I shall call him the Scarabee. He has come to look wonderfully like those creatures, — the beetles, I mean, — by being so much among them. His room is hung round with cases of them, each impaled on a pin driven through him, something as they used to bury suicides. These cases take the place for him of pictures and all other ornaments. That Boy steals into his room sometimes, and stares at them with great admiration, and has himself undertaken to form a rival cabinet, chiefly consisting of flies, so far, arranged in ranks superintended by an occasional spider.

The Old Master, who is a bachelor, has a kindly feeling for this little monkey, and those of his kind.

— I like children, — he said to me one day at table. — I like 'em, and I respect 'em. Pretty much all the honest truth-telling there is in the world is done by them. Do you know they play the part in the household which the king's jester, who very often had a mighty long head under his cap and bells, used to play for a monarch? There's no radical club like a nest of little folks in a nursery. Did you ever watch a baby's fingers? I have, often enough, though I never knew what it was to own one. — The Master paused

half a minute or so, — sighed, — perhaps at thinking what he had missed in life, — looked up at me a little vacantly. I saw what was the matter; he had lost the thread of his talk.

— Baby's fingers, — I intercalated.

— Yes, yes; did you ever see how they will poke those wonderful little fingers of theirs into every fold and crack and crevice they can get at? That is their first education, feeling their way into the solid facts of the material world. When they begin to talk it is the same thing over again in another shape. If there is a crack or a flaw in your answer to their confounded shoulder-hitting questions, they will poke and poke until they have got it gaping just as the baby's fingers have made a rent out of that atom of a hole in his pinafore that your old eyes never took notice of. Then they make such fools of us by copying on a small scale what we do in the grand manner. I wonder if it ever occurs to our dried-up neighbor there to ask himself whether That Boy's collection of flies is n't about as significant in the Order of Things as his own Museum of Beetles?

— I could n't help thinking that perhaps That Boy's questions about the simpler mysteries of life might have a good deal of the same kind of significance as the Master's inquiries into the Order of Things.

— On my left, beyond my next neighbor the Scarabee, at the end of the table, sits a person of whom we know little, except that he carries about him more palpable reminiscences of tobacco and the allied sources of comfort than a very sensitive organization might find acceptable. The Master does not seem to like him, much, for some reason or other, — perhaps he has a special aversion to the odor of tobacco. As his forefinger shows a little too distinctly that he uses a pen, I shall compliment him by calling him the Man of Letters, until I find out more about him.

— The Young Girl who sits on my

right, next beyond the Master, can hardly be more than nineteen or twenty years old. I wish I could paint her so as to interest others as much as she does me. But she has not a profusion of sunny tresses wreathing a neck of alabaster, and a cheek where the rose and the lily are trying to settle their old quarrel with alternating victory. Her hair is brown, her cheek is delicately pallid, her forehead is too ample for a ball-room beauty's. A single faint line between the eyebrows is the record of long-continued anxious efforts to please in the task she has chosen, or rather which has been forced upon her. It is the same line of anxious and conscientious effort which I saw not long since on the forehead of one of the sweetest and truest singers who has visited us; the same which is so striking on the masks of singing women carved upon the façade of our Great Organ, — that Himalayan home of harmony which you are to see and then die, if you don't live where you can see and hear it often. Many deaths have happened in a neighboring large city from that well-known complaint, *Icterus Invidiosorum*, after returning from a visit to the Music Hall. The invariable symptom of a fatal attack is the *Risus Sardonicus*. — But the Young Girl. She gets her living by writing stories for a newspaper. Every week she furnishes a new story. If her head aches or her heart is heavy, so that she does not come to time with her story, she falls behind-hand and has to live on credit. It sounds well enough to say that "she supports herself by her pen," but her lot is a trying one; it repeats the doom of the Danaïdes. The "Weekly Bucket" has no bottom, and it is her business to help fill it. Imagine for one moment what it is to tell a tale that must flow on, flow ever, without pausing; the plover miserable and happy this week, to begin miserable again next week and end as before; the villain scowling, plotting, punished; to scowl, plot, and get punished again in our next; an endless series of woes and blisses, into each paragraph of which the forlorn

artist has to throw all the liveliness, all the emotion, all the graces of style she is mistress of, for the wages of a maid of all work, and no more recognition or thanks from anybody than the apprentice who sets the types for the paper that prints her ever-ending and ever-beginning stories. And yet she has a pretty talent, sensibility, a natural way of writing, an ear for the music of verse, in which she sometimes indulges to vary the dead monotony of everlasting narrative, and a sufficient amount of invention to make her stories readable. I have found my eyes dimmed over them oftener than once, more with thinking about her, perhaps, than about her heroes and heroines. Poor little body! Poor little mind! Poor little soul! She is one of that great company of delicate, intelligent, emotional young creatures, who are waiting, like that sail I spoke of, for some breath of heaven to fill their white bosoms, — love, the right of every woman; religious emotion, sister of love, with the same passionate eyes, but cold, thin, bloodless hands, — some enthusiasm of humanity or divinity; and find that life offers them, instead, a seat on a wooden bench, a chain to fasten them to it, and a heavy oar to pull day and night. We read the Arabian tales and pity the doomed lady who must amuse her lord and master from day to day or have her head cut off; how much better is a mouth without bread to fill it than no mouth at all to fill, because no head? We have all round us a weary-eyed company of Scheherazades! This is one of them, and I may call her by that name when it pleases me to do so.

The next boarder I have to mention is the one who sits between the Young Girl and the Landlady. In a little chamber where a small thread of sunshine finds its way for half an hour or so every day during a month or six weeks of the spring or autumn, at all other times obliged to content itself with ungilded daylight, lives this boarder, whom, without wronging any others of our company, I may call, as she is

very generally called in the household, The Lady. In giving her this name it is not meant that there are no other ladies at our table, or that the handmaids who serve us are not ladies, or to deny the general proposition that everybody who wears the unbifurcated garment is entitled to that appellation. Only this lady has a look and manner which there is no mistaking as belonging to a person always accustomed to refined and elegant society. Her style is perhaps a little more courtly and gracious than some would like. The language and manner which betray the habitual desire of pleasing, and which add a charm to intercourse in the higher social circles, are liable to be construed by sensitive beings unused to such amenities as an odious condescension when addressed to persons of less consideration than the accused, and as a still more odious, — you know the word, — when directed to those who are esteemed by the world as considerable personages. But of all this the accused are fortunately wholly unconscious, for there is nothing so entirely natural and unaffected as the highest breeding.

From an aspect of dignified but undisguised economy which showed itself in her dress as well as in her limited quarters, I suspected a story of shipwrecked fortune, and determined to question our Landlady. That worthy woman was delighted to tell the history of her most distinguished boarder. She was, as I had supposed, a gentlewoman whom a change of circumstances had brought down from her high estate.

— Did I know the Goldenrod family? — Of course I did. — Well, the Lady was first cousin to Mrs. Midas Goldenrod. She had been here in her carriage to call upon her, — not very often. — Were her rich relations kind and helpful to her? — Well, — yes; at least they made her presents now and then. Three or four years ago they sent her a silver waiter, and every Christmas they sent her a bōquet, — it must cost as much as five dollars, the landlady thought.

— And how did the Lady receive these valuable and useful gifts?

— Every Christmas she got out the silver waiter and borrowed a glass tumbler and filled it with water, and put the bōquet in it and set it on the waiter. It smelt sweet enough and looked pretty for a day or two, but the landlady thought it would n't have hurt 'em if they'd sent a piece of goods for a dress, or at least a pocket-handkercher or two, or something or other that she could 'a' made some kind of use of; but beggars must n't be choosers; not that she was a beggar, for she'd sooner die than do that if she was in want of a meal of victuals. There was a lady I remember, and she had a little boy and she was a widow, and after she'd buried her husband she was dreadful poor, and she was ashamed to let her little boy go out in his old shoes, and copper-toed shoes they was too, because his poor little ten — toes — was a coming out of 'em; and what do you think my husband's rich uncle — well, there, now, it was me and my little Benjamin, as he was then, there's no use in hiding of it — and what do you think my husband's uncle sent me but a plaster of Paris image of a young woman, that was — well, her appearance was n't respectable, and I had to take and wrap her up in a towel and poke her right into my closet, and there she stayed till she got her head broke and served her right, for she was n't fit to show folks. You need n't say anything about what I told you, but the fact is I was desperate poor before I began to support myself taking boarders, and a lone woman without her — her —

The sentence plunged into the gulf of her great remembered sorrow and was lost to the records of humanity.

— Presently she continued in answer to my questions: The Lady was not very sociable; kept mostly to herself. The Young Girl (our Scheherazade) used to visit her sometimes, and they seemed to like each other, but the Young Girl had not many spare hours for visiting. The Lady never

found fault, but she was very nice in her tastes, and kept everything about her looking as neat and pleasant as she could.

— What did she do? — Why, she read, and she drew pictures, and she did needle-work patterns, and played on an old harp she had; the gilt was mostly off, but it sounded very sweet, and she sung to it sometimes, those old songs that used to be in fashion twenty or thirty years ago, with words to 'em that folks could understand.

Did she do anything to help support herself? — The landlady could n't say she did, but she thought there was rich people enough that ought to buy the flowers and things she worked and painted.

All this points to the fact that she was bred to be an ornamental rather than what is called a useful member of society. This is all very well as long as fortune favors those who are chosen to be the ornamental personages; but if the golden tide recedes and leaves them stranded, they are more to be pitied than almost any other class. "I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed."

I think it is unpopular in this country to talk much about gentlemen and gentlewomen. People are touchy about social distinctions, which no doubt are often invidious and quite arbitrary and accidental, but which it is impossible to avoid recognizing as facts of natural history. Society stratifies itself everywhere, and the stratum which is generally recognized as the uppermost will be apt to have the advantage in easy grace of manner and in unassuming confidence, and consequently be more agreeable in the superficial relations of life. To compare these advantages with the virtues and utilities would be foolish. Much of the noblest work in life is done by ill-dressed, awkward, ungainly persons; but that is no more reason for undervaluing good manners and what we call high-breeding, than the fact that the best part of the sturdy labor of the world is done by men with exceptionable hands is to be urged against

the use of Brown Windsor as a preliminary to appearance in cultivated society.

I mean to stand up for this poor lady, whose usefulness in the world is apparently problematical. She seems to me like a picture that has fallen from its gilded frame and lies, face downward, on the dusty floor. The picture never was as needful as a window or a door, but it was pleasant to see it in its place, and it would be pleasant to see it there again, and I, for one, should be thankful to have the Lady restored by some turn of fortune to the position from which she has been so cruelly cast down.

— I have asked the Landlady about the young man sitting near her, the same who attracted my attention the other day while I was talking, as I mentioned. He passes most of his time in a private observatory, it appears; a watcher of the stars. That I suppose gives the peculiar look to his lustrous eyes. The Master knows him and was pleased to tell me something about him.

You call yourself a Poet, — he said, — and we call you so, too, and so you are; I read your verses and like 'em. But that young man lives in a world beyond the imagination of poets, let me tell you. The daily home of his thought is in illimitable space, hovering between the two eternities. In his contemplations the divisions of time run together, as in the thought of his Maker. With him also, — I say it not profanely, — one day is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day.

This account of his occupation increased the interest his look had excited in me, and I have observed him more particularly and found out more about him. Sometimes, after a long night's watching, he looks so pale and worn, that one would think the cold moonlight had stricken him with some malign effluence, such as it is fabled to send upon those who sleep in it. At such times he seems more like one who has come from a planet farther away

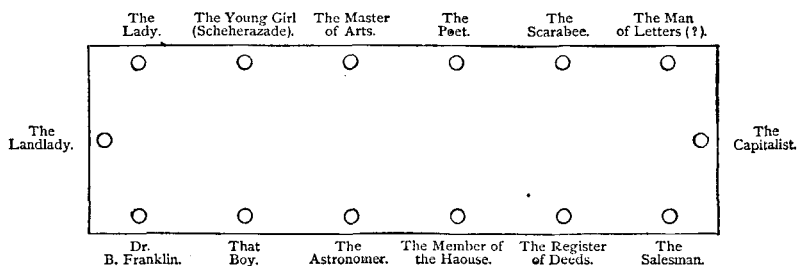
from the sun than our earth, than like one of us terrestrial creatures. His home is truly in the heavens, and he practises an asceticism in the cause of science almost comparable to that of Saint Simeon Stylites. Yet they tell me he might live in luxury if he spent on himself what he spends on science. His knowledge is of that strange, remote character, that it seems sometimes almost superhuman. He knows the ridges and chasms of the moon as a surveyor knows a garden-plot he has measured. He watches the snows that gather around the poles of Mars; he is on the lookout for the expected comet at the moment when its faint stain of diffused light first shows itself; he analyzes the ray that comes from the sun's photosphere; he measures the rings of Saturn; he counts his asteroids to see that none are missing, as the shepherd counts the sheep in his flock. A strange unearthly being; lonely, dwelling far apart from the thoughts and cares of the planet on which he lives,—an enthusiast who gives his life to knowledge; a student of antiquity, to whom the records of the geologist are modern pages in the great volume of being and the pyramids a memorandum of yesterday, as the eclipse or occultation that is to take place thousands of years hence is an event of to-morrow in the diary without

beginning and without end where he enters the aspect of the passing moment as it is read on the celestial dial.

In very marked contrast with this young man is the something more than middle-aged Register of Deeds, a rusty, sallow, smoke-dried looking personage, who belongs to this earth as exclusively as the other belongs to the firmament. His movements are as mechanical as those of a pendulum—to the office, where he changes his coat and plunges into messages and building-lots; then, after changing his coat again, back to our table, and so, day by day, the dust of years gradually gathering around him as it does on the old folios that fill the shelves all round the great cemetery of past transactions of which he is the sexton.

Of the Salesman who sits next him, nothing need be said except that he is good-looking, rosy, well dressed, and of very polite manners, only a little more brisk than the approved style of carriage permits,—as one in the habit of springing with a certain alacrity at the call of a customer.

You would like to see, I don't doubt, how we sit at the table, and I will help you by means of a diagram which shews the present arrangement of our seats.



Our young Scheherazade varies her prose stories now and then, as I told you, with compositions in verse, one or two of which she has let me look over. Here is one of them, which she allowed me to copy. It is from a story of hers, "The Sun-Worshipper's Daughter,"

which you may find in the periodical before mentioned, to which she is a contributor, if you can lay your hand upon a file of it. I think our Scheherazade has never had a lover in human shape, or she would not play so lightly with the fire-brands of the great passion.

FANTASIA.

Kiss mine eyelids, beauteous Morn,
Blushing into life new-born !
Lend me violets for my hair,
And thy russet robe to wear,
And thy ring of rosiest hue
Set in drops of diamond dew !

Kiss my cheek, thou noontide ray,
From my Love so far away !

Let thy splendor streaming down
Turn its pallid lilies brown,
Till its darkening shades reveal
Where his passion pressed its seal !

Kiss my lips, thou Lord of light,
Kiss my lips a soft good night !
Westward sinks thy golden car ;
Leave me but the evening star,
And my solace that shall be,
Borrowing all its light from thee !

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

THE place of "The Last Tournament," among the "Idyls of the King," is after "Pelleas and Ettarre," following this with a further revelation of the corruption of Arthur's knights, and drearily foreshadowing the ruin felt in "Guinevere." Arthur has ordered a tournament to contend for the necklace of "the maiden babe" that Arthur found in an eagle's nest, and that the queen took for her own, but that died :

"And in time the carcanet
Vext her with plaintive memories of the child ;
So she, delivering it to Arthur, said,
'Take thou the jewels of this dead innocence,
And make them as thou wilt, a tourney prize.'"

But the day before the tourney a maimed and mutilated churl appears before the king and tells him that his cruel hurts have come from a robber-baron of the North ; and Arthur leaves Lancelot to rule the tourney and goes to punish the robber. The prize is won by Tristram, who carries the jewels of the dead innocence to deck very lively guilt, — to hang about the neck of Isolt, his paramour ; and as he clasps them there,

"Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek,
and her husband cleaves him through the brain.

"That night came Arthur home, and while he climb'd,
All in a death-dumb autumn-dripping gloom,

* *The Last Tournament.* By ALFRED TENNYSON. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co. 1871.

The Divine Tragedy. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co. 1871.

The Life of Charles Dickens. By JOHN FORSTER. Vol. I. 1812-1842. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

History of English Literature. By H. TAINÉ. Translated by H. VAN LAUN. With a Preface

The stairway to the hall, and look'd and saw
The great Queen's bower was dark, — about his feet
A voice clung sobbing till he question'd it,
'What art thou?' and the voice about his feet
Sent up an answer, sobbing, 'I am thy fool,
And I shall never make thee smile again.'

The queen has flown with Lancelot, and what comes next is in "Guinevere," without full reference to which this idyl cannot be quite satisfactorily read. In some lights it seems the slightest of all the idyls, but it gathers substance as the reader considers it, and when taken in its due relation to the rest, we doubt if it will be found the least. There is no great painting as in "Pelleas," and it wants the novelty of note which ravished in the earlier idyls ; but in the art of subtly simple narration, which characterizes the whole series of poems, we think it is almost the first. So many things are so delicately yet clearly shown in the dreamful air of the time that never was, and the whole scene and action are made so present to the fancy, that if it were only all new, what a wonder and a rapture it would all be ! The old fabulous Arthurian capital, clothed for the tourney, its streets

"Hung with folds of pure

White samite,"

and its "fountains running wine" ; Lancelot sitting heavy-hearted, absent-minded at the lists in the good king's "double-dragon chair" ; Tristram entering,

prepared expressly for this Translation by the Author. 2 vols. New York : Holt and Williams. 1871.

Art in Greece. By H. TAINÉ. Translated by JOHN DURAND. New York : Holt and Williams. 1871.

History of Florida. From its Discovery by Ponce de Leon, in 1512, to the Close of the Florida War, in 1842. By GEORGE R. FAIRBANKS. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.

"Taller than the rest,
And armor'd all in forest green, whereon
There tript a hundred tiny silver deer";

the sorrowful rain and the wet plumes and mantles; the after-revels, at which dame and damsel cast the simple white they had worn at the tourney in honor of "the dead innocence," and wantoned forth in all colors,

"The live grass,
Rose-campion, blue-bell, king-cup, poppy";

little Dagonet, the king's fool, with Tristram in the wood, and the musical, airy prolixity of their talk, and Tristram's rhythmical, unrhymed song thereto; Tristram's dream in the ruined forest bower, and his riding forward to Tintagil under "an ever-showering leaf"; Arthur's slaughter of the Red Knight and all his comrades and their paramours in the North; — these things we read with a quiet sense of their expectedness even when we most admire them; and several of the passages really are of the best Tennyson: —

"And Arthur deign'd not use of word or sword,
But let the drunkard, as he stretch'd from horse
To strike him, overbalancing his bulk,
Down from the causeway heavily to the swamp
Fall, as the crest of some slow-arching wave
Heard in dead night along that table-shore
Drops flat, and after the great waters break
Whitening for half a league, and thin themselves
Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,
From less and less to nothing: thus he fell
Head-heavy, while the knights, who watch'd him,
roar'd

And shouted and leapt down upon the fall'n;
There trampled out his face from being known,
And sank his head in mire, and slided themselves:
Nor heard the King for their own cries, but sprang
Thro' open doors, and swording right and left
Men, women, on their sodden faces, hurl'd
The tables over and the wines, and slew
Till all the rafters rang with woman-yells,
And all the pavement stream'd with massacre:
Then, yell with yell echoing, they fired the tower,
Which half that autumn night, like the live North,
Red-pulsing up thro' Alioth and Alcor,
Made all above it, and a hundred meres
About it, as the water Moab saw
Come round by the East, and out beyond them
flush'd

The long low dune, and lazy-plunging sea."

That it is not new in feeling ought hardly to count against the poem, seeing that it is part in temper and mood of an enterprise already old. Perhaps it is to be praised for preserving so perfectly the atmosphere of the other idyls. Familiar, at any rate, it certainly is, in every mien and attitude, — in its supreme and predominant gracefulness; in its grand-operatic violences, its impulses that wait upon the music; its comfortable unreality, — so com-

fortable that we behold any wickedness and sorrow the poet will with a gentle motion of the sympathies that is regret, and scarcely know if it be disapproval. The bloodshed is decent, the outrage graceful, the adulteries do not stain, the tears have no savor of bitter or of salt. It is a fair, stately world of revery in which we live while we read the idyls of Tennyson; we do not like to come out of it; and while there we think it a pity that such a world could not have been once. When time shall have done as much for these poems as it has done for Guarini's *Pastor Fido* or Tasso's *Aminta*, will the reader, may be, derive the same sort of pleasure from them all? Does he now? And if something wholly outside of experience or possibility can give us pleasure, shall we complain of it? If ever we do, may we read realities that weary us!

Like the "Last Tournament," Mr. Longfellow's "Divine Tragedy" is part of a series of poems, though there is nothing to hinder the sympathetic reader's enjoyment of this poem apart from the others. The plan of the whole work includes "The Divine Tragedy" as the first of a dramatic trilogy; then, after an Interlude by the Abbot Joachim, "The Golden Legend," and then, with a second Interlude by Martin Luther, "The New England Tragedies," ending with a Finale by St. John, who, after the passion of Christ, after the mystical self-sacrifice of the mediæval asceticism, after the gloomy excesses of Puritanism in the New World, is still a wanderer on the earth, where still

"There is war instead of peace,
Instead of love there is hate."

And he cries: —

"From all vain pomps and shows,
From the pride that overflows,
And the false conceits of men;
From all the narrow rules
And subtleties of Schools,
And the craft of tongue and pen;
Bewildered in its search,
Bewildered with the cry:
Lo, here! lo, there, the Church!
Poor, sad Humanity
Through all the dust and heat
Turns back with bleeding feet,
By the weary road it came,
Unto the simple thought
By the Great Master taught,
And that remaineth still:
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will!"

We need not speak of the second and third of the three dramas, except to say

that they gain new meaning and force in the light of their relation to each other and to the first. As for "The Divine Tragedy," it is for the most part simply the life of Christ, told in the words of the Evangelists, which, with curiously few touches of art, take shape in blank verse; but interspersing the dramatic narration are soliloquies, in which the poet has used some invention of his own, or some old legend. It is of course nearer in form to "The Golden Legend," but the resolute simplicity of the work is more like that of "The New England Tragedies." There is in the beginning an Introit of the Angel and of the Prophet Habbakuk, foretelling Christ, and then the first Passover (for the three acts of the Tragedy are the three passovers embraced in Christ's ministry) opens with John's crying in the wilderness, and answering the priest sent out to question him. Here it is almost solely the Evangelists' words that take lyrical life and shape from the poet's touch, but the Temptation of Christ that follows is more freely, though scarcely less simply treated. Then comes the marriage in Cana, with the first and most poetical of the miracles; and we do not think that any part of the drama is better managed. The outline given in Scripture is so filled and lighted up that the whole scene rises before us, with the musicians singing verses from the Song of Solomon,—the bride and bridegroom uttering their love in the Old Testament phrases of mystical tenderness,—the governor of the feast and guests talking of the young Nazarene present,—

"That youth with the dark eyes,
And hair, in color like unto the wine,
Parted upon his forehead, and behind
Falling in flowing locks";—

the few words that pass between Mary and her son,—the divine abstraction of Jesus in working the miracle,—and the Essenian Manahem's vision of the Passion. At the close is one of the few passages which forcibly remind us of the poet's earlier manner:—

"THE BRIDEGROOM to the BRIDE, on the balcony.
"When Abraham went with Sarah into Egypt,
The land was all illumined with her beauty;
But thou dost make the very night itself
Brighter than day! Behold, in glad procession,
Crowding the threshold of the sky above us,
The stars come forth to meet thee with their lamps;
And the soft winds, the ambassadors of flowers,
From neighboring gardens and from fields unseen,
Come laden with odors unto thee, my Queen!"

But the poet has permitted himself few

merely literary graces, and has made his literary art strictly servant to his reverence for his theme, exerting it to impart dramatic quality to the scenes by putting the words of the Gospel narrative as chorus-like comment into the mouth of some probable witness, or in making the Scriptural persons relate of themselves the things that are related of them, and in here and there the introduction of legendary facts or characters, as we have already said, and of some wholly imagined passages. In the first Passover the last scene is the supper in the house of Simon the Pharisee. Preceding this is the soliloquy of Mary of Magdala in her tower,—one of the imagined passages, which is characteristic of much of the grave poetry of the drama:—

"Companionless, unsatisfied, forlorn,
I sit here in this lonely tower, and look
Upon the lake below me, and the hills
That swoon with heat, and see as in a vision
All my past life unroll itself before me.
The princes and the merchants come to me,
Merchants of Tyre and Princes of Damascus,
And pass, and disappear, and are no more;
But leave behind their merchandise and jewels,
Their perfumes, and their gold, and their disgust.
I loathe them, and the very memory of them
Is unto me as thought of food to one
Cloyed with the luscious figs of Dalmanutha!
What if hereafter, in the long hereafter
Of endless joy or pain, or joy in pain,
It were my punishment to be with them
Grown hideous and decrepit in their sins,
And hear them say: Thou that hast brought us
here,
Be unto us as thou hast been of old!"

In the second Passover, after Herod has consented to the beheading of John the Baptist, Manahem rushes out of the castle of Machærus, where the king sits feasting, and in a wild lyrical strain utters the vision in which he sees the great misdeed accomplished. This monologue is very fine for a prophetic fury of horror and malediction in the verse, and is worthy of the poet's feeling that in this way only could the event be portrayed. But we think the strongest and most expressive of all the interludes, as we may call them, is the song of Barabbas to his fellow-prisoners, when he lies in prison expecting death. The character of the ruthless, fearless ruffian seems to shape the verse and to give it a reckless swagger:—

"Barabbas is my name,
Barabbas, the Son of Shame,
Is the meaning, I suppose;
I'm no better than the best,
And whether worse than the rest
Of my fellow-men, who knows?"

"I was once, to say it in brief,
A highwayman, a robber chief,
In the open light of day.
So much I am free to confess;
But all men, more or less,
Are robbers in their way.

"From my cavern in the crags,
From my lair of leaves and flags,
I could see, like ants, below,
The camels with their load
Of merchandise, on the road
That leadeth to Jericho.

"And I struck them unaware,
As an eagle from the air
Drops down upon bird or beast;
And I had my heart's desire
Of the merchants of Sidon and Tyre,
And Damascus and the East.

"Who cares for death? Not I!
A thousand times I would die,
Rather than suffer wrong!
Already those women of mine
Are mixing the myrrh and the wine;
I shall not be with you long."

The reader, looking back upon the poem, will be more apt to do it justice than at the first glance. The simplicity will probably have seemed bare at times, and the self-denial which has rejected from the dramatic narrative all non-scriptural persons and incidents, and has so sparingly relieved the Gospel history by the inventions of the interludes, may have been felt as too severe. A better sense of the poet's intention ought to remove these impressions, and revision will light up the many points at which it touches the life of the time, such as Pilate's Roman mystification at the strange religion of the Jews, and his pagan surprise at their intolerance; the low spirit of sorcery, almost self-believing, in Simon Magus and Helen of Tyre, seeking out Christ to learn his magic; the domination of the Romans, and the restive subjection of the Jews; the wandering career, the apparition and the disappearance of Christ in divers places; the bewilderment and uncertain knowledge of his own disciples concerning him; the feverish tumult of expectation and disappointment in the minds of the Jewish rulers; the apparent end of all his mission in Christ's death; and the strange, dreamlike aspect of the events of his appearance after death. But these are really *points* only; there is a peculiar unrest in the poem, which lets it dwell upon no fact with extraordinary fulness; it hastens forward to the most tragic of all tragic ends. You must turn back, as we have said, for its true effects, and in this review you will most enjoy the tender and vivid

passages in it. The whole soliloquy of Judas is full of pathos, with nothing more pathetic than his cry, —

"Why did I not perish
With those by Herod slain, the innocent children
Who went with playthings in their little hands
Into the darkness of the other world,
As if to bed?"

Helen's all-Eastern homesickness for Tyre, —

"It is too silent and too solitary;
I miss the tumult of the streets; the sounds
Of traffic; and the going to and fro
Of people in gay attire, with cloaks of purple,
And gold and silver jewelry. . . .
I regret the gossip
Of friends and neighbors at the open door
On summer nights. . . .
The singing and the dancing, the delight
Of music and of motion. Woe is me,
To give up all these pleasures, and to lead
The life we lead!

Happy was I in Tyre.
O, I remember how the gallant ships
Came sailing in, with ivory, gold, and silver,
And apes and peacocks; and the singing sailors;
And the gay captains with their silken dresses,
Smelling of aloes, myrrh, and cinnamon!" —

the touchingly patient cheerfulness of blind Bartimeus, and the excellent art with which the scene of his healing is done, are parts of the poem that have constantly grown upon our liking.

The first volume of Mr. Forster's "Life of Dickens" is probably making more people talk of it at present than any other book, and in substance it is one of the most remarkable biographies ever written. It is not so surprising, however, as it is interesting, to know that many of the most famous passages of Dickens's romances are personal history, with little or no disguise of circumstance or other invention; for there has been rumor of all this before, and now we are chiefly struck with the fulness and faithfulness with which the author's own experiences were reproduced. It was said long ago that Mr. Micawber was drawn from Dickens's father; but now the veil is wholly lifted, and we see that Mr. Micawber *was* the elder Dickens, not in character alone, but in the principal incidents of his amusing career. The continual struggle with bad luck, the shabby devices for eking out a genteel existence, the repeated compromises with creditors, the final crash, and the sojourn in the debtors' prison, and then the court of bankruptcy, — not only were these facts common to the career of Micawber and the elder Dickens, but also such small matters as

the petition of the debtors to the throne, — “not for the abolition of imprisonment for debt, as David Copperfield relates, but for the less dignified but more accessible boon of a bounty to drink his Majesty’s health on his Majesty’s forthcoming birthday,” — and that well-known financial statement by Mr. Micawber, that the difference between misery and happiness lay in the odd pence of an income overspent or underspent. In the mean time Dickens was himself the David Copperfield of that period of the story, even to his employment in the bottle warehouse, which was, in fact, the blacking manufactory of a cousin and rival of the illustrious Warren. Here, with such companionship as is described in the romance, he worked a year, for six shillings a week, at bottling the blacking. All these facts are most touchingly narrated in his own language from the notes he left for Mr. Forster’s use, and form the history of a part of his life which was always a most miserable memory to him. He declares that from the final hour of this servitude — imbibed to the sensitive boy by his early consciousness of high possibilities in himself, and his precocious shrinking from mean associations — up to the moment he wrote of it, the fact was never mentioned in his presence by any that knew it, and he himself never, in any burst of confidence, referred to it. He shunned the street where the blacking warehouse stood, and he says that “his old way home by the borough made him cry after his eldest child could speak.” It is not easy to give a sense of the intense and passionate feeling, the suffering, with which these notes are written. After reading them, the other revelations seem of little moment, though it is well to know that the phonographic toils of David Copperfield were also those of Dickens, and that there was a real Dora, who did not die, but lived to become Flora Casby in “Little Dorrit.”

The book is very satisfying as a literary history, and it imparts the excitement of the far times when “Pickwick” was a new delight, and “Oliver Twist” began to appear before “Pickwick” was finished, and “Nicholas Nickleby” hurried forward by the side of “Oliver Twist,” and “Barnaby Rudge” was planned, and “The Old Curiosity Shop” was written, and the whole world was talking of the young genius who had taken its sensibilities by storm. Mr. Forster does not attempt any critical analysis of the works whose production he de-

scribes; it is not his office, and it appears not his *forte*, for the praises which he lavishes upon them are not only idle, but astonishingly commonplace. Think of his supposing it worth while to say that Dickens does not make vice attractive! One longs to examine Mr. Forster’s bumps, after that. But he has told the story he had to tell very entertainingly; not singularly well, but, as we say, satisfyingly, yes, delightfully, as a man could hardly help doing with such material; and we think he has only used himself with justice whenever he has touched upon his friendship with Dickens. It was a relation of which he might well be proud, for it was of uncommon tenderness and constancy; and if Mr. Forster might be proud, Dickens on his part had rare cause to be grateful. By virtue of his abounding love for Dickens, and the thoroughly uncritical mood in which he writes of him, Dickens’s character is the more frankly made known to us. Mr. Forster does not seem to have felt the trait of exaggeration running through his whole nature and work, — for his work was himself, — and consequently does not guard against it, or try to veil it. The reader may suspect that the anguish of the boy in the blacking factory is partly the retrospective misery and self-pity of the man who remembers it; but the biographer leaves the reader alone to the enjoyment of this and other doubts, and lets his hero put himself in all his extravagance before us. A more critical friend would have hesitated to publish the expressions of transcendent tenderness in which Dickens bewails the death of his wife’s younger sister; but Mr. Forster trusts it to us, and we learn again that, however deeply Dickens felt, he must often have thought that he felt more deeply than he did feel. This trait made him the more effective with the vast multitudes he enraptured to laughter or tears; but it won him, in prodigiously greater degree, an actor’s success, and must forbid him a place with Goldsmith, and Thackeray, and Hawthorne, perhaps the only perfect artists English fiction has known.

The six chapters which end the book are given up to his American visit, and are exceedingly interesting, without being novel. The fact seems to have been simply that Dickens came here in the glow of very lively sympathies with democracy in the ideal, and was shocked and outraged by the vulgarity, the vanity, the dulness, the timid-

ity which belong to the American, as well as to all human experiments, whether in republicanism or monarchy. His letters do full justice to the good qualities of that curiously provincial and happily obsolete American people of thirty years ago, while they do not spare their conceit and pretentiousness, their self-seeking even in the honors they bestowed, and their now-incredible meanness in the presence of great wrongs, their intolerance, their ignorance. He was horribly fatigued and bored; but on the whole we meant well, and perhaps he meant well in the "American Notes." If he did not, it must be owned that he was sorely tempted to evil. His judgment of us was superficially correct, and profoundly mistaken; but it was not dishonest, we believe, however ungracious it was.

This part of the life of Dickens must awaken the doubt which we suppose most serious people feel concerning the value of all judgments of a nation by critics outside of itself. A humorist like Dickens, whose celebrity amongst us came from our love of humor, could declare that we had no sense of it; and he was a man of our own race, religion, and domestic, if not social and political traditions. Such a misconception goes near to make one sad, and one has no heart for his revenge when he takes up the all-too-vivid Monsieur Taine's History of English Literature, and reads there the sparkling errors of that ingenious gentleman about Dickens and Thackeray and the society that produced them. No doubt troubles M. Taine, who flashes his jack-a-lantern over the boggy ups and downs of English life, and upon the pages of the great romancer and the great satirist, with a lively belief in its solar power. We speak slightly now of only a small part of a large work, which may have more value than we have been led to hope by what we have read in it. If the suspicion which our partial acquaintance has cast upon the whole proves unjust, we shall be prepared to make full amends hereafter; but in the mean time we own our misgiving. In treating of the remoter literary epochs, M. Taine has us more on his own ground, for our ancestors are a kind of foreigners to us; yet if we may guess from his criticism on Dryden, which we have read, we must still prefer a critic who has not had to judge his author with all his finest and his sweetest left out. It is not so much that he is mainly mistaken; Dryden is rather too plain a case; but if any one will read Mr.

Lowell's essay on Dryden after M. Taine's, he will have our meaning, and will perceive the difference between interpreting a poet by every delicate faculty, and feeling for him with the thumb. Still, one has to admire M. Taine's zeal and industry, and the strictly historical portions of his work. He succeeds better, we think, in relating the history of a foreign people to its art, as in his "Art in Greece," than to its literature; but his success there may be chiefly in our necessary modern ignorance of antiquity, and, if they could, those poor ancients might cry out in indignant protest. It is certain that it is safer to infer Greek art from Greek life, as M. Taine does, than to infer Greek character from Greek art, as Mr. Ruskin would prefer to do. His method of showing the influences of daily life upon art is admirably brilliant and effective, but the reader will do well to guard himself against the author's too inflexible and exclusive application of his theory. Stated in rather an extreme form, it is this: given the time and climate of a people, their art can be accurately deduced therefrom, without reference to their artistic productions, — just as Agassiz can sketch you off a portrait of our affectionate forefathers the ichthyosaurus or the pterodactyl, after glancing at their fossilized foot-tracks. M. Taine's method does not take into sufficient account the element of individuality in the artist. Rigorously applied, it would make us expect to find all the artists of a given people at a given time cast in one mould, good or bad as the case might be. In the history of art it should be borne in mind that, beside the study of works of art proper, not only the general circumstances of the time and people are to be considered, but the personal circumstances of each great artist, — his obstacles and aids, his failures and triumphs, which modify the character of his works. Each study should supplement the other two. By following these three paths *seriatim*, among every people in every period, and comparing the results, we arrive at a comprehensive knowledge of the world's art. In respect to Greece, the study of biography and of art-products is, of course, mainly out of the question, from the absence of material. But in the study of modern art, it should always be remembered that M. Taine's method is only one side of a complete view. Much gratitude, however, is due him for his valuable contributions to one portion of the science of art-history.

Mr. Fairbanks, in his history of Florida,

has not felt that dearth of material which must trouble the historians of most of our States, and he has made an interesting book, of which no part is more attractive than that devoted to the early discoverers and explorers, one of whom (Cabeza de Vaca) he believes to have discovered the Mississippi before De Soto. Through three chapters we trace the history of Ribaut and Landonnière, the commanders of the Huguenot settlements, Forts Charles and Caroline; and there is a narrative of Dominique de Gourgues, the avenger of the massacre of Ribaut and his followers. The historian dwells upon the curious fact that the son of Melendez, the murderer of these Huguenots, had been shipwrecked on the passage from Mexico to Spain, and taken captive by the Indians of the Bermudas, so that one of the chief motives of the father in coming to America, where his cruelties were committed, must have been the affectionate desire to rescue his son. He was a man admirable, in spite of his atrocious crime, for heroic perseverance and daring. Mr. Fairbanks tells us that Melendez, "within the eighteen months that had elapsed since his landing in Florida, had carefully examined the entire coast from Cape Florida to St. Helena, had built forts at St. Augustine, San Mateo, Avista, Gualé, and St. Helena, and had established block-houses at Tequesta, Carlos, Tocobayo, and Coava, in all of which he had left garrisons and religious teachers."

A curious episode of Florida history was the enterprise of Sir William Duncan and Dr. Andrew Turnbull, who, at an expense of one hundred and sixty-six thousand dollars, brought from Smyrna, under indentures, fifteen hundred Greeks, Italians, and Minorcans, who formed a settlement at Mosquito and called it New Smyrna. This colony proving a failure, in about nine years the six hundred that remained went in 1776 to St. Augustine, where their descendants are still found. The last four chapters of the history are devoted to the Seminole or Florida War, — that conflict in which a comparatively few Indians contrived to elude the strength and skill of our forces for nearly seven years, and in whose subjugation the sum of forty million dollars was expended.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.*

The most interesting as well as the most important of the new foreign books we

* All books mentioned in this section may be

are to notice this month is Otto Ludwig's *Shakespeare-Studien*. And studies exactly defines the informal nature of the book. It consists of a series of disconnected observations on Shakespeare, poetry, and the drama, as well as the thousand various matters which naturally suggest themselves to one who is seriously considering such complex subjects. On one page we find the analysis of some particular play of Shakespeare's followed by some criticism of Goethe or Schiller, then a brief dissertation on some matter of æsthetics; and all done as simply and unpretentiously as one who only writes for himself is more likely to do than he who makes books for the instruction of his fellow-men. These notes have all the simplicity of conversation; again, they are put in chronological order, so that we can watch the growth of the author's mind from year to year. On the whole, the book is as sound a manual of criticism as we have seen for a long time. Shakespeare has been for a long time adored by the Germans, but at times a vein of mysticism has entered into their worship. Ludwig, however, keeps a cool head even in his greatest enthusiasm, and his admirable criticism of Schiller and other German idols is all the more precious for coming from one of their own countrymen. As an example of the simplicity and condensation of the book, we quote the following; it is called "The Cosmos of the Plays of Shakespeare": "What we find in Shakespeare is the world, but freed from the contradictions which we find in the actual world; one of which the most secret motives lie before our eyes; we see through the people as if they were spirits; we see, too, their right, their wrong, their whole nature, and their fate in its necessary sequence; we see nothing that could make us doubt of the wisdom of the order of the world. His world is a school had at Schönhof and Müller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Otto Ludwig, Shakespeare-Studien. Aus dem Nachlasse des Dichters herausgegeben von MORITZ HEYDRICH. Leipzig. 1872.

Fritz Ellwödt. Roman. Von KARL GUTZKOW. 3 Bände. Jena. 1872.

Der neue Tannhäuser. Berlin. 1871.

Barbares et Bandits — La Prusse et la Commune. Par M. PAUL DE SAINT VICTOR. Paris. 1871.

L'Histoire d'un Sous-Maitre. Par MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN. Paris. 1871.

La Clique Dorée. Par EMILE GABORIAN. Paris. 1871.

L'Autriche-Hongrie. Par DANIEL LÉVY. Paris. 1871.

Récits d'un Soldat. Par AMÉDÉE ACHARD. Paris. 1871.

for the actual one, it teaches us how every sort of excess and perversion, every discord in the harmony of our powers, brings its own punishment ; it shows how the wicked man, in his apparent triumph, bears hell in his heart, etc. He is his own organism, not a mechanism, like Lessing in his *Emilia Galotte*, or like the French classic tragedians, with whom one fact demands another, as in a game of cards or chess which goes on piece by piece, move by move, until we have at last only a frosty symmetry, hardly more than superficial. He is without over-subtlety, he works from one or two primitive and self-evident motives ; if they are two, they are approved to one another. Shakespeare has never made it as easy for himself as Goethe has done, for example, in his 'Tasso.' In order to inform us that his hero is a great poet, he gives him the name of a great poet, and to Antonio he gives the name of a statesman. Without this testimony, he would never appear to us as a great statesman ; we see nothing of the kind in him ; on the contrary, he is as powerless over himself as is Tasso. What we see is only two vain, sensitive men. When Shakespeare shows us a Coriolanus, he does not need the name and historical identification. We see that he is high-minded to excess ; that he is a mighty hero, who, after he has conquered the others, conquers himself, the stoutest of all. Shakespeare does not suppose any further belief than what our senses and understanding can find or prove. The name of his heroes is indifferent, — Coriolanus might be called Tullius or what you please, he would remain what he is, and we should see what he is. Give Tasso and Alphonso other names, and let us know nothing more about them than what we see, and they would sink greatly in our opinion."

Of Schiller he says : "The main difference between Shakespeare and Schiller is this, that with the former the inner development is the chief thing, and the external tragedy, i. e. the action, appears as the necessary consequence, and at the same time as the symbolic expression of the inner development ; while with Schiller just the contrary is true. With him the external facts are the main point, they are the acting characters ; the hero is passive, he suffers not the consequences of his own actions, which avenge themselves upon him, but rather he suffers without fault of his own ; fate is changed into accident ; the divine order into a relentlessly cruel force of na-

ture, which takes a malicious pleasure in trampling what is beautiful in the dust, in degrading what is noble. Chance directs the inner conduct of the play, the external action is the result of necessity. Thus his heroes are in a very bad way, dramatically, since the other characters monopolize all the action ; they have nothing to do, except to maintain their dignity. Hence they are truly enough the heroes, but not the principal characters." This is a theme to which Ludwig is continually returning, illustrating and emphasizing it in a thousand ways. We have not space for more extracts ; we can only recommend the volume most heartily.

Gutzkow's new novel *Fritz Ellrodt*, of which two volumes have already appeared, but which still lacks one to be completed, is not of entrancing interest. It is an historical novel, in which the history appears to be thoroughly accurate ; the story itself, as far as we have read, is rather dull. It might be well for one who hopes that these sketches may put the reader in the way of getting hold of some entertaining reading seriously to forswear the mention of any German novels ; at any rate, the one we have mentioned is only noteworthy on account of its novelty, — there is nothing else about it which could tempt us to break so agreeable a rule. A short poem, *Der neue Tannhäuser*, which appeared last summer, is not without merit. It is the wail of the modern, introspective Tannhäuser, who poisons every joy by trying to determine its real place in the universe, and on whose lips, in consequence, worldly pleasures soon turn to dust and ashes. This is not the best subject in the world, nor yet one that recommends it to universal reading, but while there is much that is tiresome in the treatment of it, there is somewhat that is really good. The last scene in the book, where Faust, Helena, and the Wandering Jew appear, is well worth reading, it is really poetical. The characters introduced are not easily made dull.

Of French books we have but few, except those about the war ; of these there are M. Paul de Saint Victor's *La Prusse et la Commune*, a most hysterical production, and two volumes by M. Louis Veuillot, which we hope to mention again next month. *L'Histoire d'un Sous-Maitre*, by MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, which came out in the *Revue* since the war, has appeared in book form, and, like everything by these authors, is deserving of all praise. A new novel by M. Gaborian, *La Clique Dorée*, is not without inter-

est, and may be taken as a very good specimen of its author's curious power. All of his books are intricate developments of some plot which generally involves the breaking of all the Ten Commandments in turn. But there are none which can be read with calmer pulse than those of just this sort. We can be at the most exciting point, where the hero, who has been languishing in a protracted fever, flies just in time from a burning house and seeks repose in the branches of the deadly upas-tree; two savages are aiming their poisoned arrows at him, his deadliest foe is loading his rifle behind a neighboring rock, a waterfall is roaring beneath him, there is a lion by the side of the tree, a large serpent is making its way towards him,—but we can lay the book aside and go to dinner without impatience; we are sure that M. Gaborian will take the best of care of him and give him the bride and all the money he wants at the end of the book. Others of his stories are less full of incident than *La Clique Dorée*, which

at times reminds us of one of Mayne Reid's stories grown up. This novel is the history of an adventuress who takes the name of a prominent Philadelphia belle who died abroad. She comes to America and mingles in *la haute société de la Philadelphie*, without exciting any suspicion in that rather particular city. On the whole, however, the book is readable and not too much exaggerated. One cannot expect stories of this kind to be more than a combination of startling possibilities.

L'Autriche-Hongrie, by M. Daniel Lévy, is a valuable work and full of information on a country about which one can be very ignorant without being any less a worthy citizen and respectable member of a family. The *Récits d'un Soldat*, by Amédée Achard, who seems to be a sort of literary godfather to various anonymous writings, contains two interesting sketches, of the surrender at Sedan, and of the campaign before Paris, written by an eyewitness. They had already appeared in the *Revue*.

A R T.

PROPOS of the establishment of a free system of elementary art education in Massachusetts there has lately been an exhibition, at the rooms of the Boston Art Club, of drawings by pupils of schools of art abroad. The English system as pursued throughout the United Kingdom, under the direction of the science and art department of the Committee of Council on Education, was illustrated by a series of carefully finished drawings exhibiting all the twenty-three "stages" embraced in their programme, covering the whole range of art from the construction of geometrical figures to architectural composition and design, and from simple outlines of ornament or of natural objects to painting in oils. These examples, collected by the friendly aid of the South Kensington authorities, are the property of the city of Boston. The French system, as pursued in the municipal schools of Paris, was illustrated by a series of crayon drawings from the admirable school of M. Sequien, exhibiting the eight or nine stages of progress through which the French students pass from "the flat" to "the round," and from

the round to the living model. The Belgian system of M. Hendrickx, as explained by a set of outline drawings of ornament and half a dozen drawings in crayons and in sepia from the Kreling Art School at Nuremberg, completed the show. All the Continental drawings were from the collections of the Institute of Technology.

The various drawings were not without their individual merits and attractiveness, but the chief interest of the exhibition came, of course, from the opportunity it offered of comparing the methods and results of the three systems of popular art education most likely to serve as an example in our own case. The German drawings were too few to enable one to judge of the method pursued. The Belgian work, though not reaching beyond the drawing of ornament from flat copies, was interesting and pertinent to our own case as showing what can be done by class-teaching through the medium of the blackboard. But the English and French work formed the bulk of the exhibition, and was in every respect the most important, representing, as it did, the two chief systems of industrial art educa-

tion in the world. The French system is that by which the long-continued supremacy of the French in all the industrial arts has been maintained. Whether it is to be regarded as the efficient cause of this ascendancy, or only as the means adopted by the most artistic of nations to develop and keep in vigor their artistic powers, in either case it is eminently worthy of study and imitation by ourselves, now that we are proposing to do what we can to discover and develop the germs of artistic power that may exist among us. The English system, on the other hand, is even more germane to our purpose. It is the method by which a nation of our own blood and with mental habits identical with our own has managed in the space of twenty years to raise its manufactures from the lowest rank of art to a position next to the highest. It would seem that here was an example that we could not err in following.

In comparing the methods and the results, nothing could be more unlike than the two systems. In the first place, as we have intimated, the English scheme is much more ambitious, too much so, one may safely say, for a scheme intended to train artisans and mechanics. The fine arts and the industrial arts, however intimately related, are practically distinct. The discursive culture appropriate to the Royal Academy and the *École des Beaux Arts* is out of place in a school for workingmen. The French schools, though intended for just the same class of persons as the English, recognize this distinction, and limit the range of work to their practical needs. They are simply schools of drawing, and proceed upon the theory that good drawing, the accurate representation of form by contrasted light and shade so as to bring out, whether by a rude or by an elaborate process, its essential characteristics of form, is the beginning, middle, and end of what an art workman needs to know. To attempt more than this in an art school is to waste strength upon irrelevant matters.

But it is not only in this difference of scope that the French and English systems as contrasted in this exhibition are at variance. They differ equally in their way of treating the subjects they treat in common. Half a dozen of the English stages are occupied with the drawing of objects in outline, and in light and shade, in black and white. But while the French begin with charcoal or crayon, on rough paper, exact-

ing at first only an approximation to accuracy, trusting to the educating effect even of inaccurate drawing to sharpen the student's perceptions and lead him to establish for himself an ever-rising standard of excellence, and introduce shading almost from the outset, that the drawings may even at first resemble the object drawn as nearly as may be, the English system enforces an introductory discipline in outline work, using a hard fine point, and exacting a degree of finish and of precision which a beginner has hardly eyes to see or knowledge enough to understand. It is not surprising that with these beginnings the English work has a general air of painstaking, of faithful and laborious effort, while the French work, some of which is exquisitely finished, has freedom and spirit and an artistic charm. The English drawings are, many of them, very admirable, yet hardly any of them make one wish to go and do likewise, as French work does.

The difference in the scope and character of the work done has long been recognized in England, and the most intelligent of the art masters have urged it upon the department so far to relax the regulations as to allow them to engraft upon the English organization, which is by far the most efficient in Europe, the best points of the French methods of work. Among other testimony to the same purpose, we find abundant confirmation, of this statement, as well as of what we have said respecting the characteristics of the two systems, in a couple of articles printed in the "*Builder*," shortly after the close of the exhibition of 1867, and written by Mr. Walter Smith, for many years Head Master of the School of Art at Leeds, and now holding an appointment as General Superintendent of Drawing both from the State of Massachusetts and from the city of Boston.

It is matter for congratulation that in endeavoring to profit from the example of England by putting the whole matter of art education into the hands of an experienced art master thoroughly versed in the administrative work of the English system, we should have happened upon the one man, perhaps, in all England, most thoroughly alive to the defects of that system, and to the necessity of engrafting upon it the best methods of the Continental schools. We may hope that when there comes to be an exhibition of the results of the Massachusetts system, this combination, which Mr. Smith successfully effected in his own

schools at Leeds, will be found to have been carried out upon a new and larger field.

The exhibition of the works of Mr. William Hunt, at Doll and Richards, struck us as not fairly representative of the painter. It contained, indeed, one of his most ambitious, but not most successful pictures, the "Hamlet"; but, in general, the works present suggested invidious comparisons with various absent companions, which those who have seen them associate with the artist's best powers, — the "Girl at the Fountain," the "Belated Kid," the portrait of Chief Justice Shaw, and various charming portraits of women. A critic who should judge Mr. Hunt on the evidence of this collection would, we think, distinctly underestimate him; though, on further information, he would be compelled to regret that the artist should tend increasingly, as it seems, to identify himself with his inferior manner. The trouble is that, while his talent is pre-eminently delicate, his method has taken a turn toward coarseness, so that in the case of a number of these recent pictures, the spectator was vexed by a sense that they deserved to have been better. Delicate talents cannot afford to be reckless, and Mr. Hunt is interesting, in every case, just in proportion as he has been careful. The thoroughly agreeable works of last month's exhibition were neither the "Hamlet," nor the "Boy and the Butterfly," nor the portrait of Bishop Williams, but half a dozen small canvases, chiefly landscapes, of the most charming quality. We may instance especially the two companion-pieces, representing respectively a bit of French garden and a couple of quaint French houses. Into each of these the very *genius loci* has been cunningly infused. Why should the artist who painted that admirable patch of sky in the latter picture have been content with the sky which forms the background to the young girl in white? It must be confessed, however, that in spite of her sky, this young lady stands up in the open air with no small reality and grace.

Messrs. Williams and Everett have exhibited an excellent Gérôme; none other than the well-known "Combat de Coqs." Though small and of simple elements, this picture is a capital example of the master, and presents in remarkably convenient shape the substance of his talent, — that indefinable *hardness* which is the soul of his

work. The present picture is equally hard in subject and in treatment, in feeling and in taste. A young man, entirely naked, is stooping upon one knee, and stirring two bristling game-cocks to battle. A young woman, also naked, — more than naked, as one somehow feels Gérôme's figures to be, — reclines beside him and looks lazily on. The room and the accessories are as smartly antique as Gérôme alone could have made them. The picture is of course painted with incomparable precision and skill; but the unloveliness of the subject is singularly intensified by the artist's sentimental sterility. There is a total lack of what we may call moral atmosphere, of sentimental redundancy or emotional by-play. The horrid little game in the centre, the brassy nudity of the youth, the peculiarly sensible carnality of the young woman, the happy combination of moral and physical shamelessness, spiced with the most triumphant cleverness, conduce to an impression from which no element of interest is absent, save the good old-fashioned sense of being pleased.

The most interesting name, to our mind, in the same group with this Gérôme, is that of Zamacois, although the one small canvas bearing it is but a slight example of the artist's powers. This young Spanish painter, who died a year ago, had created a brilliant specialty of his own by his mediæval dwarfs and court-fools, his monks and gallants and other historico-romantic figures. What he might have lived to accomplish further, it is hard to say; it is possible that a certain precocious firmness and hard perfection had indicated the limit of his development. But as he stands, Zamacois is a very pretty figure of a master. He is the model of the painters of letters and culture. No one, surely, has possessed a more delicate sense of the historical picturesque, of the value of odd lingering testimonies to bygone manners and individuality of costume, place, and scene. The picture which suggests these remarks is little more than a sketch of miniature size; a tall, gross Spanish monk, in some warm-toned sacristy, some high rococo ecclesiastical parlor, standing at a music-desk and practising upon a quaint bassoon. Minutely sketchy as it is, the picture reveals the master; in the distinct expression of the big, bloated, hooded face, and still more, perhaps, in that of the hand, in the happy firmness of the figure, placed there in three touches, in the rapid frankness and

delicacy of the whole treatment. It is a work to hang under glass, in its massive gold margin, on some dark library wall, and be relished after a good dinner, while the host fondly holds up the lamp.

More of a picture (though by less of a painter) is the admirable Vibert exhibited by Messrs. Doll and Richards. It bears no title that we know of; the spectator may baptize it to suit his own fancy, and if his fancy has been half as charmingly mystified as ours, he will find a pleasure in his very wonderment and doubt. The scene is the verge of some hoary forest of Italy, with the trees thinning away behind to the crest of a hill which commands a glimpse of blue sea. The hot light of a sinking summer sun turns their green to a transparent glow and lies red upon the stems and trunks. Within the wood, toward the front, begins a lovely mixture of forest gloom and gathering dusk. To the right stand, half huddled, a dozen sheep, timorously nosing each other's wool. To the left, on a stone, against a massive tree-bole, sits a little shepherd-

boy, in sheep-skin jacket, with his bandaged legs hanging helpless, his hands in his lap, and his big, childish eyes fixed and expanded with a sense of some terrible influence unseen by the spectator. At his feet—the centre of the little mystery—lies a dead ram, the pride of the flock, staining the sod with a gush of blood. Does the poor little boy see the wolf or does he fear the *padrone*? He is, perhaps, afraid to be alone with a corpse, even of the ovine order. It is a most pathetic little story—pretty in its delicate complexity of theme, incomparably pretty in its treatment. As with many of the young French painters of the day, M. Vibert tends rather largely to sacrifice truth of detail to mere delight in manipulation *per se*; and with the less excuse, as his handling, though graceful, is decidedly thin and superficial. He has none of the delicious depth of Diaz. The picture has that familiar air of being painted too much in-doors, in an arbitrary light; but it is, nevertheless, a model of ingenuity and taste.

MUSIC.

THE musical season advances bravely.

Besides the great number and rapid succession of concerts this winter, we notice a marked improvement in the quality of most of the programmes of concerts of the popular sort. A decided exception, however, to this rule were the concerts given by the Wachtel troupe, the programmes of which were almost beneath criticism. And the famous tenor himself did little to redeem the character of the occasion. He has undeniably a most superb tenor voice. There is no good or fine quality that his voice does not possess, and it has a magnetic power over the audience that is at times almost maddening. But here his merits cease. We look in vain for a single point in his singing that shows him to be an artist in any high sense of the word. His method of vocalization is bad. The smooth flow of his scales and *arpeggi* is broken up by aspirations and other consonantal sounds. He attacks notes badly, either with an exaggerated upward *portamento*, or with an explosive stroke of the chest (*coup de poitrine*), where the stroke

should come from the glottis. His phrasing is vulgar. He rarely sustains his voice throughout a phrase, which gives his singing that ungraceful, jerky (*saccadé*) abruptness which is the worst fault of the German school. His style is wanting both in dignity and simplicity, and his exaggerated crescendos and sudden changes of *timbre* are the merest claptrap shamming of sentiment and expression. He sings with a certain amount of enthusiasm, it is true, but shows all the while a coarse want of appreciation of the music; and though we may be electrified by the ease with which he throws out his glorious chest C, yet this vocal phenomenon is a small compensation for his gross and almost wanton violation of all that is really artistic in singing.

The performances of Elijah and Judas Maccabæus by the Handel and Haydn Society in conjunction with the artists of the Dolby troupe were, in many respects, the most satisfactory renderings of those oratorios, especially of the former, that Boston has yet heard. Mr. Santley's impersonation of the great prophet is more

than faultless. It is truly great. His singing of the song, "Is not his word like a fire?" with the sharp hammer-like ring of his voice in the closing measure, is not to be soon forgotten. He has a repose and almost stolidity of manner which is as far removed from the gloomy lifelessness of many of our singers as it is from the seemingly greater intensity of the Italians, and which gives us the sense of great reserved power. We feel that he is equal to any emergency. The fire of passion is also there, but he, like a true artist, keeps it locked up within himself, confined that it may do real work; instead of flashing out before the faces of the audience in a pyrotechnic display of sham intensity, that may dazzle for the moment, but leaves no lasting impression. Miss Edith Wynne sings like a thorough artist, and with the most self-forgetting devotion to the music. The air, "Hear ye, Israel," may have been sung more brilliantly by other singers, but not with more genuine fervor and noble simplicity of expression.

Theodore Thomas's concerts have been better this winter than ever before. The programmes have been uniformly interesting. Among the novelties performed we notice especially the symphony "*Im Walde*," by Joachim Raff; and the *Kaiser-Marsch*, and Introduction and *Finale* from *Tristan und Isolde*, by Richard Wagner. The Raff symphony abounds in happy, natural melody, worked out with great skill and exquisitely put upon the orchestra. The last movement is at times abstruse, and many of the progressions sound forced, but it comes to a happy close with an allusion to one of the themes in the first *Allegro*. The symphony, as a whole, leaves the impression of great beauty, and no doubt the *Finale* would be more intelligible after a second or third hearing. The Wagner *Kaiser-Marsch* (written in commemoration of the late German victories) is superb. Almost all that has been played of Wagner in this country has shown us the poet-composer in his more perplexed moods. Such compositions as the Overture to *Tannhäuser* and *Eine Faust-Ouverture* tell more of the struggles of life than of realization of the end striven after. Even the "Procession to the Church," in *Lohengrin*, with its joyous harmonies, is rather a mystic suggestion of happiness to come than an expression of thanksgiving after a victorious struggle. But the key-note of the *Kaiser-Marsch* is victory. There are in it many

passages full of the death-grapple of battle, but ever and anon the triumphant march-theme rises above the tumult, and when at times it seems in danger of being lost amid the discordant noise of war, Luther's great song of faith, *Ein' feste Burg*, rings out like a trumpet-call to rally the wavering forces, and at last the glorious march-theme bursts forth with all-conquering power, a nation's song of victory. This majestic theme is full of the national, *Volkslied* spirit, and, in spite of rattling snare-drums and clashing cymbals (which latter instrument by the way, is invariably very ill played in our orchestras), has nothing of the wild, barbaric pomp that is so striking a feature in many modern compositions of a like character, such as the War-March of Priests in Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, and many of the marches by Liszt and Berlioz. It is also far removed from the vulgar mock-grandeur, the mere pasteboard and saw-dust splendor of such compositions as the Bridal March in Gounod's *Romeo*, or the *Marche du Sacre* in Meyerbeer's *Prophet*. Wagner's great command over the various resources of the modern orchestra shows itself here as in all his later works. He knows how to make each instrument do its best, and he so well balances the different parts of the orchestra that even in the loudest passages the quality of tone is never harsh or disagreeable, nor does great sonority and volume of tone ever degenerate into mere noisiness. The Introduction and *Finale* from *Tristan* show us another phase of the composer's genius. Here every note speaks of love and tenderness. The *Finale* especially is one of the most beautiful passages in all Wagner, if not in all modern music. But the selections, as presented by Mr. Thomas, are, in spite of their great beauty, hardly suited to the concert-room. The Introduction is but a preparation for the drama, not a condensed *résumé* of the whole work, as are many overtures. The musical phrase it is based upon is the characterization in tones of the love-potion administered to Tristan by Isolde. It is the vague, chaotic expression of a passion without a definite object, the germ from which the great love-story is to be developed. The strain of intense, unsatisfied longing that runs through this Introduction leaves an almost painful impression upon the mind when divorced from what follows it in the drama. The *Finale* (Isolde's dying speech over Tristan's body) suffers still more by being separated from

the rest of the work. It is full of allusions to the love-scene in the Second Act, which are unintelligible when we have not previously heard that scene. Then again the most important part in the music is left out, namely, the singer; and with the singer the text also. As played by Mr. Thomas, it is but the accompaniment without the song. With Wagner the *words* are of the *first importance*. They are the vivifying power that calls the music into life. To separate his music from the text is to take Helen and Paris out of the Iliad, to deprive the effect of its cause. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, we can catch glimpses of the beauty and greatness of the composition, and we must heartily thank Mr. Thomas for giving us even this imperfect taste of one of Wagner's later (and greater) lyric dramas.

By far the best of recently published songs* that have come under our notice is Gounod's "Queen of Love." There is a quiet, natural sincerity of sentiment in the music that is very different from the composer's usual vein, and reminds one of the old Mozart and Haydn songs. Only in the four or five additional bars to the last verse do we recognize the dreamy, sensuous spirit of Gounod, that is so fascinating in his *Faust* and *Romeo*. The song is written in a pure, simple style, not common in modern French music, and the flow of the harmonies is so easily smooth that we are at first inclined to overlook the consummate contrapuntal skill and mastery over the technical part of composition that is displayed in every bar. In strong contrast to the above are the two songs by Millard. This composer's music abounds in strong, fiery passages of the sort that, when well sung, almost invariably bring down the house; again we meet passages of real beauty and sentiment, of noble breadth of melody and finely harmonized. Such a passage is the opening phrase of "Forget not!" and there are many points of like beauty in "The Tear." But side by side with bursts of almost dazzling brilliancy we

* *Queen of Love*. By CHARLES GOUNOD. New York: C. H. Ditson & Co.

Forget not, and The Tear. By H. MILLARD. Boston: White and Goullaud.

The Old, Old Tale. By FRANZ ABT. New York: C. H. Ditson & Co.

Declaration. By J. MASSENET. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

The Old Place. By FERDINAND J. WHITE. New York: Wm. A. Pond & Co.

I love but thee alone. By AGNES ASHTON. Boston: White and Goullaud.

find the most clumsily ungrammatical blunders in harmony, and vulgar, ungraceful freaks of rhythm. Some phrases begin like a comet, only to go out like a squib, and mere violence of phrasing and second-hand Italian *disperazione* too often take the place of sentiment and passion. Nevertheless we know of no American song-writer who has given to the world so much that is *effective* in that dubious class of compositions known as "*encore* pieces," as has Mr. Millard, and the above-mentioned songs do no discredit to his reputation in this respect. Franz Abt's "The Old, Old Tale" is another song of this class, though less pretentious in style than the foregoing. It is well written, and although full of musical commonplaces and trite harmonic progressions, has a certain artistic refinement that saves it from being wholly uninteresting. Abt unites an Italian warmth of expression and spontaneity of melody to something of the German *Volkslied* spirit. But in his hands the song of the people loses in vigor what it gains in perhaps somewhat affected refinement, and the Swiss, Suabian, or Tyrolese turn that he gives to many of his melodies bears about the same relation to the strong, buoyant folk-songs of those countries as do Watteau's Louis XIV. shepherdesses and dairy-maids to the real tenders of sheep and churners of milk. Massenet's "Declaration" is full of exquisite tenderness and delicacy of sentiment. It is not one of those songs that take the heart by storm at the first hearing, but its quiet, unobtrusive beauties grow upon one on better acquaintance. M. Massenet shows a most graceful ease in writing, and has treated his subject with great purity and refinement of feeling. We feel in the lines,

"Je crains tes baisers,
O vierge charmante,
Mais toi ne crains pas les miens,"

that the modest timidity is genuine, and that the "sweet maid" is in no danger of being made a fool of. The edition is not free from typographical errors. "The Old Place," by Ferdinand J. White, is a rather good ballad of the Anglo-Italian school, of pleasing though somewhat sleepy melody, and without any disagreeable eccentricities of harmony or rhythm. A rather mawkish sentimentality pervades the composition, and there is little in it to distinguish it from hosts of other lackadaisical ballads. The unhappy swain into whose mouth the verses are put might, without impropriety, add, "the same old tune," to the catalogue of

items that have remained unchanged in the course of his lovelorn experience. Agnes Ashton's "I love but thee alone," although no more original, and, if possible, still more commonplace, than the foregoing, is quite pleasing from the homely English character of the melody. It recalls forcibly the old Dempster ballads, a class of songs which is unfortunately rapidly becoming extinct. We say unfortunately, not from any great regard for Mr. Dempster's compositions, but because we do not see that their place is filled by anything better or even as good. No doubt many of those who used to sing and sigh over Dempster, now enjoy much of the music of the Franz Abt school, or have even learned to find beauties in Schubert, Schumann, and Robert Franz; but we fear that a far greater number find their musical ideal in songs of the "Put me in my little Bed" order, — those astounding bits of doggerel in which dying soldiers, sleeping infants, ministering angels, reclaimed inebriates, weeping widows, indigent orphans, and heaven knows what not, are set to music for the edification of the million. Weak and sentimental

as Dempster and the rest of his school were, they were at least better than these back-stairs songwriters; and in these days when music must be either very old or very new to suit the popular taste, we are glad to see something of the old ballad spirit in any recent publications.

In piano-forte music* we notice Edouard Dorn's "*Gondolina*" as quite pleasing in melody. We suppose it to be intended for a gondola-song, but have been unable to find the word *gondolina* in any Italian dictionary. Augusta Gottschalk's "Christmas Eve" polka is brilliantly put upon the instrument, but has no very salient points either to praise or to condemn. The "Flying Dutchman Galop," by Henry Eikmeier, is a lively, rattling piece of dance-music that can be ranked with the best of its class, and is, perhaps, better written for the piano than is usual in such compositions.

* *Gondolina*. By EDOUARD DORN. New York: C. H. Ditson & Co.

Christmas Eve. By AUGUSTA GOTTSCHALK. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

The Flying Dutchman, Galop Brillante. By HENRY EIKMEIER. New York: C. H. Ditson & Co.

SCIENCE.

CAPTAIN ERICSSON has recently published, in "Nature," a paper containing the tabulated results of some very interesting observations for determining the amount of temperature due to direct solar radiation at any given parallel of latitude. The method employed was the same as that which was adopted by Newton in order to obtain the data for estimating the temperature of the solar surface. In the latitude of London, for example, at mid-summer, the average temperature of dry earth is 85° F. in the shade, while in direct sunlight it is 150° F. Now, as dry earth is a very poor conductor, but an excellent absorber and radiator, it follows that no appreciable proportion of the heat acquired by a given patch of earth, when exposed to direct sunlight, can be due to conduction from the earth surrounding it; and, as there can be no radiation laterally, but only upwards in the very direction from which the heating rays proceed, it is evident that the 65 degrees of difference between the

shaded and exposed earth must represent the heating power of the rays. The only disturbing circumstance is the possible interference of currents of air blowing over neighboring patches of earth which are hotter or colder; but this possible source of error may be got rid of, either by averaging the results of a large number of observations, or by confining the patch of earth within a vacuum. Rough as this method of observation may at first sight appear, the results obtained by it do not materially differ from those which are deduced from more elaborate researches with the actinometer or with incandescent radiators. Knowing the aphelion distance of the sun in midsummer, and knowing the increase of temperature produced by its rays in dry earth, we are enabled to estimate the temperature of the source from which the rays proceed. In this way Newton obtained for the sun's surface a temperature of nearly three million degrees Fahrenheit, or about fifteen thousand times the

temperature of boiling water, — a result which is in harmony with modern observations.

Captain Ericsson's object, however, is not so much the verifying of Newton's deduction, as the ascertaining of the precise increment of temperature due to solar radiation in different latitudes and at different seasons of the year. His tables show a remarkable constancy in the figures which express the amount of heat received from the sun on any given day of the year. On the first day of January, when, being in perihelion, we receive the greatest amount of heat, the excess over the amount received on the first day of July is 5.88° F.; and the rate at which this surplus diminishes goes through a regular cycle of variations until the first day of the next January is reached. This series of results shows to how slight an extent the annual variations in terrestrial temperature directly depend on the variations in the intensity of solar radiation from day to day. When perihelion occurs in summer, as it will in one hundred and five centuries from the present time, the excess of heat actually received on July 1st over that now received on the same day will be but 11.76° F.; nevertheless, the cumulative effect of such an increment, when taken in connection with the effects due to the slight change in the number of summer and winter days, cannot but be considerable. It may be noted in passing that, if the eccentricity of the earth's orbit were to increase to such figures as it is known to have attained several times within the past three million years, these differences between the amounts of heat received in summer and in winter would accumulate to a formidable amount. As it has now become probable that the glaciation of extensive portions of the earth's surface has been due in past times to such changes in the position of our planet, the application of Captain Ericsson's figures to the results given in Mr. Croll's table of variations of the earth's eccentricity would be very instructive.

While the amount of solar intensity at noon is least at the south pole, when the earth is in aphelion, it is not greatest at the equator, but at the tropic of Cancer, — a result which might be anticipated from the northerly position of the sun at midsummer. It may be asked how the amount of temperature produced by solar radiation at one of the poles can be determined, the poles being inaccessible. The result is deduced from

the known zenith distance of the sun at the pole in midsummer. At this time the zenith distance at the Arctic circle is 43° , so that the temperature is obviously 60.57° F. at that point, that being the temperature which coincides with the zenith distance of 43° in other places at other seasons of the year.

Whether the north pole is likely forever to remain inaccessible is a question suggested by the failure of the recent German expeditions sent on routes planned by Dr. Petermann of Gotha. Working upon materials drawn from that "moral consciousness" out of which his mythical compatriot so triumphantly constructed a camel, this eminent geographer had persuaded himself of the existence of an open sea between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, through which the pole might be reached in sailing-vessels. The two expeditions commanded by Captain Koldewey, the second of which returned home last year, have demonstrated the incorrectness of this supposition; so that the only route which can now be regarded as practicable is the one which has usually been pursued by English and American explorers, — through Baffin's Bay and Smith's Sound. By this route it is possible to approach within about nine hundred and fifty miles of the pole in a sailing vessel; and the sledge journey which remains does not exceed in length the distances frequently traversed in sledges in the course of the search for Franklin.

Professor Helmholtz, the greatest of contemporary physicists, has just published the second instalment of his series of popular scientific lectures. Besides the famous essays on the conservation of force and the transformations of the different modes of motion, which, when they first appeared, opened a new era in scientific speculation, the work contains four chapters, of which three are devoted to the phenomena of vision. In discussing color-blindness, Professor Helmholtz has advanced what would seem to be the most probable explanation, namely, that in the normal retina there are specialized filaments for the reception respectively of red, green, and violet rays. Such a specialization is indeed no more than might be anticipated from the parallel fact that the auditory nerve, in entering the cochlea, is divided into a large number of filaments, which are capable of vibrating each in response to a particular sound, just as a tuning-fork will vibrate

when its own note is sounded near it. And the hypothesis is further strengthened by Dr. Brown-Séquard's discovery of the number of fibres in the spinal cord which are specialized for the reception of particular sensations.

The most remarkable scientific work published in English during the past year is undoubtedly Mr. E. B. Tylor's "Primitive Culture: Researches into the Development of Mythology, Philosophy, Religion, Art, and Custom," 2 vols. 8vo, London, John Murray. Nothing else that has yet been written about savage habits of thinking will bear comparison with it. That it has not attracted more attention from the general public is surely not owing to the dryness or abstruseness of the subject, for the work is not more abstruse, though far more truly profound, than the works of Max Müller, which have been so popular; nor is it because the author does not write a pleasing style, for his style is remarkably lucid and graceful; but it is probably because Mr. Tylor is, in a certain sense, a new writer, having previously been little known save among scholars. His earlier work on the "Early History of Mankind," must be regarded as a masterpiece of scientific and philological investigation; and the present work marks an era in the study of those primeval modes of thought which, on a superficial view, seem so alien from our own. Properly to epitomize such a work would require a long article. We can only say that the leading conclusion established by Mr. Tylor's researches is, that myths and customs and beliefs which in an advanced stage of culture seem meaningless find their explanation in a reference to lower stages. Myths, like words, survive their primitive meanings; and hence it results that the higher culture may be a further development of the lower, while the lower culture cannot be a degradation from the higher.

Mr. Richard A. Proctor, who is perhaps a trifle more self-conscious than a scientific writer ought to be, reminds us that he has written and published twelve books within the past six years. Of these the latest is a collection of short essays entitled "Light

Science for Leisure Hours," in which nearly all things get discussed, from a transit of Venus to a college boat-race. One of the most interesting papers is that which shows, in admirably lucid language, how the great mathematician Adams has modified the conclusions of Laplace regarding the length of the terrestrial day. The conclusion that the length of the day has not varied by a fraction of a second since the time of Hipparchos is no longer tenable. It has been shown that the tidal wave which the moon draws twice a day around the earth, in the opposite direction to the terrestrial rotation, acts upon the earth like a brake on a carriage-wheel. Owing to this circumstance, the day is now one eighty-fourth part of a second longer than at the beginning of the Christian era. By and by the rate of retardation will diminish, but in the course of a trillion years our day will have become as long as a lunar month. Had he cared to speculate on all the consequences deducible from this result, Mr. Proctor might have brought out some startling subjects for reflection. For example, as the weight of any body on the earth's surface depends on the intensity of gravity diminished by the centrifugal force, and as the amount of centrifugal force depends on the velocity of the planet's rotation, does it not follow that in course of time our human bodies will get rather inconveniently heavy, and may it not come true that *une plume pèse à qui soulève la charrette Fauchelevent*? And as the limit to the growth of a race of organisms depends on the fact that the forces to be overcome increase as the cubes of the dimensions, while the muscular power of overcoming them increases only as the squares, must we look forward to being succeeded by a race of Lilliputians? Or shall we say that in times now immeasurably ancient the iguanodon waddled lightly about and the megatherium raised his huge bulk against a tall tree-trunk the more unconcernedly because of the shortness of his days? Such questions may be droll, but they are legitimate, if only because they show us how inextricably all manner of seemingly independent phenomena are mixed up with each other.

POLITICS.

TO the rule that Presidential messages are usually excellent studies in the art of saying nothing unforeseen or unexpected we have not found the late message of General Grant an exception. Every one is in favor of amnesty ; so is the President. Every one is in favor of monogamy ; so is the President. Nobody doubts the necessity of a reduction of taxation ; neither does the President. The glorious termination of the Alabama difficulty and the reduction of the debt delight every one, including the President ; nothing puzzles the country at large so much as the question of free-trade and protection ; it is exactly so with the President. And finally, though the President's enemies say that he is still intent upon his scheme for the annexation of San Domingo, the message indicates nothing of the kind ; and though they maintain also that he cares nothing for a reformed civil service, the message says the exact reverse. On the whole, the message, as a message, is as near perfection as anything human can be. It has received the unanimous commendation of the best portion of the press throughout the country as a manly, straightforward, and simple address, and it has left the public quite as clear (to say the least) as to General Grant's motives and political aims as they have been for the last three years.

The reports of the heads of departments, and especially that of the Secretary of the Treasury, are documents of a different kind. Mr. Boutwell, emerges from the obscurity which all administrative officers naturally seek, and discloses to the world a full, true, and particular account of his financial proceedings. These proceedings, of course, include those of the far-famed Syndicate, — a name which but for these disclosures might perhaps have been handed down to future generations with the fabled Gerry-mander, — a mystery for all time, but which we now find to be the European equivalent of the familiar American word "ring."

The long and the short of Mr. Boutwell's explanation is that he has succeeded in funding two hundred millions of United States bonds, by means of violating the Funding Bill. A great deal of fault has been found with him for this ; but when we reflect how many laws are every year

broken by officers of government, — how many sheriffs take illegal fees, how many constables make illegal arrests, how many consuls and ministers do queer things, and in how many cases they make handsome fortunes by their violations of the law, — Mr. Boutwell may well maintain that a secretary who violates the laws of the country for the country's good and not for his private emolument is not as other men are.

To make a very brief *résumé* of the reports of the other departments, with one or two additional facts easily accessible to all the world, we may say that the State Department, in common with the rest of the world, rejoices in the honorable settlement of the Alabama difficulty and in common with the rest of the world, excepting Russia, in the return of M. Catacazy to the country which sent him forth. The American army has been occupied in checking the inroads of the Indians and curbing the excesses of polygamy on the Plains, and in the less remote West in protecting the city of Chicago against her licentious inhabitants. The navy is chiefly engaged in maintaining the department at Washington and the various navy-yards throughout the country. The protectorate of San Domingo is still being waged with relentless vigor ; but that is an old story. The Post-Office announces that it desires to assume the business of telegraphy.

The debate in the Senate on Mr. Trumbull's motion for the reorganization of the Retrenchment Committee developed an unexpected strength among the ranks of those who do not agree with Mr. Morton that we have the best civil service in the world. It is singular that Mr. Morton and his friends should oppose an investigation into its condition, since the investigation could only redound to the credit of the service and of the administration which makes it what it is. But Mr. Morton and those who voted with him, no doubt, had the best possible reasons for voting as they did, though the reasons be different from what, on their own theories, they ought to be. The result of the vote showed that two fifths of the senators were of the opinion that a searching investigation into the affairs of the executive part of the govern-

ment was necessary. The significance of the vote was at once perceived at the White House. The report of the Civil-Service Commission was immediately sent to Congress, with the announcement that its regulations were adopted by the President, and would be applied for the future to the service.

The appearance of this report marks an important epoch in the history of the country. The recommendations of the Commission are in substance that competitive examination shall determine the qualifications of all applicants for admission to the service, and that partisan tests shall not be allowed in any case. Of course the reform does not apply to the higher offices, but to the great army of clerks, postmasters, and officers of the revenue, who now obtain their appointments as the reward of party zeal. Admissions are to be only to the lowest grades; promotions are to take place according to merit. When this plan is once in effective operation, the career of politics, formerly considered among Americans so honorable, but latterly so much the reverse, will once again resume its old position, and, indeed, more than its old position. It will have all the characteristics of a respectable and powerful profession, founded on merit and the interest of all its members in the work to which they have devoted their lives.

A SURVEY of the rest of the political field cannot fail to fill the most despondent with cheerful thoughts. To be sure the war in Cuba still continues, if that can be called a war which consists of brutal outrages on one side and submission on the other. The volunteers hold the island, and also the governors of it, as sufficiently appeared the other day after the riot occasioned by the affair of the medical students. The government were willing enough to give the unfortunate students fair play, but the volunteers demanded their blood, and the sacrifice was accordingly made. Meanwhile two vessels are to be stationed off the island by our government to render assistance to refugees. Cruel as the volunteers are, however, we cannot find in their excesses any reason why the United States should buy Cuba.

But the dangers of the Cuban question are trifling. Meanwhile, in New York, the work of purification goes on, and it is evident now that the defeat of the Ring at the polls was but the first step of a triumph

which will end only in the complete restoration of the citizens to their long-lost political rights. There is every reason to believe that the few creatures of Tammany who still remain in power will be driven from their offices by the incoming Legislature. Barnard, Cardozo, and McCunn, if they do not follow the example of their employers, and seek safety in flight, will, perhaps before this paragraph meets the eyes of our readers, be suffering the penalty of their crimes. A very short time, and they will appoint receivers and referees no more. The curtain has fallen upon the play which Tammany has so long kept upon the political boards, and will rise again under a very different management.

With Tammany will also fall the Erie Ring. The municipal government of New York was so closely connected with the management of the Erie Railway, that the downfall of one involves the ruin of the other. The suits of the English stockholders furnish a *point d'appui* for the movement against Fisk and Gould, to say nothing of the recent disclosures made by members of a jury in a cause in which they were interested. The new Attorney-General, Mr. Barlow, is a very different kind of man from those who have of late years held the position; indeed, his election is perhaps, looking to the future, the most important single result of the reform movement.

Among the Mormons there is a lull in the fierce storm of indictments, charges, and convictions, and the opportunity afforded by the meeting of Congress will probably be used to secure the passage of a law establishing Utah on a moral and monogamic basis. It is proposed that the system of polygamy shall for the future cease, that the children of past polygamous marriages shall be legitimated, and Utah be admitted as a State. There is no sort of objection to these terms, and they are by far the best the Mormons are likely to obtain. This solution of the Mormon problem will also have the advantage of putting a stop to the so-called judicial proceedings which have been recently instituted in the Territory, and which have reflected anything but credit upon those engaged in them. There are, we believe, some kind-hearted people who think that what they are pleased to call the principles of American society militate against any interference with polygamy, because it is a religious custom. And this argument is

supposed to be strengthened by the fact that the Mormon marriages are purely voluntary, and therefore concern only the men and women who make them. There is no similarity, it is said, between polygamy and such religious customs as those of the Thugs, which are enforced very much against the will of those chiefly interested. But this argument wholly overlooks a vital point in the case. Marriages do not merely concern the parents. They concern the offspring of the marriage, and it is for this very reason that the state intervenes and enforces monogamy. The state is bound to protect the interests of its future citizens; and to treat polygamous marriages as if they concerned no one but those who voluntarily make the contract, is to ignore a plain duty. All civilized modern countries consider that, in the interest of their future citizens, it is necessary to break up organized concubinage; they cannot in the nature of things treat it as a question of religion.

Perhaps the most romantically interesting thing that has lately happened, if not in the world of politics, at least in a world very much affected by politics, is the fall of gold to 109. The history of the precious metals is evidently yet to be written. The ablest financiers in this country have been, for a long time agreed that the natural price of gold is about 150. The ablest financiers have been also agreed that it could never go down to par without contraction on the part of the government. It is easy to see that with four hundred millions of irredeemable paper afloat, gold must remain permanently depreciated in value. The government has not contracted the currency since the war, except to an infinitesimal extent during Mr. McCullough's administration of the Treasury. Gold therefore must remain at about 150. But it will not remain at 150; on the contrary, it is going down as steadily and surely as if all these calculations had never been made; and some day, before very long apparently, the country will awake to find that its irredeemable paper currency is not irredeemable any longer, and that gold is at par. Mr. Sumner's much-derided and certainly heretical maxim that "the way to resume is to resume," seems, after all, to have been quite as valuable a contribution to the science of political economy as the most orthodox calculations made by his antagonists. The explanation of the continued fall of gold now current is that it is due to the material

progress of the country in wealth and population, and this certainly seems a very good theory. But for ourselves, we prefer to regard gold as a mystery. It is a consoling thought that, after making a fetish to ourselves for so many years of the almighty dollar, we should find the ways of our divinity, though beyond our comprehension, still only paths of pleasantness and peace. It is certainly a benevolent god.

There are, in fine, few clouds on the political horizon; and the happiness of the hour is only marred by the sad and solitary debate still maintained by the Governor of Illinois on the usurpation of authority by the President in Chicago. There is only one difficulty with it as a constitutional discussion,—it is carried on entirely by one side. Governor Palmer thinks that the stationing of four companies of Regulars in the city after the fire was a high-handed act, which indicates a desire on the part of some one to break down the bulwarks erected by the Constitution, and open the floodgates to license and tyranny. The President says, in reply, that whatever other persons' aims may be, he, at least, has no intention of this revolutionary character; and under such circumstances, what can Governor Palmer do? It is absolutely necessary in affairs of this kind to have an antagonist, or at least to have an audience: and Governor Palmer has neither. What constitutional objection there is to the presence of four military companies in Chicago it is hard to see. On Governor Palmer's principles, the presence of the President himself at Long Branch would seem to be an invasion of the sacred rights of the State of New Jersey. One commander-in-chief, in the eye of the law, is just as unconstitutional as four hundred privates.

THE duty of calling a constitutional convention devolves this winter on the Ohio Legislature, and one of the most important subjects which will come before that body will be minority representation. The chief objections urged against this system are that it is new, and that it requires more honesty and intelligence of government officials than can be fairly expected of them. The charge that the system is a new one is not strictly correct, as the "Andræ" system has been in operation in Denmark for fifteen years; the cumulative vote has been adopted in Illinois; the "three-cornered" constituencies exist in England, and minority representation

has been applied in New York to the election of judges. It must be remembered that representation itself is a comparatively modern invention. As to the other objection, it can be made, and indeed has been made, against almost every improvement in the political or social art. It can be easily proved *a priori* that the management of railroads requires such a high degree of fidelity and intelligence that no one will ever dare to trust himself inside a railroad-car. On the same grounds it can be shown that no one will ever send an important message by telegraph. *A priori* the money-order system is out of the question, and the registration of land-titles a dream. The administration of justice and the government of parliamentary bodies by the rules of parliamentary law are just as impracticable *a priori* as the Hare system or the *liste libre*. It may be taken as an axiom in discussions of this kind, that there is enough honesty and intelligence in the world to make any improvement work that is worth having. It is not the business of those who are interested in minority representation to make all the inspectors in the country honest before they have the right to introduce their scheme. It is enough for them to show that the scheme is better than the present plan. It is the business of society to provide means for carrying it into effect.

One curious fact has been brought to light by the experience gained by those engaged in the minority representation experiment at Harvard College. It has always been supposed that counting the votes under the new system would take a great deal of time. An ingenious calculation was made that under the Hare system it would take several years to count the votes for the Massachusetts Legislature. The Hare system has been in force in the nomination of Overseers at Cambridge for two or three years, and it has been found that less time is occupied in counting the votes than under the old system.

ONE of the strongest arguments against a protective tariff is the impossibility of estimating what the indirect effects of it may be. No one—not even those in whose interest it is passed—can predict the result. Modern commercial relations are so intricate and multifarious, there are so many hidden and yet important connections between different occupations, that

the wisest protectionist cannot foresee how a tax laid upon one import which he wishes to exclude from the domestic market may affect the production or consumption of some other which he has not the least desire to touch. We do not mean such indirect effects as that produced by the present tariff in Chicago, where it is calculated that the taxes on imports enhance the damage caused by the fire to the extent of thirty-one millions:—

On iron	\$ 11,000,000
On lumber	5,000,000
On window-glass, paint, putty, varnish, stoves, door-latches	5,000,000
On carpeting	2,500,000
On furniture	3,000,000
On crockery and glassware	1,633,000
On bedding and blankets	1,500,000
On clothes and clothing	1,666,000
Total	\$ 31,299,000

Cases like this are beside our present purpose.

But it was certainly never the intention of Congress to kill American ship-building. Yet it has done so by a tariff on materials necessary for the construction of ships. Nobody ever desired that the tariff should prevent the manufacture of American wall-paper. Yet a branch of this industry was suddenly taxed out of existence by an impost which had no more apparent connection with wall-paper than the tariff on iron had with ships twenty-five years ago. The history of the Lake Superior copper-mines furnishes a curious illustration of the impossibility of predicting the effect a tariff. Five years since the proprietors of these mines, which were producing copper under great disadvantages, determined to apply to Congress for a tariff of three cents on raw copper. This they thought would keep out foreign copper and yield them a profit. The tariff was passed; the lobby congratulated the miners and the miners thanked the lobby for its efficient assistance. There was little reason, however, for congratulation. The price of copper, instead of rising, fell; almost every mine in the Lake Superior country stopped work, and the Calumet and Hecla mine, which had previously done nothing at all, now produces, two thirds of all the copper that is mined. The fluctuations in price have meanwhile closely followed those of the English market. The tariff had no effect whatever. We do not undertake to explain these facts. Protectionists may if they will. Perhaps they will say that the tariff was too small.